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THE  
LIFE OF CAVOUR







*Cavour*

*From a lithograph drawn by E. Desmaitens in 1856*

*Emory Walker Photo.*



THE LIFE OF  
CAVOUR

BY

EDWARD CADOGAN

AUTHOR OF "MAKERS OF MODERN HISTORY"

*WITH A PORTRAIT*

LONDON

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1907

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TO THE  
MEMORY OF MY MOTHER  
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK





## PREFACE

IT is the usual custom for a biographer, in his preface, to offer some explanation for the choice of his subject, and to describe the construction of the work. In the present case, I do not consider that it is incumbent upon me to detain the reader by expatiating upon the importance of the subject, for I feel the force of Gibbon's argument that 'the merit of the choice would serve to render the weakness of the execution still more apparent and still less excusable.' The period covered by this volume is but a short one, and yet few events in modern history can be said to possess greater significance than those which were guided by the genius of Cavour. This circumstance alone should prove sufficient justification for my choice of a subject, but if further details are required as to how I came to write this book, I am willing, following the precedent set by the majority of biographers, to supply the information. A year or two ago, I published a short essay on Cavour. Those of my friends, who were indulgent enough to peruse that brief and imperfect epitome of a great career, expressed themselves deeply interested in that particular period

of history which comprises the achievements of this eminent Italian statesman, and I was advised to embark upon a more profound study thereof, with a view to compiling a biography which might prove acceptable to the general public.

The chief difficulty that I experienced in the preparation of this work lay in the fact that, hitherto, but few authoritative books have been written, dealing with the Italian political history of this epoch, and what few Lives of Cavour have been published are either incomplete or inaccurate. This paucity of published material has proved a serious disadvantage, in that I have been unable to discover many authorities which I could consult with implicit confidence ; but, on the other hand, I must admit that the lack of this assistance is to my advantage, in that there will be a smaller opportunity for a comparison to be instituted between this volume and others of superior merit dealing with the same subject.

I have endeavoured to employ those sources of information which I considered most trustworthy, and, although I cannot lay claim to have founded my history upon unpublished letters and manuscripts, I earnestly trust that the manner of treatment will be considered sufficiently different from that adopted in the already existing biographies to avoid a competition, which I fear would inevitably prove detrimental to myself.

I maintain that it is possible, without recourse to unpublished documents, to write a substantially accurate biography of Cavour. Undoubtedly, in remote pigeon-

holes of the various record offices, there may be a wealth of State secrets, which, if they are ever revealed, will serve to confuse the student of history, but my object in the following pages is not to confuse, nor to expound new theories which might lead to confusion, but rather have I made it my object to produce a straightforward narrative at once biographical and critical, while I have endeavoured to tell the truth as it appeared to me, and to view the facts, in my criticisms, from an impartial standpoint.

If I have succeeded, then, in producing a work which will serve as a guide to a future study of the period dealt with, I shall feel that my labours will have been productive of some material and beneficial result.

EDWARD CADOGAN.

CHELSEA HOUSE: *July* 17, 1907.





# CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. EARLY YEARS . . . . .	1
II. CHARLES ALBERT . . . . .	47
III. VICTOR EMMANUEL . . . . .	77
IV. THE AWAKENING . . . . .	106
V. THE RELIGIOUS QUESTION . . . . .	119
VI. THE CRIMEAN WAR . . . . .	139
VII. THE CONGRESS OF PARIS . . . . .	146
VIII. GARIBALDI . . . . .	165
IX. PAVING THE WAY . . . . .	175
X. LOUIS NAPOLEON AND THE COMPACT OF PLOMBIÈRES . . . . .	183
XI. WAR . . . . .	201
XII. THE CESSION OF NICE AND SAVOY . . . . .	259
XIII. GARIBALDI'S RETURN . . . . .	287
XIV. ROME AND THE RELIGIOUS QUESTION . . . . .	321
XV. THE GARIBALDI DEBATE . . . . .	345
XVI. DEATH OF CAVOUR . . . . .	356
XVII. CONCLUSION . . . . .	366
INDEX . . . . .	381



# THE LIFE OF CAVOUR

## CHAPTER I

### EARLY YEARS

IN the year 1802, a certain captain in the Italian army, Ceroni by name, published under a pseudonym a collection of sonnets, in which he sang the ancient glories of Italy and contrasted them with her present humiliation, bewailing 'the fatherland prostrate beneath the heel of the stranger.' The theme was an obvious one for the poetaster to employ, but Napoleon, into whose hands the rude doggerel had been faithfully delivered, insisted that he could read treason between its lines. And yet even Napoleon could not shut his eyes to the evidences of humiliating degradation to which the Italian people had been subjected at the hands of the foreigner, and repeatedly explained that the state of semi-subjection in which he held the country was only a stage on the road to absolute freedom, and that the day would dawn when he would restore to Italy the control of her own destinies.

That day eventually dawned upon the Italian people, but half a century of constant agitation, revolution, and warfare elapsed before the promise of Napoleon was fulfilled. In his day liberty was merely a cant expression

which he used at random in his speeches to the Italian people, with no fixed or appropriate signification save to cover his sordid and selfish motives. It was not reserved for him to strike the fetters from off an enslaved and degraded people, but for one whose objects and ambitions in the liberation of his country were far different from those of the would-be world-conqueror, who had pillaged the Italian towns on the pretext of emancipating them from foreign tyranny. Undoubtedly Napoleon played a part in the emancipation of Italy, but unintentionally. Napoleon despised the Italian people as unworthy of freedom, and he took no pains to conceal his contempt. 'Good God,' he once exclaimed, 'how rare men are! There are eighteen millions in Italy, and I have with difficulty found two.' Such pessimism was not calculated to resuscitate latent patriotism. It was obvious that Napoleon had altogether misdirected the Italians. His assurances were entirely hypocritical. Broad and liberal minds in Italy came to regard the cause of Reform as identified with that of emancipation from the domination of the foreigner, and their rights as citizens dependent on their assertion of national rights. It was the action of Napoleon I in Italy that raised this uncontrollable force, but it was Cavour who identified himself with it, and carried the great work to its logical conclusion. The story of his career, connected as it is with this great movement, is consequently one of the most interesting and instructive in the political annals of the world.

Cavour was born at Turin on August 1, in the year 1810. He was the second son of the Marquis Michele di Cavour, who belonged to the family of Benso, the last of the seven ancient clans of the republic of



Chieri, which claim descent from an extremely remote ancestry.

It seems superfluous here to enter upon an exhaustive research into the details of his family history. Of small concern is it to us that he derived his name from an ancient stronghold; of little account, too, are the various achievements of the illustrious forbears from whom he could claim direct descent. These considerations are extraneous to the objects of this biography. Suffice it for the present purpose to observe that he inherited patrician rank, and that the circumstances of his youth were those of one born in no mean estate.

His father is described as a man of singularly acute and active mind, one who, to a practical knowledge of business and of the world, added great stability of character and true ambition: an ambition which was restrained by an unswerving respect for authority, and a repugnance for the ideas of the Revolution. Gifted with a clear insight into the character of men, he formed his own conclusions very rapidly and correctly, a trait which he transmitted to his illustrious son. Of his mother, it has been said that the excellence of her nature made up for the deficiency of an education, not indeed neglected but capricious, and of which the chief object had been display. Notwithstanding this defect, she was endowed with every accomplishment that could attract, and gifted with every quality that produces lasting affection. Such a combination of virtues in both his parents could not fail to insure a powerful and enduring effect upon their son's personality and character.

When Piedmont was converted into a department of the Hautes-Alpes under Prince Borghese, husband of the beautiful and frivolous Pauline Bonaparte,

several members of the Cavour family obtained appointments in the princely household, and enjoyed the friendship and confidence of the newly created governor. Consequently it may be said that the future Italian statesman was ushered into the world under the especial protection of Napoleon's family. For this very reason, at his baptism, he was given the name of Camillo, after the Prince Camillo Borghese, who acted as his godfather, while the Princess Pauline held him in her arms at the font. Thus early were the fortunes of Cavour linked with those of the Napoleonic dynasty. 'Strange things happen in this world of ours,' writes Dicey in his memoir of Cavour; 'half a century later another Napoleon, as Emperor of France, kept sending hour by hour from Paris to learn tidings of the great Italian statesman who lay dying in the old house where he was born, and where he had first been presented to the world in the arms of Pauline, sister of the great Napoleon.'

The childhood of great men, like that of the insignificant, necessarily escapes the domain of history, and fiction lays hold on this period as its special province. The facts known about Cavour's youth are fortunately few in number, so that the reader is spared the fatuous fables of juvenile precocity that appear so indispensable an element in the majority of biographies; but it will perhaps be not without purpose to touch briefly upon certain circumstances connected with his childhood, the perusal of which, it is feared, will draw heavily on the reader's stock of patience, for the early years of Cavour's life are, unlike his subsequent career, peculiarly devoid of incident or interest.

We are told that, at the time of Cavour's birth, the palace of the Bensos in Turin contained a complete

and varied society, composed of all sorts of nationalities and temperaments, presided over by his grandmother, Philippine, daughter of the Marquis de Sales, a woman endowed with more than ordinary ability and worldly wisdom, combining in her personality all those qualities that won her the distinction of an ideal *grande dame*.

Beneath the roof of the 'Palazzo Cavour' were congregated, under the presidency of this tactful Marquise, the three daughters of a certain Comte de Sellon of Geneva, the Duchesse de Clermont-Tonnerre, the Comtesse d'Auzers of Auvergne, and the Marquise Michele di Cavour, mother of the illustrious statesman, the subject of this work. Such a family circle, in which, we are told, habits of affection and companionship tempered all differences in political and religious views, was an ideal training ground for the man who was destined one day to guide the fortunes of his native land, and the intellectual stimulus given to him by frequent social intercourse with these gifted men and women had doubtless no small share in the formation of his tastes and principles. Cavour's relations were all profoundly attached to the traditions of supremacy, both religious and monarchical. His grandfather, the Comte de Sellon, who lived at Geneva, being a Protestant and a liberal, preserved a faithful allegiance to all that was lofty in the ideas of the eighteenth century and of the French Revolution. It is not, therefore, a matter for surprise that Cavour inherited all the solidity and courage of the old Piedmontese race, without any of its prejudices.

The story of his youth is uneventful. The record of his early manhood amounts to little more than the diary of a farmer with a scientific turn of mind. The

unfortunate biographer, therefore, is inevitably compelled at first to conduct the reader over a monotonous plain of uninteresting incidents ; but the initial stages shall be traversed with all the expedition conformable with a correct understanding of Cavour's character and career.

The future apostle of liberty was brought up on the strict lines of Piedmontese convention. He is described as a robust child, sparkling with *joie de vivre*, a good romping boy, stout, obstreperous, always ready for play according to his mother's verdict, and bringing happiness to all about him, although on occasions he was subject to violent fits of passion. In spite of the intelligence and sagacity which he displayed early in life, he was afflicted with the not unusual infantile complaint—a distaste for lessons in any shape or form ; and it is doubtful if, during the preliminaries of his education, he learnt anything but a dislike of learning. But he evinced early the practical bent of his intelligence and his independence of mind by his determined refusal to take any interest in subjects which were doubtless chosen rather for their disciplinary value than for their general utility. The first instructor who was employed to defeat this rooted objection to work was a worthy Savoyard priest, the Abbé Frezet, who lived to see the subsequent fame of his illustrious pupil.

It is probable that from the outset his parents designed him for a military career, and, in consequence, his early education differed but little from the ordinary routine work imposed upon the average Italian boy.

It is said that precocious infants are things unknown in Italy. If any credit can be attached to this statement, it follows that there must be some peculiarly

healthy element in the system of Italian education. At any rate, thus far Cavour had derived benefit from its influence. From all trustworthy accounts he was considered neither above nor below the ordinary level, either in intelligence or energy. But from the first he possessed one eminent advantage over the companions of his youth. He had the inestimable privilege of associating with his relations in Geneva, who formed a cosmopolitan society as different from the narrow coteries of the ancient Piedmontese aristocracy as it is possible to imagine. There can be no doubt that Cavour, during his visits to Geneva, enlarged his ideas and broadened his sympathies in the company of such enlightened members of society as the Comte de Sellon or Monsieur de la Rive, and it was due to these periodical escapes from the 'intellectual hell' of Turin that he was saved from that stagnation of mind of which so many of his fellow-countrymen were the victims.

It was rather the circumstances of his country than the circumstances of his home-life that fashioned the political affections of Cavour and fired his youthful imagination. His very character was moulded and inspired by the evil predicament of his native land. Therefore those who would form a correct understanding of his life-work must first acquire some elementary knowledge of the condition of affairs prevailing in the peninsula before the initiation of the great movement which has terminated with the uniting of its scattered provinces into a single kingdom.

This revolution has been attended with such apparent success, and has wrought such a sweeping change in its constitution, both political and religious, that the hopeless state of degradation, to which the misgovernment of weak princelings and the oppression of foreign



influence had reduced the country, has now been banished from the memory of man. The easiest mode of examining the origin and growth of the great patriotic revival in Italy is to form out of a confused mass of historical facts, with which the majority of readers are doubtless already familiar, three distinct periods; and, when once the state of political opinion in Italy during each period has been well comprehended, the subsequent fortunes of the peninsula and the action of those who were destined to take the lead in the great work of regeneration will be readily understood. The reader then may pardon a page or two of historical digression.

Before the French Revolution, Italy was divided into a number of petty states, ruled over by the most corrupt, retrograde, and priest-ridden governments that the world has ever known. The Republic of Venice was the mere shadow of a once powerful name. Genoa was only nominally an independent state. The Grand Duchy of Milan was an appanage of the Habsburg crown. The execrable vices exhibited by the government of the Two Sicilies were a warning to the whole of Europe, and constituted a very fair example of the petty sovereignties, into which the country was subdivided. Mr. Gladstone described the royal government in Naples, even in 1850, as 'nothing but one gross and flagrant illegality.' Such it had been for more than a century. The whole country, indeed, was so debased, so sunk in ignorance and sloth, corruption and superstition, so weakened by artificial divisions, so distracted by local jealousies, that the sentiment of nationality could hardly be said to exist. This period of the nation's history came to an end with the French Revolution, when the political conditions prevailing in the peninsula underwent a transformation. The one

dominating idea which had given to the Revolution its moral consistency and had endowed it with extraordinary power had been that of nationality. During the wars of the Republic, Italy entered upon a new phase, and her people began once more to learn the meaning of patriotism and to desire a national identity. This reviving sense was fostered in some degree by Napoleon. Under his auspices the petty tyrants were deposed, the arbitrary divisions, which had severed the various provinces, were swept aside, and the country was administered with a view to general, rather than local, interests. It is for this reason that Italians regarded the memory of Napoleon I with very different feelings from those entertained by the majority of Europeans whose countries had been overrun and conquered by the Grand Army. But with the downfall of the Empire this hopeful period comes abruptly to an end. Nevertheless the seed of patriotism had been sown. True it is that its development was now to be postponed, but, through the dark period that followed upon the downfall of the Napoleonic system, the seed was sending forth roots that were to establish themselves firmly in Italian soil. Although crushed by the powerful machinery of civil and religious administration, the immortal sentiment of liberty still struggled on, with the result that revolution became a permanent condition, and it required only time to bring the burning question between despotism and freedom to a definite issue.

For the present, however, the deliberations of the statesmen, who met in Congress at Vienna, boded little good for Italian aspirations. The main intention of the diplomatists and ministers, who endeavoured to arrange a resettlement in Europe, was to blot out all

memories of the Revolution, and the only method, which appealed to the imagination of the delegates, was that in future all should be as it had been in the past. It was asserted, no doubt with truth, that the ideas of 1789 had taken too firm a hold upon the Italian people, and that revolutionary doctrine should at all costs be proscribed. It was decided, therefore, that this new spirit of independence must be crushed, that the petty princes must be re-established upon their petty thrones, and that the dominant power in Italy must be given back to the Austrians. With this end in view the Duchies of Parma, Tuscany, Modena, and Lucca were handed over to relations of the Habsburgs, and the new Lombardo-Venetian kingdom was, to all practical purposes, incorporated in the Austrian Empire. Thus every capital from the Alps to Messina, with the one exception of Turin, was to be controlled more or less by external influence.

No settlement could have been more immediately disastrous to Italians, nor more calculated to revive subsequently that national energy which even the yoke of Austrian bondage failed signally to subdue. For the Austrian rule had only two objects in sight: in the first place to extract as much money as possible out of the Italian provinces for the Imperial treasury, and in the second place to suppress all hope of political freedom or national identity. How far such methods were successful or the reverse, it is the object of the following pages to demonstrate.

We have thus evolved, from this brief epitome, three distinct periods: firstly, the period before the French Revolution, when all patriotism and sense of nationality seemed extinct; secondly, the period when the Italians came under the influence of revolutionary

ideas and the Napoleonic system, when the hope of nationality revives ; and, thirdly, after the downfall of the Empire, when an attempt is made to stem the tide and arrest the flood of liberal aspirations.

It was during the second of these periods that Cavour was born, and it was during the third that he passed through the most critical stages of his political career.

When only ten years of age, at the instance of his parents, he was sent, much against his own will, to the Military Academy, the school of the young nobility at Turin. It was soon after entering this institution that he was appointed page in the royal household of Charles Albert, Prince of Savoy-Carignan, afterwards the King of Sardinia and father of Victor Emmanuel. The pages at the Sardinian Court were apparently all members of the Military Academy, where the expense of their education was borne by the King after they had received the appointment. Whether it was that Cavour took no trouble to conceal the repugnance which he felt for being attached to the prince in a menial capacity, or whether it was that Charles Albert had conceived a deep aversion for the rebellious youth, certain it is that his career at Court did not constitute an unqualified success, and he was soon sent back to the Academy as unfit for his situation. How slight an estimation he had formed of the royal favour, which had been bestowed upon him, may be judged from his response to De la Rive, who once asked him what livery the pages wore. '*Parbleu !* How do you suppose we could have been dressed except as lackeys, which we were ? It made me blush with shame !' Cavour to the end of his life entertained a wholesome contempt for titles, orders, and honorary posts. His abrupt dismissal from Court,

therefore, could hardly have proved a disappointment to himself. His duties at the side of his royal master had proved thoroughly uncongenial to his temperament, and when once released from the irksome Court routine he expressed himself glad to have 'thrown off his packsaddle.'

But it would also appear that the life at the Academy was well-nigh as useless to him, and as unprofitable, as the life at Court. The almost exclusively scientific education precluded his becoming proficient in the arts so essential to the career of a statesman. 'In my youth,' he subsequently complained, 'I was never taught to write. I never had a professor of rhetoric, nor even of the humanities.' Mathematics seems to have formed his chief study; for this, and for this alone, he records his gratitude. 'That is what builds a head and teaches you to think. From the study of triangles and algebraic propositions I passed to those of men and things, and now I know how useful this study has been to me by what I am able to do with things and men.' It should be remembered in this connexion that the younger Pitt frequently alluded to the practical advantages derived from mathematics, and declared that no portion of his time had been more usefully employed than that which he had devoted to its study. This branch of learning was evidently well taught at the Academy, and in the mastering of its principles Cavour soon outstripped his fellow-students. But beyond this one accomplishment the result of his education, as far as his future career was concerned, seems to have been inefficient and unsatisfactory. In after years he complained bitterly that his literary education had been sadly neglected. Cavour set great store by the pen; but although it was an instrument



that he wielded with some vigour in his subsequent political campaigns, he never proved himself capable of expressing agreeably all that was in his mind. The arts of speaking and writing, he maintained, require a degree of nicety and adaptability of particular organs, which can only be acquired by practice in youth.

Whenever he refers in after life to his sojourn at the Military Academy, he speaks of it with a certain sense of dissatisfaction and regret. And yet, if we are to believe the testimony of his fellow-students, it would appear that his career at that institution was not altogether lacking the element of success. Cavour had, even in those early days, attracted the attention of those who were set in authority over him. As a youth he has been described as good-humoured, popular enough, and *bon enfant*. But he never played, never joined in boyish games, and never seemed to work. He was always reading—not works of fiction, but papers, political treatises, and histories. He paid no particular attention to his lessons, and troubled himself very little about them; but when the examinations came round he appeared to grasp all he was required to learn without an effort, and surpassed his competitors with ease. When only sixteen years of age, he so far excited the admiration of the examiners that the regulations were set aside in his favour, and, although by the rules of the service a candidate could not enter the army before the age of twenty, his request of a commission in the Engineers was granted to him by the authorities.

Accordingly he left the Military Academy in the year 1826, having passed out at the head of the list in the final examinations. In some respects the profession of arms suited his disposition, and he welcomed

that novel sensation of independence, which for the first time in his life he experienced. At this period of his career he is described as the most brilliant and amiable of sub-lieutenants, leading a light-minded soldier's life at Vintimille, Turin, and Genoa. It was in Genoa particularly that he had found and rejoiced in the freedom of thought and activity which were unknown in the Piedmontese capital. There he could fill his lungs with the fresh air of liberty. But his lighter moments evidently did not interfere with useful study. At this very time he was learning and expatiating upon the utility of modern languages and sound knowledge of history. Whether his thoughts were devoted much to the deplorable condition of his country is somewhat doubtful, but from scattered writings we gather that he had given the question some consideration, and there is existing evidence to prove that he had begun to take the troubles of his countrymen genuinely to heart. In the year 1829, he writes to an English friend: 'While all Europe is walking with a firm step in the path of progress, unhappy Italy is always borne down under the same system of religious tyranny. Pity those who, with souls made to develop the generous principles of civilisation, are compelled to see their country brutalised by Austrian bayonets. Tell your countrymen that we are not undeserving of liberty, that if we have rotten members, we have also men who are worthy to enjoy the blessings of light. Forgive me if I wander, but my soul is weighed down under the burden of indignation and of sorrow, and I feel a very sweet relief in thus opening my mind to one who knows the causes of my grief and surely sympathises with them.' His expressions on the political situation at this time bear the mark of a certain pessimism very foreign to his later



views. 'How many hopes deceived!' he writes in 1830, 'what illusions laid bare! What a host of misfortunes have fallen upon our country! I accuse no one. It may be but the force of circumstances which has so decided it, but the fact is that the Revolution of July, after bidding us conceive the noblest of hopes, has replunged us into a state more deplorable than ever.'

At the time of his giving vent to these gloomy sentiments he was stationed at Genoa, employed on the fortifications which were then in course of construction at that port. It was here that, for the first time, his interest in politics was thoroughly aroused and his liberal instincts, which had doubtless been suppressed in the family circle at Turin, expanded in the free atmosphere of Genoese society. Already he had given earnest of his liberal leanings in the shape of a memorandum written in his eighteenth year, and, now that he was free from domestic influence, he was no longer careful to conceal his rapidly maturing opinions. He saw in liberty only the high road that led in the direction of prosperity. He informed his Swiss uncle in a letter that he was liberal—nay, very liberal, and desired to see a complete change in the system of government. He soon made bold to express similar opinions in private society at Genoa, with the result that he was at once looked upon with grave suspicion by his superiors. Cavour was addicted to abusing the policy of the King Charles Albert, for whom he always entertained a personal dislike, and consequently hailed with a joy, which he took no pains to dissemble, the Revolution of 1830. This manifestation of pleasure cost him his freedom. The tide as yet ran strong against all those who in any way connected

themselves with principles of revolution and reform. It was probably at the suggestion of his own father, who was beginning to entertain lively misgivings with regard to his son's future, that the young lieutenant received orders to perform garrison duty for a year at the solitary Alpine fortress of Bard, which stands upon a precipitous rock in the middle of the Val d' Aosta, far removed from the contagion of revolutionary ideas, and where it seemed impossible that he should extend the horizon of his political ambitions.

It was in this gloomy fastness, however, that the aspirations of the youthful patriot perceptibly expanded. He saw around him evidences of the poverty and decay so characteristic of the prevailing system, and in his hours of enforced silence pondered on a remedy for the national disease. Moreover, this solitary confinement influenced his future career in that it produced within him a distaste for submitting any further to the thralldom of mechanical discipline.

Yet there must have been moments for him when the gloom and desolation of this Alpine barrack proved well-nigh overwhelming. There is something infinitely pathetic in the aspect of this strong and brave spirit confined within such narrow limits and craving to be free. Surrounded by none of those accessories that stimulate the imagination, he spent a large portion of the time playing *tarot* with the contractors of the military buildings then in course of erection. For his own edification, however, it is believed that he studied the works of Bentham and Adam Smith, and also acquired as much knowledge as possible of English politics. It happened, opportunely enough, that at this time an English artist, Brokerden by name, who was also a scholar and a mechanic of some merit, was

engaged in making drawings in the picturesque Alpine valley, and an acquaintance thus sprang up between him and Cavour, which not only gave to the future statesman the opportunity of writing and speaking English, but also developed that admiration of English political and social institutions, which, in after years, was even the occasion of rebuke from his political adversaries.

It is not surprising that this monotonous incarceration began to tell upon his spirits. Living alone, without a single friend or companion of his own nationality save only the workmen employed upon the fortification, with no means of turning his intellectual attainments to profitable account, he almost resigned himself to remaining 'an obscure citizen of Piedmont,' although he was not in reality of a desponding nature. He still at least found comfort in the kindly consolation of the clever old Marquise Philippine, who was always ready to champion those who reproached him for embracing ideas contrary to his traditions and his order, and for undutiful conduct.

At the end of the appointed term, namely in the year 1832, he resigned his commission in the army, and thus left the profession for which he was in no way suited, and to which his talents and abilities were obviously superior. His father, who had in the interval of Cavour's absence become a veritable courtier, and had quite abandoned any liberal views he may have formerly entertained, felt it his duty to oppose the step which his son had taken ; but Cavour represented to him that his now matured political opinions were quite incompatible with serving his sovereign in a regiment of Engineers, and at the same time published his sentiments to the family in a letter which he wrote to his

aunt, Madame de Sellon : 'Do not imagine that all I have suffered—morally be it understood—has in any way abated my love for the views which I previously entertained. These ideas form a part of my existence. I shall profess, teach and uphold them as long as I have a breath of life.'

It must not be supposed that, even at this period of his career, when the reckless impatience of youth is so apt to precipitate its victim into extremes, Cavour, although a liberal, had any sympathy or any dealings with the secret conspiracies of young revolutionary Italy, with the extravagant votaries of liberty, equality, and fraternity. He found fault with revolutions now and always, not so much on account of their objects, nor on account of the means by which those objects were to be accomplished, but on account of their impotence, on account of the certainty of their failure. He foresaw that the revolution would perish of its own excess. Cavour, moreover, was no believer in the divine right of noisy multitudes, and for this reason, if for no other, kept himself firmly within the fortress of monarchical institutions. His ambition was to see his country regenerated without a preliminary stage of anarchy. Unless this fact is clearly established, it will be impossible to understand the meaning of his career, or the development of his political opinions. He never at any time sympathised with the methods of Mazzini and his firebrand followers. Although he realised that Mazzini's intentions were good, nothing could then or subsequently attenuate the divergency of their respective views with regard to the means of achieving liberty in the peninsula. Mazzini's ideas as to the solution of the Italian problem were diametrically opposed to those of Cavour. The two men were agreed

upon one point, however: namely, that it was imperatively necessary for Italy that her Government must be reformed, and latent patriotism must be resuscitated; but there unfortunately the points of semblance cease.

Mazzini has been described as a Utopian idealist, political dreamer, apostle of the democratic evangel. Basing his schemes upon an illusory estimate of the strength of the country, ignoring the actual weakness of human nature and the exigencies of European policy, commanding but limited means entirely disproportioned to his object, the patriotic enthusiast was destined to exhaust his party in a series of attempts which, though protests against despotism, were little calculated to produce those national results to which his energies were sincerely devoted. In the year 1829 he had joined the Carbonari, but in the following year, being betrayed to the Sardinian police, he was imprisoned in Savona. On his release he addressed to Charles Albert a noble appeal, urging him to put himself at the head of the struggle for Italian independence, but the only answer he received was a sentence of perpetual banishment. Henceforth Mazzini made it his duty to spread broadcast in Europe those violent revolutionary views, which were so much dreaded by the moderates. It was to the latter party that Cavour really belonged and, with his innate repugnance to political violence, he found himself early in life enlisted in the cause of his sovereign against the turbulence of revolutionary iconoclasts. It must always be remembered that the history of Piedmont bore but slight resemblance to that of the other Italian provinces. In Piedmont for upwards of eight centuries the House of Savoy had retained the affection of its people. The natural result was that the liberal party



in Piedmont, unlike the rest of Italy, was not republican, but monarchical. Thus, among the moderate Piedmontese liberals the principles of the Revolution were permanently proscribed. A letter, written by Cavour to Madame de Sellon in the year 1833, reveals the apprehension with which he regarded the over-enthusiastic patriots, by whose violence, he believed, all hope of liberty would be compromised: 'The most grievous result of the Revolution of July, one which almost counterbalances the immense benefits it has conferred, is its having given birth to a party full of frenzy, ferocity, and folly, which, anticipating the future in its pursuit of a chimera, is resolved to establish at all hazards a system which is now no longer possible, a party which, for the sake of that system, is driving society into fearful chaos, whence it cannot emerge except by means of absolute and brutal power, whether that of despotism or an aristocracy. Notwithstanding this tirade against the republican party who are doing us so much mischief in Italy, I must tell you that I still have entire faith in the future destiny of the human race, and in the laws of social progress; and on this account I applaud every day more and more those persons who endeavour to hasten the time by wise, impartial, and rational publications.'

When Cavour had once definitely resigned his commission, his father was indulgent enough to purchase for him a small estate at Leri, in a monotonous part of Vercelli, which had been allowed to go to rack and ruin. It is surprising to us that one, who had complained that the profession of arms was unsuited to an ambitious mind, should, after unbuckling his sword, take to the plough. But it must be remembered that he had now no course open to him but either to join

the band of exiles in a foreign country, or to expend his useless activity in vain political agitation and conspiracy. He looked upon farming not so much as a profession which would lead to some definite end, but as a means whereby he could distract his thoughts from their natural channels and concentrate them upon a subject which, if less congenial, was certainly less hazardous. And so, stifling his disappointment, he embarked upon the study of agriculture. We are told that his mother opposed the plan, as she anticipated that the ownership of land would tempt Cavour to exceed his income, but his father gave to these maternal objections the wise reply that, if he was not a man at twenty-five, he never would be one, and this philosophy seemed effectually to silence all opposition to the enterprise.

It is impossible to believe, in the light of his subsequent career, that Cavour could have experienced any other feelings but aversion to his new profession in its initial stages: 'I am obliged to bestow much care on the work I have in hand, and to devote that time to it which I should prefer bestowing upon purely intellectual pursuits,' was his first complaint, but gradually he convinced himself that the planting of potatoes and the management of flocks were subjects not altogether unworthy of his attention. Cavour's mind was essentially political. It is to be doubted whether he viewed the study of agriculture in any other form than as a system of fitting his mind for grander objects. All his letters reveal a suppressed regret that he is no longer able to take his part in active politics. 'Nothing is likely to put a stop to the career I have entered upon,' he writes in 1835. 'Even if I continued to feel as much interest in politics as I did some years ago, it would be impos-



sible for me to play any active part in public affairs under a government which is as incompatible with my opinions as it is with my peculiar position. For however moderate, however *juste milieu* I may have become, I am as yet far from being able to approve of the system followed here. Necessity therefore, as well as inclination, will henceforth tie me down to agricultural pursuits, which will, no doubt, offer sufficient field for the exercise of my intellectual powers, and will satisfy the desire, which every honest man must feel, to be of use to that social body of which he forms a part.' These are not, in reality, the words of one who is contentedly resigned to his situation and surroundings. They leave a conviction in the mind of the reader that it was necessity and not inclination that bound him to his new pursuits. But human beings are wonderfully adaptable creatures, and, like animals, can be acclimatised to temperatures unlike that of their natural habitat. Although still invigorated by a residue of youthful ambition, he resigned himself to the reflection that agriculture must, for the present at any rate, become the predominant factor in his daily life.

Cavour served his agricultural apprenticeship so much to his father's satisfaction that he was allowed to take over the management of the paternal estates. It was then in the rice-fields of the Piedmontese plains, and not in a senate-house, that the future politician first proved his worth. Amid his new surroundings he had the opportunity, hitherto denied him, of developing that intuitive power of quick apprehension which, in after years, was so noticeable a feature in his character. With hardly any domestic servants, existing on the simplest fare, superintending every work in person,

Cavour learnt unconsciously how to govern men and things.

The country around Leri is ugly, flat, and monotonous, with no animation in the scene, nothing but rice-fields and meadows, intersected with straight roads. At considerable distances from one another, are to be seen immense farm buildings, constructed of a yellowish coloured brick. It was in one of these homesteads that Cavour passed his simple life. The rotation of crops, quality of cattle, science of manures, and the capabilities of the soil engaged his undivided attention. From early morning until late in the evening he would tramp the fields, watching every improvement, learning as he taught, and with always a cheery word for his fellow-labourers. In the evening he partook of an abundant meal, cooked by an old housekeeper, who herself brought in and placed the repast upon a heavy oak table, around which, after the dessert had been removed, he would join with one or two guests, generally nephews—William de la Rive and Auguste de Cavour for choice—in a merry game of lansquenet. Sometimes the company would sit and converse. Politics was the most frequent subject of discussion. It was to politics that Cavour's mind always turned when diverted from the consideration of his agricultural duties.

‘I have embarked,’ he writes at this time to his friends in Geneva, ‘in great speculations. I have purchased a large estate among the rice-fields. I think I have done a very good stroke of business. All I am in want of is the money to pay for it; that settled, I shall make a splendid profit by it. I cannot do things by halves. Once embarked in business I give myself to it altogether; for that matter my situation compels me to do it. I am a younger son, which says a good deal

in an aristocratically constituted country. I must carve myself a way by the sweat of my brow.'

Cavour was as good as his word. The net result of his labours, which were expended in this connexion on and off for fifteen years, was the conversion of a dilapidated estate into a model property. This responsibility served as an outlet for his gigantic activity of mind and body, and he found in the management of these estates a wider scope for his abilities. It gave to his energy a meaning and to duty a foundation. The change from military to agricultural pursuits developed his innate good qualities, which probably under any accidents could not have been restrained, but which, in this new set of circumstances, were accentuated and matured.

It would have been difficult at this period of Italian history for one less ambitious than Cavour to have remained indifferent to the deplorable political condition of his native land, and it is quite inconceivable that one, in whom the patriotic instinct was so highly developed, could have banished it from his mind. He never forgot as he tramped the fields that there was a world beyond the restricted sphere of his pastoral life. Certain passages in his voluminous correspondence reveal that he was keeping a watchful eye on the political phenomena of his native land. In the year 1832, he writes to a friend a letter dealing with the ills of the State: 'Pressed on one side by Austrian bayonets, on the other by the furious excommunications of the Pope, our condition is truly deplorable. Every free exercise of thought, every generous sentiment is stifled, as if it were a sacrilege or a crime against the State. We cannot hope to obtain by ourselves any relief from such enormous misfortunes. The destiny

of my countrymen, of the Romagna especially, is truly deplorable, and the steps which have been taken by the mediating Powers have only made it worse. The intervention of France is not even sufficient to exact the smallest reasonable concession from the Pope. The voice of England alone, if raised in a firm and positive tone, can obtain for the people a supportable government at all in harmony with the ideas and manners of the age.' And, again, in another letter, he writes: 'I shall continue to maintain liberal opinions with the same warmth as ever, without hoping or even desiring to make myself a name. I shall maintain them out of love of truth and out of sympathy for mankind.'

There can be no doubt that, although he had retired 'back to the land,' he was quite prepared, should an opportunity occur, to leave the plough, like Cincinnatus of old, and to answer the call of duty. For the present, however, he possessed his soul in patience until that call should come. In a letter written at the age of twenty-four to the Marchioness Barolo, who had condoled with him on his failures, he had replied in that vein of buoyant optimism which permeated his whole being: 'I am very grateful, madame, to you for the interest you are kind enough to take in my misfortunes, but I can assure you that I shall make my way notwithstanding. I own that I am ambitious—enormously ambitious—and when I am Minister I hope I shall justify my ambition. In my dreams I see myself already Minister of the kingdom of Italy.'

But, in spite of these moments of prophetic enthusiasm, Cavour saw in agriculture the only field at present open to him, and into the study of this valuable science he threw himself heart and soul. He imported

various innovations, such as steam-mills, artificial manures, and new systems of draining. Nor was it only in cultivation that he expended his energies. In time he established packet-boats on Lake Maggiore, steam-mills for grinding corn, and a manufactory for chemical products.

One day he undertook to furnish eight hundred merino sheep for a pasha of Egypt, and he succeeded in fulfilling his contract, although at first he was somewhat put about to perform the task.

He had begun his agricultural studies as a raw and unskilled student, but so well did he manage his estates that, when he died, it is said that the peasants around his home wondered among each other how the property was ever to be held together now that the *padrone* was gone.

Cavour varied his rural seclusion with visits to Geneva, where he loved to talk politics with his friends and relatives, and also to Turin, where he was a frequent visitor at the *salons* of his aunt, the Duchesse de Clermont-Tonnerre, and of the French Ambassador, de Barante by name, a true man of the world, capable of proffering him useful advice. The latter exerted a potent influence over Cavour at an age when the mind is peculiarly impressionable and susceptible to the opinions of others. It was in his house that Cavour met M. d'Haussonville, another member of the Corps Diplomatique. No one, De la Rive maintains, contributed so much as d'Haussonville to incline Cavour to the notion of an alliance with France—that alliance which was destined to fill so large a page in the career of the Italian statesman.

In the year 1833, Cavour obtained leave to travel. The chronology of the events of his first English and



French visits must necessarily remain imperfect. He himself rarely alluded to this period of his life, and it is not probable that anybody remarked him with sufficient interest, in those days of insignificance, to record his sayings and doings. The Austrian officials, however, who had received intelligence of his movements, seemed to think it worth their while to exercise a supervision upon the youthful politician. The Director-General of the Police at Milan issued the following instructions to the officials at the frontier, dated May 15, which is not devoid of interest in our eyes: 'A young Piedmontese nobleman, Camillo di Cavour, is about to set out on his travels. He was formerly an officer in the Engineers, and, in spite of his youth, is already deeply corrupted in political principles. I lose no time in giving this intelligence to the Commissioners of Police, with instructions not to permit the entrance of the person in question if he should present himself at our frontiers unless his passport is strictly *en règle*, and even in this case only after the most rigorous investigation into his clothes and luggage, as I have reason to suspect he may be the bearer of dangerous documents.'

That these suspicions of his character, although exaggerated, were not altogether unfounded, a story related by Countess Cesaresco seems to confirm. It was a short while previous to Cavour's departure on a first visit to Paris. His two aunts, who lived together in the family *palazzo*, were discussing their nephew. 'Did you remark,' said the one, 'how indifferent Camillo seemed when I spoke to him of the Paris theatres? I really do not know what will interest him on his travels; the poor boy is entirely absorbed in revolutions.' 'It is quite true,' replied the other, 'Camillo has no



curiosity about things, he cares for nothing but politics.' An Italian who 'cared for nothing but politics' was a fitting subject for the suspicions of the Austrian officials, but, as a matter of history, during this period of his life, when Cavour was dividing his time between the care of his paternal estates and his holidays abroad, he took no part and occupied no place in the history of his country; he did not even care to contribute to the Press.

He made a long sojourn in France, and although he plunged at once into the social life of the French capital, indulging his lighter tastes and not shrinking from a rubber of whist at twenty-five louis the trick, he found plenty of time to study the working of those institutions which he wished to see adopted in his own country. In this manner these instructive journeys coincided with his inclinations and necessities.

It was on the occasion of his first visit to Paris that he made the acquaintance of Madame de Circourt, which fast ripened into a firm friendship, only to be terminated by his death. In her *salon* he met all that was best of the intellect and wit in a country famed for both. There is a story told that Madame de Circourt, fearing lest Cavour, whose abilities on first acquaintance she discerned, might waste his sweetness on the desert air of Piedmont, invited him to seek his fame and fortune on French soil; but the answer, so typical of his patriotic nature, was decisive: 'It is not in flying from one's fatherland because it is unhappy that one can attain a glorious end.'

In Paris Cavour met Guizot, who treated him with indifference, and Thiers, who treated him with respect. On the whole he passed unnoticed, an unobserved spectator. 'An obscure citizen of Piedmont,' he de-

scribes himself, 'who has done nothing to make his name known beyond the narrow limits of the *commune*, of which he is the *syndic*, cannot in reason aspire to mix with the bright stars which illumine the world of politics.'

The lighter side of the gay capital, notwithstanding, seems to have appealed to his elastic temperament, and there, doubtless by his natural talents and winning manners, he enlisted the affection and interest of those who formed the constellations of the social firmament. Initiated thus into the seductive attractions of a refined and luxurious society, Cavour doubtless saw a new phase of life, but he was not by nature inclined to puerile profligacy, nor was he ever a victim to the moral snares and pitfalls that prove so serious an obstruction to the gilded youth of all ages and of all nations. His biographers insist that in those days he was not remarkable either for excess in pleasure or for abstinence, and it may be safely determined that the only passion, to which he ever gave vent, was a love for gambling. On one occasion he is supposed to have lost eight thousand pounds, which his father paid out of his future share in the property. Nearly to the end of his life Cavour indulged this taste; he was a frequent visitor at the Turin Whist Club, and was reckoned the finest whist-player in the Cercle. On one of his later visits to France he was asked to play with M. de Rothschild at a thousand-franc points, and rose from the table a winner of a hundred and fifty thousand francs. This fondness for gambling exhibits itself in his extensive speculations, owing to which, although they turned out profitably, Cavour suffered considerable financial loss. This circumstance, it must be admitted, while we allude to his infirmities, was

due to his integrity, for on entering office as Minister of Finance in 1854, he sold his shares at a considerable loss, on the ground that a Finance Minister ought never to be liable to the suspicion of promoting his private interests. So scrupulous was he, in spite of his love of gambling, that he refused to withdraw his name from an unsuccessful concern for fear it should mean utter ruin to others, declaring good-humouredly: 'I am willing to sell all my shares which are worth anything, but nobody can complain if I choose to ruin myself by a losing speculation.'

With regard to the extent of his indulgence in other pleasures, it is probable that he in no way exceeded the bounds self-imposed by the average young man, who finds himself in the midst of an attractive and light-hearted society. The recorded *affaires de cœur* are few and far between, and whatever relations of this nature he entered into were a mere accident, not a vital element in his career.

His first visit to England was not of long duration, and it appears that socially his success was by no means equal to that which he attained in France. Not one of the persons in London to whom he brought letters of introduction at first took the least notice of him. Consequently his knowledge of English life and thought, which was considerable, must have been derived from reading as much as from personal experience. For England he was ever wont to express an esteem and interest which, he insisted, 'was due to one of the greatest people that has done honour to the human race, a nation that has continually promoted the moral and material progress of the world, and whose civilising mission is yet far from having reached its term.' His study of our institutions, language, and

government was eminently practical, and was drawn rather from contemporary English literature than from the standard classics. To the end of his life he took in the 'Times,' the 'Morning Post,' and the 'Economist,' to which latter paper his tastes rendered him especially partial.

On this first visit to London, the artist whom he had met in the Val d' Aosta invited him to a dinner of the Royal Geographical Society, and, curiously enough, it was at this function that he delivered his maiden speech.

In spite of his somewhat cold reception in England, he took a certain delight in his visit, for it was in this country that he was able to study freedom and progress, their causes and effects. He began to be familiar also with the administrative and political mechanism of the Empire, with the balance of the great powers of the State, the working of political parties, and all the mysteries of the British constitution. The science of farming, the system of subsoil drainage, the conduct of the prisons, were all subjects that appealed to his practical mind, and if he went home with but little encouragement he took with him a fund of useful information. The question that interested him most was the working of the Poor Law in England, and before he left London he had communicated with all those persons who were specially occupied with its administration.

It is not without interest for Englishmen to read Cavour's impressions, comparing London with Paris and Turin. They are contained in a letter to his most constant confidante: 'How can one be lively,' he writes to her, 'when one is living in the middle of fogs and smoke, crushed under the weight of a heavy and

ponderous atmosphere? In England one may discuss but never chat. . . . I do not mean to say that England is not a country of immense intellectual resources. You can find there quite as many specialists and men of deep thought as anywhere else—perhaps more. Nowhere are certain branches of the moral sciences better cultivated, but there is one thing which you will seek here in vain. I mean that admirable union of science and wit, of depth and kindness, of solidity and polish, which forms the charm of certain Parisian *salons*, a charm which one regrets all one's life when one has once made a trial of them, and which can never be found again when one has left that intellectual oasis of which you are one of the principal adornments. In London one makes acquaintances, the intellect ripens, the ideas become less vague and more available, one gains perhaps a practical spirit, highly valuable, in the conduct of the affairs of life; but one loses that flexibility of intellect, that pleasant sharpening of the wits, which make a Parisian *salon* the only place in the world where the intelligence can exert itself without fatigue. It is impossible in London to keep up a correspondence with Paris. It is like trying to run in leaden shoes. In certain respects the air of Piedmont is heavier than that of London. The sky is clear there, but the moral horizon is so darkened by the clouds, which are there developed under an eminently repressive system, that one's wits have less elasticity than in London.'

These visits to France and England were serving as a useful political education to the future statesman. They fired him with ambition and determination. On one of his sojourns in Paris he was present at a meeting of the Political Economy Society. He gave his



views on the subject under discussion with such boldness that Léon Faucher, who was present, replied to him laughingly: 'Ah! Count, those plans of yours are of the kind men concoct at the door of a minister's office, and throw carefully out of the window as soon as they have got inside.' Cavour rejoined with some heat: 'That may be your policy, sir, but for my part I give my word that, if ever I rise to power, I will carry out my ideas or relinquish office.'

On returning to Italy, he resumed his interest in his former peaceful pursuits. In the year 1843 he writes: 'Since my return to Piedmont my attention has been chiefly devoted to the study and the works of agriculture. This is, indeed, the only one to which one can with perfect safety devote oneself in this country, where we are envying in all its fulness that liberty of intellect with which the clergy would endow France. If one would live peaceably in Piedmont one must occupy oneself with the fields and the meadows, and one has need to love peace when one is living in the bosom of a numerous family, who decidedly object to conflicts of opinions and ideas.' But Cavour at heart had no desire to live peaceably. The troubles of his countrymen had already appealed to him too forcibly, and Providence had reserved for him a higher destiny than a quiet superintendence of crops and cattle in the fields and meadows of Piedmont. It is impossible to doubt that he had already conceived definite aspirations for the future of his countrymen, and that they only required a congenial atmosphere to develop and mature. Already his political views were taking definite shape. Of his own convictions at this period he has written a confession, in which he explains that common sense counselled moderation. 'At last,' he says, 'after



numerous and violent agitations and waverings, I finished by fixing myself, like the pendulum of a clock, between the two parties.' He became, we must conclude, an honest middle-course man, desiring and hoping for social progress with all his might, but resolved not to purchase it at the cost of a universal overthrow. 'My position between the two, however, does not hinder me from wishing for the emancipation of Italy, with all possible speed, from the barbarians oppressing her, and, in consequence, I foresee that a tolerably violent crisis is inevitable. But I would have that crisis brought about with all the discretion compatible with existing circumstances; and, besides this, I am more than persuaded that the mad attempts made by the men of action do but retard and render it more hazardous.'

Cavour, we are told, possessed the mind of one starting with a limited and rational design, but amplifying it, and as it were multiplying himself in proportion as the work throve in his hands and the sphere of activity spread before him: the mind of one beginning as a man of business and ending as a poet—laying the basis of a state and eventually creating a nation.

It was not possible that Cavour, conceiving such ideals, should continue long without taking up some definite part in the work of regeneration. For one, whose early lot had been cast in an era of convulsions, to take a part in politics was not surprising. The horizon of his ambitions had already sensibly expanded. He had made his way by degrees along those narrow and circuitous by-paths which an active man discovers without even looking for them, and which he unconsciously widens for himself. Stimulated by an indomitable perseverance and a legitimate ambition which

brooked no suppression, he felt that it was now time to reveal himself to the world of action. There is always a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune, and the present predicament of his native land offered to him a wide opportunity for his aspiring nature. Cavour seemed indicated as a ready-made ruler of mankind. His natural sagacity had been nurtured by useful experience and contact with the world. He himself now prepared to seek a wider field for his tireless energies, interests broader and incidents more dazzling and comprehensive than were afforded in the rice-fields of Vercelli. If once called upon to control larger circumstances he was certain to succeed, so fertile was his resource, so intuitive was his knowledge of human nature.

Up to a certain point in his career, his large ideas had been stifled in the contracted space of a country farm ; but already he was beginning to find outlets for his energy and ambition. In the year 1841, he became a director of the Piedmontese Agrarian Society, the object of which was primarily the encouragement of agricultural science and industry. From this institution sprang a multitude of affiliations in which, under the pretext of propagating a knowledge of land cultivation, the spirit of political discussion spread, and it was as a member of this society that Cavour first proved that he was one to be reckoned with in the political world. Of such importance did the meetings become in the eyes of the Sardinian authorities that it was with some difficulty that Cavour and his co-directors obtained the sanction of the Sardinian Government for its existence. Charles Albert was too essentially an exponent of absolutism to tolerate private political discussion within his realm. However, the society clung to life, and

Cavour so far distinguished himself at its sittings that the subsequent secret attacks which the Government made upon him in the Agricultural Committee brought him into notice, and caused members of the society to regard him as the natural representative of their interest.

The history of the Agricultural Society is of some importance in that, for the first time, two distinct parties revealed themselves in the liberal ranks. On the one hand were to be discerned the popular liberals, seeking to establish the constitution of the society on a democratic basis ; on the other hand, the aristocratic liberals, of whom of course Cavour was one, seeking to give the initiative to the president. This cleavage eventually resulted in such a demonstration of political excitement, that King Charles Albert was obliged to take cognisance of its existence, and settled a dispute, on one memorable occasion, by giving his decision in favour of Cavour's views. This record of the society would seem to point to the fact that Cavour had blossomed into a regular political agitator, but although he took every opportunity of expressing his liberal views at the meetings, he was of too practical a mind ever to lose sight of the avowed object for which the society was formed.

The second method, by which he was enabled to bring forward his political theories, was his attendance at the 'Whist Club,' a kind of association of Piedmontese noblemen, who met and exchanged views on the burning questions of the hour. This club he had been instrumental in founding, in conjunction with certain kindred spirits, and had discovered that it required all the resources of his ingenuity and perseverance to preserve it from the denunciation of the

King. As in the case of the Agricultural Society, so in the case of the Whist Club, its meetings served the purpose as a social circle and as a medium of political discussion, but an eminently conservative spirit pervaded its atmosphere, for its members were by nature and by birth the instinctive enemies of all revolution.

Cavour was at this time, as in the future, an energetic advocate of any scheme of practical philanthropy, and in these matters he successfully blended the kindness of sentimental charity with the hard logic of the political economist. 'Let us develop these benevolent institutions,' he writes, 'which are the honour of our past and present history, subjecting them to those scientific laws, the observance of which is essential, in order to render institutions, designed for the relief of human misery, of real use and efficacy. Let us labour to enable our fellow-citizens, rich and poor, and the poor even more than the rich, to participate in the benefits of civil progress and the increase of wealth. By so doing we shall solve peacefully the problem which others seek to solve by tremendous convulsions and awful disaster.'

The most important feature of his charitable enterprises was the foundation of infant asylums in Piedmont, of which he was for some time a member of the managing committee. But even here the suspicion of the Court pursued him, and he was requested to resign his seat 'for the good of society,' as his reputation for liberalism was considered likely, according to the ideas of the time, to injure the undertaking.

Finally, in the pen Cavour found a powerful weapon to his hand. His early contributions to the Press are eminently practical and very rarely deal with abstract theories. During the period of his insignificance, he

wrote frequently on such varied subjects as political economy, agricultural labour, the state of Ireland, communistic doctrines and the means of opposing their development, railways in Italy, and the influence of English commercial reforms. His early writings, although they gained a certain measure of fame abroad, were little known in Italy ; the reviews in which they appeared could only be obtained by stealth. To judge by the extracts which have been republished as specimens, Cavour possessed as few of the qualities of an author as, at a later period, of an orator, but he was a good writer in the sense of being able to express, in lively and clear language, ideas which interpreted the exact working of his mind. His literary efforts, then, are of little interest to us, except in so far as they show in what direction the main current of his thoughts was setting.

Cavour, in spite of his energy and enterprise, was at this time an unpopular member of society in Piedmont. This circumstance was partly due to what were then considered his dangerous political views, and partly to the situation of his own family. During his absence abroad, his father had joined the aristocratic party at Court, and Charles Albert had appointed him to the post of *Vicario* in Turin, which involved the duty of spying upon the liberal party and reporting its movements directly to the King. In this office he became unpopular as one of the chief supporters of the autocratic principles which struggled in Charles Albert's mind against his national sentiment. Cavour's elder brother was a staunch aristocrat and ultramontane, and, as Cavour lived on terms of great intimacy with his family, he shared their unpopularity. Moreover the real liberal party had little sympathy with his



English predilections and desire for practical reform in Italy.

If his ambitions had already developed, this must have proved a trying period in his career. 'Those only,' writes Vincenzo Botta in his 'Discourse on Cavour,' 'whose lot it has been to drink silently, drop by drop, the bitter cup of moral restraint, whose hearts have been devoured by the slow fire of inward struggle, can measure the intensity of suffering to which his extremely sensitive nature must have been subjected by his early associations. Eager for distinction and power, yet obliged to endure the suspicions of all parties, attached by filial affection to him who was the principal instrument of the bigotry and meanness of the Government, he was forced to sacrifice on the altar of his penates the noblest aspirations of his youth.' Alone, and almost unheeded, he worked on slowly and imperceptibly, cheered only by that innate optimism that permeates the whole organism of his career. 'Whoever intends to take part in politics,' he says, 'must prepare himself for the bitterest disappointments. For that I am now prepared. Had I to renounce all the friends of my childhood, were I to see the most intimate of my acquaintances turn into my bitterest enemies, I would still not be wanting in my duty; I could never abandon those principles of liberty to which I have devoted myself, whose development I have made the object of my life, and to which throughout that life I have been found faithful.'

But it was uphill work struggling against every disadvantage that could form an obstacle in his way. The Court party, now in the ascendant, regarded him still as the dangerous student of the Military Academy

—as a subaltern of the revolutionary brigade; and he himself was convinced that, for the present, he could perform no more useful service for his fellow-countrymen than to return to his rice-fields, there to watch for a more favourable opportunity to come forward as the champion of freedom and reform. On one occasion, however, before he retired, he consented to appear in a public capacity. It was during the reception in Turin of Richard Cobden. Cavour proposed the health of the principal guest at a large banquet given in his honour. Even this incident did not pass without hostile comment. A Turin democratic paper asserted that the liberal party was much shocked by the intimacy of the great apostle of Free Trade with so well known a reactionary and monopolist as the young Count Cavour. The writer then proceeded to relate that, when Cobden was seen walking arm-in-arm with Cavour, an enlightened patriot called out: ‘*Voilà la liberté du commerce gardée par le monopole!*’ This *bon mot* was probably an allusion to the false accusation that the Cavours had stored up grain, in a year of scarcity, in order to sell it dear.

After Cobden’s visit, Cavour retired to Leri, convinced that small concessions from the present Government were useless, and determined to wait until the times were ripe for more sweeping changes. In the year 1843 he again visited Paris, where he made his way into the very heart of active political society. From Paris he travelled to London, where he renewed his study of the English agricultural system, in which he was afforded every assistance by a Mr. Davenport, who entertained him both in his London house and at his country residence in Cheshire. Cavour also stayed with Sir John Boileau in Norfolk, where he had a

favourable opportunity of observing the methods of English farmers.

In whatever society he moved—in London or Paris or Florence or Genoa or Turin—he was always a welcome guest. Although in a general sense he was unpopular, in individual households he was greeted as one who was capable of contributing valuable information, and always ready to discuss in an agreeable and intelligent manner the burning questions of the hour. In a society such as that of Piedmont, on the brink of a radical change, such a character as Cavour was a distinct asset in social circles. He owed everything to his personality. His influence over those with whom he came in daily contact rested not on the effect of his outward appearance, but rather upon that mysterious and incalculable force—the power of personality. If the reader wishes to form in his mind a lively picture of the man, let him first imagine to himself one overflowing with animal spirits, always ready with a jest, of contagious good humour, and open-hearted mirth. The basis of his character, says De la Rive, was inexhaustible joyousness, evinced by the agreeable turn which he gave to conversation, by his pleasant smile, by his ready and hearty laugh, by the intonation of his voice, by a certain original way of putting things, by the facility with which he accommodated himself to other people and to every circumstance. His mental agility was astounding. His conversation was carried on in a loud tone. Ever ready with entertaining and epigrammatic conceits, he was one of those rare beings to whom obviously rancour, jealousy, and petty spite were completely foreign; and yet one who, in spite of his cheerful and careless exterior, revealed at once that beneath the surface of his good nature and lively

spirits there lay the strength of character and indomitable will-force that could brook no trifling—one who was made to command, not to serve. Above all he was possessed of an indomitable moral courage which forms one of the most indispensable constituents of that mysterious attribute which we call ‘influence.’

This force of character was clothed in an exterior peculiarly lacking in any obvious beauty of form or figure, but which exhibited such striking characteristics that the absence of classical refinement of feature rather enhanced the effect produced than otherwise. Cavour has suffered, almost as much as Victor Emmanuel, from the ubiquitous statue. The garb of the modern statesman, although eminently respectable, does not afford the same scope to the abilities of the sculptor as the toga of the Latin orator or the still scantier raiment of the Greek god. A life-like presentment in bronze of an elderly gentleman with spectacles, a frock-coat, and check trousers, in vivid contrast to the allegorical figures that group themselves in easy and artistic attitudes at his feet, is an apparition more calculated to inspire mirth than admiration, and leaves the beholder with a keen regret that it were not possible for an artist to reproduce in concrete form the spirit of the hero, untrammelled by the conventional accessories which, although of iconographic value, approach nearer to the ridiculous than the sublime.

In person Cavour was below the medium height, his figure was strongly built, his brow massive and intellectual, his eyes were clear and penetrating, and over his firmly set mouth a smile, half ironical half humorous, habitually played. His whole face indicated the strength, the sensibility, and the vivacity of his

character, and faithfully reflected all his emotions, in which respect alone he was no diplomatist. Indeed, his unconscious outward manifestations of pleasure or dissatisfaction were so marked that the state of his mind could be easily interpreted by those who watched him, even as he passed along the streets. The more faithful portraits, with which some readers may be familiar, show the face of a benevolent old gentleman with spectacles, but there is a degree of strength and vigour which even the somewhat complacent smile fails to disguise. In dress Cavour was culpably negligent; he always held in supreme contempt all exterior decorations and embellishments.

There was nothing mysterious or elaborate in his manner. His conversation was unencumbered by that artificial and elaborate hauteur which is so often assumed to impress, or that ostentation which is intended to inspire awe. There was nothing overbearing in his speech. Although at times intolerant of opposition, satirical, imperious, and unyielding in his opinions, he was always first to seek a reconciliation wherever he had given offence. He was no *poseur*. He was too confident in himself to court popular favour; his genius was expended upon labours more calculated to exact the admiration of the thoughtful and the provident than to dazzle the multitude. The combination of intellectual vigour, vivacity of temperament, quickness of apprehension, and accuracy of thought and speech made excellent substitute for any display of pompous dignity, which in him was always so conspicuously lacking. His were qualities more suited to enlist the trust and confidence of his fellow-countrymen. The Italian people loved him for his natural geniality and sincerity, while they placed in



him a confidence which many statesmen with far more intelligible policies than his have failed to elicit.

To draw an accurate portrait of his character is hardly possible within the space of a few paragraphs. It is usually regarded as the business of the biographer, in dealing with the personality of his subject, to attribute to him all the virtues, embellished with every superlative epithet conceivable, and to exculpate him from every vice. Pages of unqualified adulation are to be found in every standard work applied to individuals whose actions and attainments by no means warranted such posthumous reward. Macaulay was wont to allege that biographers are peculiarly exposed to what he was pleased to call the 'lues Boswelliana,' or the disease of admiration. The present writer feels that, in studying the life and work of Cavour, he has fallen a victim to this distemper. Cavour was a man that loved and practised the virtues of domestic life; search as we may, it is impossible to adduce any evidence of weight to prove the contrary. This circumstance alone should at once place Cavour on a higher level than the majority of those whom biographers delight to honour; but when we also are drawn to the conclusion, on the evidence of established historical facts, that his public career was hardly less free from vice than his life in the domestic circle, we can with some justification indulge in an unqualified panegyric.

No man can be wholly superior to material conditions, and of men in general, few stand less chance of attaining perfection than politicians, and of politicians few stand less chance of approximating to such a state than those who find themselves at the mercy of the shifting and drifting shoals of international politics.

No doubt his enthusiasm in youth often outran his

understanding, and in earlier years he admired many things of which at a maturer age he formed a juster estimate. Moreover, there are certain public acts in Cavour's later career, few enough considering the circumstances in which he lived, that cannot be explained to the complete satisfaction of a strict moralist. On this score there is nothing further to be said when once we have deplored the fact that he was capable of descending to such methods. And yet it must be owned that, within human limits, Cavour possessed most of those natural characteristics that raise a man to a higher moral level than his fellows, and that he was eminently free from those defects which have marred, often enough, the careers of greater men.

Nothing, perhaps, was more remarkable in his constitution than that amazing vitality, which doubtless formed the mainspring of an optimism which reveals itself in all his writings and in all his speeches. It was this vitality which not only influenced all those with whom he came in contact, but also endeared him, when he took up the reins of government, to the many subordinates who looked to find in him a guiding spirit. It is to De la Rive, his life-long friend, that we owe the most lively account of Cavour's attraction of manner. 'Now that the figure of Cavour,' he writes, 'rises up before me in all the imposing splendour of historical grandeur I find some difficulty in recalling my impressions, the simple and narrow impressions of a child, and in distinguishing them from those by which they were succeeded. I find it difficult to recognise my dear old talker of clever nonsense, the friend who shared, as I thought, in all my tastes, who partook of my dislike for hard work, and serious books, and serious subjects, and for everything which ran counter to that

spirit of gaiety of which he was in my eyes the most brilliant personification. . . . The idea of Camillo di Cavour being a member of a government was to me so utterly extravagant ; so strange did it seem to me that anyone should for a single instant have thought of transforming the man, who in my eyes was the type of light accomplishments and happy, graceful insouciance, into a serious and business-like minister of State.'

Cavour, as a matter of fact, could hardly have been, at any period of his life, an imposing figure on first acquaintance. In his portraits we can readily discern that geniality and good nature which rendered it so difficult for his intimates to give him credit for high ambitions and serious application ; but the expression, which at first is mistaken for insouciance, was in reality that which denotes indifference to danger—stability and calmness in the day of trouble. It is the expression, at the same time, of one brimming over with good spirits and innocent mirth, of one who promotes confidence, an expression of true simplicity, without a semblance of weakness or inferiority of intellect.

## CHAPTER II

### CHARLES ALBERT

IN the history of the regeneration of Italy, there is no more pathetic figure than Charles Albert, Prince of Savoy-Carignan, afterwards King of Sardinia. He has often been described as the royal Hamlet who, with the best intentions in the world, was called to the throne when the times were out of joint. Certain dynastic advantages, it is true, he inherited. The House of Savoy is one of the oldest in Europe. As many as eight centuries ago there lived one Humbert, Count St. Jean de Maurienne, a vassal of the kingdom of Burgundy, and he is regarded as the founder of the family which produced, in our own times, Victor Emmanuel. From its very inception it was a race of fighting men, trafficking in war, adding constantly to their dominions, and never losing an inch of territory, protected as they were by the natural inaccessibility of their mountain fastnesses. In the twelfth century they acquired Turin, in the fourteenth the provinces of Asti and Nice. In the course of the fifteenth century they had become Dukes. The year 1720 marks a new point of departure in the narrative of this ancient royal house, for it was then that the island of Sardinia was ceded by Spain to Victor Amadeus II, in virtue of the Treaty of London, the title of King being

conferred on the Dukes of Savoy. Subsequently they ruled this kingdom, which they had welded together, justly and with honest purpose, consulting above all the welfare of their subjects.

Although in due course they were ejected by the French revolutionary armies, they were restored to their own again in the year 1814, and, unlike other princes in the Italian provinces, their restoration was welcome to the people, for a general feeling was prevalent at the time that the dynasty was an emphatically national one.

The Congress of Vienna decided that Genoa should be added to the kingdom of Sardinia, and there is no more striking testimony to the power of assimilation possessed by the House of Savoy than that, with one exception only, the Genoese never made any serious effort to recover their separate existence.

At the time that this final addition had been made to the dominions of the House of Savoy, Victor Emmanuel I was on the throne, an old and childless man. His brother, Charles Felix, who succeeded him, not much his junior, was likewise childless. He died in the year 1831, and the crown passed to his cousin, Charles Albert, head of the branch of Savoy-Carignan.

The character of Charles Albert is somewhat of an enigma to the student of history. There can be no doubt that he was not the man for the occasion, but there can equally be no doubt that few sovereigns had ever been, in so conspicuous a degree, the plaything of fortune. Cavour entertained for him a personal antipathy, and therefore his opinion on the character of the Prince is not unbiassed. He is described by one historian as a man of narrow mind, strong prejudices, and burdened with a bigoted sense of his own



responsibility, as the keeper entrusted by God with the care of his people's consciences; by another as a man of melancholy temperament, devoured by jaundice, of reserved, saturnine manners. He was, at any rate, by no means lacking in personal courage, as he gave testimony at the battle of Trocadéro; but he had been brought up under disadvantages, greater than which it would be impossible for a prince to experience. As the heir-presumptive he was badly treated. The King had hated and suspected him. By nature melancholy, the surroundings of an extremely dull court and the absence of all exhilarating amusements caused him to grow old before his time. Let me quote the following passage from Dicey's short memoir on this score: 'Distracted between his personal sympathy with liberal ideas, his deep devotion to the faith of his fathers, his passionate desire to see his country free, and his dread of revolutionary license, he halted between two opinions, and failed to inspire others with the confidence he lacked himself. Thus it came to pass that he, a man of singular honesty of purpose, was deemed a trickster, a man of dauntless courage was thought to be a craven, and a man of devout faith was looked upon as a foe to religion. Keenly sensitive to outward impressions, he realised to the full the unfavourable impression formed of him by the outer world, and suffered therefrom bitterly, although even suffering failed to confer upon him the sternness of fibre of which he stood in need.' Gallenga tells us that Charles Albert was not at heart a tyrant, nor an unwise or implacable ruler; that he was, on the contrary, a man of generous, chivalrous impulses, carefully self-educated, though not highly intellectual, and he lived in his inmost soul. 'Besides an honest

wish to promote the welfare of his subjects, an earnest devotion to that cause of Italy which he had embraced in his youth, and a strong desire to avenge the indignities to which that patriotic escapade exposed him . . . to these characteristics, which would all have been to his advantage, he, however, added two defects, marring all the rest—an invincible irresolution in action, and a too bigoted attachment to his religion.'

For the first twelve years of his reign there seemed small signs of that long-hoped for liberty which, it was anticipated, he would confer upon his countrymen. Notwithstanding, during this period, he was already paving the way to national freedom. He had reformed the laws, he had mitigated the criminal code, and he had promoted schemes for the material development of the land. Still there was much to be done, many concessions to be made before his subjects could realise a substantial change in their condition.

Now, although Charles Albert's sympathies were with those who were looking forward to independence, he wished for independence without liberty. 'I desire as much as you do,' he said one day to the Marquis Roberto d'Azeglio, 'the enfranchisement of Italy, and it is for that reason, remember well, that I will never give a constitution to my people.'

Cavour himself believed that Charles Albert's support would be eventually secured for the friends of independence and liberty. From his country retreat he launched forth articles, in which he expressed these views without reserve.

In the year 1846, he writes to his friend, Madame de Circourt: 'I am about to require a conspicuous favour from your indulgent friendship. This concerns

no less a matter than the obtaining from the Manager of the "*Revue des deux Mondes*" the insertion of an article composed by me. You see that it is no easy task. This article, which, taking its text from the railways, discusses the question of Italian politics, aims principally at acting upon the opinion of a highly placed personage (King Charles Albert), who is very sensitive to what the Parisian Press says of him. Owing to certain special circumstances, I have reason to believe that a manifesto of the kind, which I should wish to make, would not be without its value for my country. That is why my heart is so much set on seeing my article published in the "*Revue des deux Mondes*." . . . The chief plea which I beg you to urge with M. Chevalier, are the liberal and moderate opinions, which I am making an effort to propagate in a country where, hitherto, extreme views have always had the upper hand. Many of my friends, Count Balbo, among others, are making every effort to organise a party of peaceful reforms and measured progress. Enlightened and philanthropic men, like M. Chevalier, owe him their support.'

Although Cavour was no great writer, and has left to the world no essays or articles that will ever be of much value, as we have before noticed, he wisely chose the pen as the medium through which he might give public expression to his political opinions. Nor did he, in this connexion, confine himself to the writing of magazine articles. When, in the year 1847, Charles Albert mitigated the tyranny of the Press censorship by entrusting that office to men who could not have performed its duties without renouncing their own principles and passing censure on their own recorded opinions, Cavour was not slow to recognise what

a powerful instrument he had at hand. Accordingly he left his rural retreat, in December of that year, and in conjunction with his political friends, Count Balbo, Massimo d'Azeglio, Boncompagni, and Castelli, he founded a newspaper to which he gave the ominous title of 'Il Risorgimento.' This venture must be regarded as the dawn of his political career, and the reader will welcome it as the closing of an uninteresting chapter, which, but for the sake of completeness, might well have been omitted.

Cavour acted as the editor. For newspaper writing he had no particular talent, but the subjects of his various contributions were for the most part directed to some specific object, highly political, giving proof of his eminently practical mind. He was not precisely a journalist; to him journalism was only a new sphere of action, which, like all he did, was useful to him—it enabled him to fix his ideas and produce them in concrete form. Perhaps we may say that he was not sufficiently sentimental by nature to compose that attractive form of leading article which generally appeals to the literary public. His imagination was too much of the practical order.

Cavour seems to have entered on this project for the purpose of organising a moderate liberal party in Italy, capable, when required, of keeping in check men of exaggerated views. In foreign politics he designed that the newspaper should be moderate in tone. 'As for domestic politics,' he says, 'it will require no great exertion on my part to keep within the bounds of prudence, for the party in favour of order is most numerous. What adds most to the strength of this party is that the Catholic clergy have put themselves at the head of the progressives, and the clergy,

although liberal and anti-Austrian, are, nevertheless, very moderate in politics.'

The objects and aims of the new journalistic venture were given to the world in the shape of a prospectus, written by Count Cesare Balbo at Cavour's request: 'This journal will endeavour to diffuse sound economical doctrines, combating all false ones, which owe their existence to ancient prejudices . . . It will employ equal, or even greater, care in the search after the causes which operate on the well-being of that class of society who contribute most directly to the production of public wealth, we mean the class of workmen. . . . We are prepared to combat everything which could upset the established social order, and therefore we consider it a strict duty of society to devote part of the wealth which accumulates with the progress of the age to the amelioration of the moral and material condition of the lower classes.' These announcements are somewhat vague and mystic, but it soon became apparent that the views expressed in the columns of the 'Risorgimento' were in reality clearly defined enough. The main ideas of the paper were, in short, independence, union between princes and people, and reforms. These objects were propounded with such boldness that Balbo abandoned all participation in the undertaking.

De la Rive asserts that the development of the political spirit in Piedmont, and subsequently that of Italy, constitutes one half of Cavour's work and explains the rest. The publication of the 'Risorgimento' constitutes the initiation of Cavour's labours in that direction—labours to train the minds of the Italians to political and social reform. Although the articles he subscribed to that organ of the Press are no longer worthy of our attention, at any rate the story of its



first appearance, in that it marks the dawn of his political career, is of cardinal importance.

But Cavour and his following were not the only section of the community that entertained high hopes for the future of Italy. The idea of a united nation had been already fostered by one who had constant access to the closet of Charles Albert. For some years Vincenzo Gioberti had held the post of royal chaplain to the King of Sardinia. In the year 1833, he had been banished for his liberal views, which were obnoxious to the clerical party. He had therefore taken up his residence in Brussels, where he spread broadcast his theories upon the future of his native land. In a work entitled 'Del Primato Civile e Morale degli Italiani' he set forth his conception of the Papacy as the divinely appointed agency for the elevation of Italy among the nations. When he subsequently ventured back to Italy in 1848, Cavour, although he had ceased to have any hope in the Papacy as a political institution, was ready to uphold Gioberti as one who had the interests of his countrymen at heart. Between the two men there could be little sympathy or mutual appreciation; but, in spite of this general discrepancy, the moment that Cavour believed that Gioberti was serving the great cause, he laid aside all personal feeling to support the views of his opponent. Such aid as Cavour could give was given generously, but in vain. On the eve of his fall Gioberti came to the office of the 'Risorgimento' to thank his disinterested adversary for his support, adding these words: 'I knew I could trust you to stand by me.' This, however, is anticipation, and belongs to a later page in our story.

The agitation for reform first took definite shape in Genoa. The population in that city were known to

be emotional, and the prevailing excitement ended in creating popular disturbances. Early in the year 1848 the Genoese decided to despatch a deputation to Charles Albert, demanding the expulsion of the Jesuits, the institution of the National Guard, and beseeching that the King would maintain intact their newly granted liberties. This demonstration of popular opinion produced a profound sensation, which reacted upon the liberal party in Turin, and, at the request of the Genoese, a meeting was called to consider what attitude should be adopted. Accordingly, on the arrival of this mission, the Turin liberals, headed by the principal editors, met at the Hotel Europa to consider to what extent the demands could be supported. As soon as the discussion began, it was proposed that the meeting should advocate, simply and purely, the Genoese petition.

It was at this meeting that Cavour first made his mark. He imported a strong gust of passion into the debate by opposing the adoption of the address on the ground that the demands did not go far enough. 'What is the use of these reforms which conclude nothing,' he ejaculates; 'these demands which, whether they are granted or refused, disturb the country and diminish the moral authority of the Government? Let us demand the constitution. Since the Government is unable to rule upon the system by which it has ruled hitherto, let a new system be granted, suitable to the character of our times and the progress of civilisation. Let it be granted, I repeat, before social authority is dissolved and overthrown by the clamour of the multitude.' Cavour was wise enough to see that this opposition to the Jesuits would offend the King, and that the institution of the National Guard would offend the people. He saw, then, no road out of the difficulty but to

deliberately claim the constitution. Thus had Cavour turned the first sharp corner in his career.

His speech was by no means warmly received. The extreme liberals were annoyed with him because they believed him to be influenced by his English predilections, and because they thought he would stem the tide of revolution. However, a petition to the King was drawn up in accordance with Cavour's amendment, and an address was forwarded to the Genoese reminding them that, with foreigners at their door, union between the throne and the people was more than ever necessary, and calling upon them to set energetically to work in order to check the effervescence of public opinion.

A discordant note was struck at this meeting by one Valerio, a revolutionist who maintained that 'in asking for a constitution the meeting went far beyond the wishes of the people; that they ran the risk of indisposing the King to the demands of the Genoese, and of bringing about those very troubles they wished to prevent; that it was very impolitic to complicate matters; that expelling the Jesuits, and arming the country would be sufficient to reassure men's minds; and that in addition to this the meeting had been convened for a special object, which even a majority of the meeting were not competent to alter.' The real motive of this opposition was not any desire to promote moderation, but the fear that Cavour would stifle the hopes and impede the onward march of the revolutionaries.

Cavour's reply to this attack was followed by a violent discussion, in the midst of which the meeting broke up, none of the proposals submitted having been adopted.

Roberto d'Azeglio, Durando, and Santa Rosa now joined forces, and at a second meeting, on hearing that the Press censors would not allow the publication of their resolutions and the proceedings of the meeting, signed a memorial approving Cavour's plan, which one of their number undertook to present to the King in person. The reason for this action was that a report of the meeting, doubtless exaggerated, had reached the King's ears. Cavour, in particular, was described as having indulged in the most seditious language, although by what method his words could be construed as sedition it is difficult to comprehend. Charles Albert read the memorial thoughtfully, but replied that, for the liberation of the country, soldiers, not lawyers, were needed, and that in the interests of Italian independence, which he now had most nearly at heart, he would never grant a constitution. The document was accompanied by a very dignified and respectful letter, written in Cavour's own hand, informing the King that his 'sole object at the meeting had been to reconcile the dignity of the throne, the authority of the government, with the true interests of the country.'

The true significance of the whole episode was not so much that it affected Cavour's political career, because his first venture had virtually proved a failure, but rather that from this moment the cleavage in the liberal ranks becomes apparent. There now arose the great question between the constitutional policy and the revolutionary policy. The history of Cavour is the history of the victory of the former over the latter.

Hardly had King Charles Albert delivered his reply when that overwhelming flood of revolution burst upon Europe which was to upset all political calculations.

So much has been written concerning European events in the memorable year 1848 that, in this instance, they will not be treated in detail except in so far as they directly influence Italian history.

In this year no country suffered so much as Italy. The agitation for constitutional government was in reality for national unity, and for independence from Austrian rule. The revolution, therefore, meant more for Italy than any other country; her very existence was at stake.

The first news of a revolutionary movement in Italy that reached the King of Sardinia's notice was the uprising in Palermo, followed by the submission of the King of Naples to the popular demand for a constitution. Almost simultaneously the municipality of Turin petitioned the King of Sardinia to follow the Neapolitan example.

Meanwhile Charles Albert was hesitating. One day he called together the members of the royal family, and told them that if there must be a constitution there must, and more than hinted at abdication. On one occasion his young son, Victor Emmanuel, who was in the room, vigorously opposed such a step, and a high ecclesiastic, who was summoned to the royal closet, pointed out to him that it would be a great sin to abandon his people in the hour of need. For some days Charles Albert mortified the flesh with fasts and vigils, and then, prompted by the Archbishop of Vercelli, who had at last overcome the religious scruples of the monarch, with a trembling hand put his signature to the document which was the beginning of his country's freedom. On the previous night he had passed the hours in sleeplessness, perambulating his closet in a state of cruel perplexity. In the morn-



ing he became more calm and went to his chapel, where he heard mass. Immediately afterwards, at nine o'clock, he summoned his ministers to the palace. The King opened the proceedings with a solemn speech recapitulating the reforms that he had introduced during his reign, and declaring that, owing to the progress made in consequence, the political organisation of the country ought to be changed. He further declared that he could not hesitate to yield to the authority of liberal opinions consecrated by the benedictions of the Holy Father, and promised that whatever decision his Ministers came to, whatever laws they might suggest he would confirm, reserving only to himself one right, that of maintaining the Catholic religion as the religion of the State, and one principle, that of preserving the hereditary monarchy, vested in his own family. This memorable meeting lasted until four o'clock in the afternoon, and by that time the fate of Italy had been determined upon.

On the following day the constitution was formally granted. This was the first breach in the ramparts of the old *régime*. It was said afterwards, that in all the rise and fall of ephemeral political edifices, only one structure remained, and that was the liberal charter granted by Charles Albert, King of Sardinia.

Thus it came about that, on the 8th of February, in the year 1848, Charles Albert issued a proclamation, announcing his intention of governing as a constitutional King. The subsequent enthusiasm in Turin seemed at the time out of all proportion to the importance of the event. Fifty thousand persons, arranged in guilds, defiled before the King, who sat like a statue on his bay horse, upright and impassible. Cavour walked in the company of journalists who sang Mameli's hymn,

‘Fratelli d’ Italia,’ as they marched. But Cavour was not an hysterical patriot, nor a victim to that species of excitement which is independent of common sense. He estimated this form of enthusiasm at its true worth, and as he passed where the King stood, sullen and melancholy, he whispered to his neighbour—‘We are so many dogs!’

And yet it must be conceded that Charles Albert had, in some measure, deserved this outburst of gratitude, for, when once he had made up his somewhat weak mind, he pursued the course he had sworn to follow without swerving, without ever going back upon his promise, as some of the other Italian princes had every intention of doing, when once the tide of reaction should set in.

The duty of drawing up the electoral law was confided to a special commission, of which Cavour was a member, and this commission seems to have adopted a scheme suggested by Cavour’s articles in the ‘Risorgimento.’ Cavour was opposed to universal suffrage, and in favour of electoral colleges. The publicity of the sittings of Parliament and the liberty of the Press he regarded as indispensable corollaries to any system of representation.

At the election subsequent to the granting of a constitution, Cavour failed to overcome his opponent in Turin. But at a second meeting of the electoral colleges, convoked in consequence of a vacancy occasioned by a double election, he triumphed over the coalition formed against him, and was elected.

Events were now moving apace. The Grand Duke of Tuscany on the 11th of February was obliged to promise a constitution to his people, doubtless with mental reservations. Pius IX, whose only wish at present

was to better the condition of his subjects, was swept along by the revolutionary current. On the 12th of February the first lay ministry in the Papal States had been formed, and later the Supreme Pontiff, following the example set by the temporal sovereigns of Italy, indulged his people with a constitution. Sicily was in a state of insurrection. Milan was busy expelling the Germans. Venice was endeavouring to set herself free again. In Parma the Grand Duke had been ignominiously ejected; and, above all, the Provisional Government in Paris, on the fall of Louis Philippe, had issued to the world this pregnant message, which echoed through Italy as an appeal to insurrection: 'If the Independent States of Italy should be invaded, then the Republic would deem herself justified in taking up arms.'

During this stormy period, it was Cavour's desire to enlist in the national cause the interest and ambition of Italian princelings and royal dukes. He insisted upon the practicability of an understanding between them and their states, by which the rulers were to grant concessions calculated to infuse new life into the country. He looked for the maintenance of existing monarchy renovated by constitutional liberty, but the majority of the princes were too short-sighted to perceive that their very existence now depended on concessions to popular opinion.

Charles Albert, who dreaded a republic in Milan, and was afraid of opinion in England and Russia, even at this vital moment had hesitated. Cavour, on the other hand, knowing that a grand opportunity was being held out, although he had been so far excluded from office, now came forward definitely as the champion of constitutional liberty and national independence.

On the 23rd of March, he gave vent to his feelings in the paragraphs of the 'Risorgimento': 'The supreme moment has arrived for the Sardinian monarchy, the moment of grave deliberations, that which decides the fortune of empires and the fate of nations. In the face of recent events in Lombardy and at Vienna, hesitation and doubt are no longer tolerable. . . . We men of coolness, accustomed to follow the counsels of reason rather than the passions of the heart, after carefully weighing our words, should declare that only one course is open to the nation, to the Government, to the King—war, immediate war. Under the existing circumstances the highest policy is that of bold resolutions.'

There is no doubt that it was time for Charles Albert to make up his mind to decide whether he would agree to pursue Cavour's new policy of blood and iron. On the same day that the above paragraph appeared in the public Press, a council of ministers was held in haste, and a proclamation was issued declaring war against Austria. The subsequent scene was a dramatic one. The crowds, which had remained in a state of feverish excitement ever since the news had arrived that Milan had revolted against Austria, came together in front of the royal palace, in the hope of hearing some public announcement. It was not until midnight that there appeared on the balcony of the royal armoury the tall figure of Charles Albert, silhouetted against the bright light of the illuminated hall. For a moment he stood there, and then significantly waved a tricolour scarf over the vast concourse of people in the square below. The enthusiasm was terrific; but on this occasion it was not merely the ephemeral hysteria of a moment. Those cheers that

echoed in the streets of Turin that night sealed the bond between King and people, which ultimately was instrumental in converting the kingdom of Sardinia into that of Italy.

Only the day before, the King had assured the Austrian Ambassador that his intentions were pacific, and now he summoned his people to arms: so potent and so sudden is the power of revolution.

On returning home, after the conference, Count Balbo found Victor Emmanuel, now in his twenty-eighth year, waiting impatiently to see him. The gallant Prince, convinced in his own mind that war with Austria was a certainty, asked at once if a command had been given to him, and implored the Count, if this was not the case, to influence his father that he might accompany the expedition as a volunteer. As a matter of fact, he was eventually appointed to the command of a division of the force prepared for the invasion of Lombardy, and in this capacity he crossed the Ticino at the head of an Italian army for the first time.

War was actually declared on the 25th of March, and Charles Albert, laying aside the royal flag of Piedmont, hoisted the Italian tricolour and proceeded to the front. Charles Albert appears to have been a brave soldier, but an indifferent tactician. It is said that he was always borrowing projects and proposals from those who surrounded him, and thus, adopting ideas from first one and then another, only succeeded in making a futile amalgamation of the same.

At first fortune seemed to favour the Italian arms. As a matter of fact, the situation did not seem utterly hopeless. Weighed in the balance, the Italians' chances of success and failure seemed fairly even. It must be



remembered that the Austrian monarchy at the time was on the very brink of dissolution. Moreover, the various governments of Italy vied with each other on behalf of the national cause, of which Piedmont was already regarded as the champion. Parma, Piacenza, Modena, and Reggio immediately threw off allegiance to their princelings, and despatched troops to fight by the side of the Sardinians. Even the Dukes of Tuscany and Naples were compelled to promise reinforcements, whilst Sicily, struggling yet under a Bourbon despotism, contributed volunteers. Pius IX, who wavered between patriotism and the general interests, as he interpreted them, of the Catholic community, blessed the coalition against Austria.

The march of the Sardinian troops was in the nature of a triumphal progress. On all sides Charles Albert was welcomed as King of Italy. The army of Radetzki, the Austrian general, was soon driven back from Milan and Lombardy, and was obliged to shut itself up in Verona. The first Italian victory was achieved at Santa Lucia, and it was in this engagement that the young Victor Emmanuel distinguished himself by his fine example and reckless courage.

Three weeks later the victory of Goito was decided in favour of the Italians by a brilliant charge of cavalry, which Victor Emmanuel himself directed. It was in this battle that a nephew of Cavour fell, a man of great promise. On his body was found a letter from his uncle exhorting him to acquit himself worthily of his country. The news of the young man's death came as a terrible blow to Cavour. 'He died with a smile on his lips,' he wrote to one who condoled with him, 'as a soldier and a Christian. This is no doubt the finest and most enviable of deaths.' It is said that

soon after the intelligence had reached Turin, he was found lying prostrate in an agony of speechless grief. To the end of his life he kept the blood-stained uniform, in which the young officer received his death-wound, under a glass case in his room.

But while Cavour mourned, Italy rejoiced in the hour of her victory. On the same day that the battle of Goito was fought and won Peschiera fell.

Yet Italian rejoicing was destined to be short-lived. As a matter of fact, except from a strategical point of view, the Sardinian army had made but little real progress. The troops were overrunning open country with ease, but in the meanwhile Radetzki had effected a junction with General von Thurn. The revolution in Vienna, moreover, seemed to be dying down. The various Italian peoples, with all their shouting and cheering, had rendered little material assistance to Sardinia. The Austro-Italian Princes were obliged to applaud at first, in order to keep secure upon their respective thrones, but they had no real ambition to see Sardinia supreme. The disciples of Mazzini did not look forward with much eagerness to the ultimate result of Italian victory, namely, the aggrandisement of a monarch; and, finally, a fatal blow fell when Pius IX deserted the Italian cause, followed sheepishly by the former allies of Sardinia. By the Encyclical of the 29th of April, the Pope, without informing his Ministers, disavowed the war of independence, and read an allocution in the consistory, wherein he declared that, as the earthly representative of the God of Peace, he could not favour war, and that his paternal embrace included Austrians and Italians alike. The Princes, on the strength of this avowal, no longer offered their alliance to the national cause. Ferdinand of Naples,

in particular, was able to let loose his still loyal soldiers on his revolutionary subjects, and thus inaugurated a chapter of reaction. These successive events, then, acted as a powerful antidote to Italian exultation.

Much, indeed, seemed still to depend upon the attitude of the European Powers. In this direction, however, Sardinia could no longer make sure of assistance. England desired peace, and France was too much occupied with her own embarrassments to trouble about those of her neighbour. In this predicament the Sardinian army naturally began to lose heart. Malaria, resulting from the unhealthy marshes, decimated the troops. The King could now only count upon sixty-five thousand men, while the Austrians during the last few days had been considerably augmented by reinforcements. The commissariat was grossly inadequate, the heat was intense. Meanwhile Radetzki, in the month of July, abandoned his defensive attitude, and inflicted a crushing defeat upon the Italians at Custozza. After this repulse Charles Albert returned to Milan, where he was accused of treachery, and the Mazzinians thought it a good opportunity to raise the cry that a republic alone could carry on a war against Austria. Cavour, on his part, when he heard of the defeat, volunteered for the defence of his country ; but an armistice removed immediate danger, and he was never therefore called upon to serve his country in the field of battle.

It seemed as though the revolutionists were now to get the upper hand. The King was hooted and insulted in the streets, which were once again barricaded, and on the approach of the Austrian army his life was so much in danger from the attacks of his disappointed subjects that he was obliged to quit Milan by stealth and under cover of night. In vain had he tried to

address the mob from a balcony. The tumult had only increased the more, and shots were fired at the palace windows. His intentions had been good. He had declared that, if the Milanese really determined to bury themselves under the walls of their city, he and his sons would remain and share their fate. But the Milanese were in no mood for reconciliation.

On the 5th of August, Milan capitulated. Eleven days later a humiliating armistice suspended hostilities, by which the Sardinians were compelled to abandon all positions that they held outside the borders of Piedmont. The immediate result of this armistice was an accession of strength to the Mazzinian party. Even Pius IX had to escape in disguise. Mazzini, in the hour of his supposed triumph, had turned against Charles Albert, seduced his army from their allegiance, and so disorganised all social order that he had compelled the King's Government to establish almost a reign of terror in Piedmont. There ensued now an outburst of anarchy in Italy. Political troubles in Turin, with Mazzini in the thick of them, threatened to wreck all hope of sound government. The wild democratic party in Piedmont, although in a minority, were causing endless trouble and anxiety at a moment when it was most imperative that all divisions should be sunk in a common effort to save Italian freedom. Such, however, is the way of revolutionaries. The situation in Turin was one of gravest peril. The Mazzinian party found a sympathetic response from the masses, who were irritated by a disaster they had not anticipated. The King, overwhelmed with vicissitudes too much for the strength of one whose energy did not equal his ambition, left to his Ministers the authority of a government which had been shaken to its very foundations.

Few men have ever experienced so desperate a struggle with the wild excesses of revolution as Cavour, but he did not give way to despair. By his speeches and writings, by his personal influence and active measures he struggled onward against the destructive intervention and systematic violence of the revolutionary party. It cannot of course be denied that Cavour lent the weight of his influence to the side which advocated a revolution in the constitution. He was too politic to oppose a movement which would only increase by opposition, especially as it was a movement that favoured his ultimate purpose. But it was from revolutionary excess that he still had much to fear, that excess which he regarded as the fungus growth which preyed upon the sound trunk of liberty.

Throughout his life Charles Albert had entertained a profound distrust in the power of the Italian revolutionists to effect anything of the slightest benefit to mankind. Upon his succession Mazzini had addressed to him one of his declamatory epistles, calling upon him to emulate the fame of Washington, and promising him the aid of twenty millions of Italians if he would only inaugurate a crusade against Austria under the patronage of the 'Giovane Italia.' The offer had been entirely ignored, and forthwith Mazzini and his adherents vowed life-long enmity against the House of Savoy.

It was not surprising, then, that Charles Albert distrusted him, and that Cavour shared his sovereign's distrust. Cavour, for his part, in the presence of this vain and turbulent outbreak, stood firm by the Government. 'What is it,' he cried, 'that has always wrecked the finest and justest of revolutions? The mania for revolutionary means; the men who have attempted to



emancipate themselves from ordinary laws . . . the French Constituent Assembly, creating the assignats in contempt of nature and economic laws; revolutionary means, productive of discredit and of ruin. The Convention, attempting to smother in blood the resistance to its ambitious project; revolutionary means, producing the Directory, the Consulate and the Empire. Napoleon bending all his caprice, imagining that one can, with a like facility, conquer at the Bridge of Lodi and wipe out a law of nature; revolutionary means, leading to Waterloo and St. Helena! The sectarians of June striving to impose the democratic and social republic by fire and sword; revolutionary means producing the siege of Paris and reaction everywhere. Wait but a little longer, and you will see the last consequences of your revolutionary means, Louis Napoleon on the throne!'

But, in spite of this bold attitude, Cavour was not yet strong enough to stem the tide. Although, as a matter of fact, the revolutionary movement, dangerous as it was in Italy, produced nothing that could be called a national uprising, there was still the danger of a universal upheaval. In the autumn of the year 1848, Vincenzo Gioberti was the man in power. He had all along felt the danger of a policy that was at once coarsely revolutionary and rashly pledged to war. He realised that the first thing to be done was to bring the Grand Duke home to Florence and the Pope to Rome, to re-establish constitutional government, then regain the sympathy of Europe, already tired of revolutions. But he, like Cavour, found himself swept away by the flood which, in a rash moment, he had helped to unloose. The defeat of Gioberti, which was now imminent, was the victory of the democratic Ministers

opposed to intervention in Central Italy, of the old policy of extremes.

At the democratic elections in January of the year 1849, Cavour was excluded from Parliament as a reactionary. The extremists defeated him by bringing forward to oppose him an obscure nonentity of the name of Pansoya, who, it was said, owed his celebrity of one day to that strange adventure. Gioberti's government came in, and a revolutionary chamber was returned, but Gioberti fell soon afterwards, as he chose, against the wishes of his party, to follow the path traced out by his predecessors. He was succeeded by Ratazzi, who is described as a man pliable in his opinions and singularly able, but condemned to take office under hopeless circumstances.

In the meantime, Charles Albert was swept off his feet by the rising tide. To his people he had addressed a touching appeal: 'I am not unaware of the accusations with which some would stain my name, but God and my conscience are witnesses of the integrity of my actions, and I leave these to the impartial judgment of history. A truce has been established with the enemy, and in the interval we shall either make honourable conditions of peace, or return once more to the campaign. Every pulsation of my heart has been for Italian independence, but Italy has not yet shown the world that she can accomplish it by herself. People of the Kingdom! Show yourselves strong under my misfortune! Test the liberal institutions, which are growing up amongst you—those institutions which, mindful of your needs, I granted you and shall always know how to respect.' In reply to this appeal the Parliament and the Press both pronounced in favour of war, and the King himself was not averse to a con-

tinuance of the struggle with Austria. Accordingly, on the 12th of March in the year 1849, the Government of Turin announced that the armistice was at an end. Against the cry to continue the war Cavour struggled hard. Those who accuse him of want of principle must bear this in mind. By opposing the general desire, he knew that he would incur the hostility not only of the popular party, but also of the King. It is, moreover, a tribute to his genius that he alone perceived that cautious negotiation, backed up by moral force, was what the exigencies of the time most required.

On the 20th of March, the Austrians, under Radetzki, crossed the Ticino, and, after taking Montana, they advanced upon Novara, Charles Albert's headquarters, and there was fought one of the bloodiest battles of modern times. The fighting lasted from dawn till dusk. Four thousand Piedmontese died that day for Italy. The little army acquitted itself bravely. The King and his sons showed themselves worthy of their race. Wherever the fire was fiercest, wherever the danger was more obvious, there was the King, but even death refused to help him. He lived to see the disastrous defeat of his forces and the shattering of his hopes. He lived to experience, by no fault of his own, an ignominious and egregious failure. With the evening came defeat and rout. The rain was falling in torrents. The Piedmontese soldiers, now disbanded, were hurrying from the scene of action. Carts full of the wounded were encumbering the streets, while all the time the Austrian artillery kept up its deadly fire. It was under these circumstances that Charles Albert, after the day's disaster, stood wrapped in melancholy beneath the walls of Novara.

'So Italy fell,' writes Botta, 'on the plains of

Novara, on the lagoons of Venice, within the walls of her ancient capital ; she was defeated because she was not united, because, while Turin was fighting for the common cause, Naples and Palermo bowed under the iron yoke of the Bourbons, and Rome and Florence allowed themselves to be led astray by the mad hallucinations of Mazzini.'

There is a picturesque story, repeated by many authors, which well bears constant repetition, that, as the young Victor Emmanuel rode away from the field of battle, turning round in his saddle, he brandished his sword towards the enemy, shouting, 'Ma l' Italia sarà.' The incident may or may not be the creature of some historian's imagination, but such gallant determination was of a part with his character. There certainly was now need for optimism.

Calling his generals around him late that night, Charles Albert consulted with them as to the expediency of continuing the struggle, and was met with an unanimous opposition to the project. The King thereupon sent to procure an armistice from Radetzki, but the conditions, demanded in return, were of such a nature as to preclude acceptance. It was at this point that Charles Albert decided to abdicate, and so, wearied of the conflict and bruised with adversity, he addressed to his generals a last speech : 'I have sacrificed myself,' he said, 'to the cause of Italy. I have risked my own life, the life of my children, and my throne, and have failed. I see that my person is now the sole obstacle to signing peace. Since I have not succeeded in finding death I must accomplish one last sacrifice for my country, and abdicate in favour of my son.' He felt now that for him the acceptance of the terms proposed by the Austrians was an impossibility,

and, at the same time, that avowed resistance was out of the question. He had been accused of treachery by his fellow-countrymen. His pathway, therefore, lay clear before him. The only course left open to him was to resign his crown to one less personally obnoxious to the enemy.

Victor Emmanuel had proceeded, along with the other generals, to his father's tent. When the King announced his intention of abdicating, he turned to his son, adding: 'Gentlemen, behold your sovereign!' and directly afterwards he withdrew himself apart for a short while to confer with his successor. Then, bidding those around him to leave him to himself, he went forth alone, passed through the Austrian camp, departing from his army for the last time. Before midnight, he started on the road to Genoa, under an assumed name, with the ultimate object of taking refuge in a distant land, never to look again upon wife or children or home or country. Alone and unheeded Charles Albert pursued his journey southward. On landing in Spain, he halted to sign the formal act of abdication, and then betook himself to the Portuguese town of Oporto, a place he had visited once before in happier days, and where he had elected to eke out what time on earth there yet remained to him. Here, in absolute seclusion, he lived a few months longer, devoting himself, it is believed, sedulously to prayer and contemplation. In this humour he continued until death released him from his troubles. Before the summer was gone his weary spirit had found rest at last. 'Cheered by a faith, which sustained him in his dying hours, contented to be gone, at peace with mankind and with his conscience, Charles Albert died at Oporto on the 28th of July in the year 1849, breathing



with his dying lips a prayer for the country he had loved, if not wisely, well.'

It is a melancholy story. His abdication has been described as one of the most touching scenes in all the annals of royalty. Poor Charles Albert! He has gone down to posterity with the appellation 'Re Tenna,' or 'King Shilly-shally.' But it can at least be urged in his defence that, when the moment came for him to choose between the loss for his countrymen and the loss for himself, in the end he chose the path of duty.

The defeat of Novara, then, had conferred a crown upon Victor Emmanuel. It was said that when the new King rode forth from a final interview with Radetzki, he was a changed man. 'Those who saw him, as, followed by his own and by his father's staff, he galloped at fullest speed through the ranks of the shattered battalions of his father's army, which were rapidly rallying and forming, and which burst into soldier-like cheers at the sight of their gallant new King, aver that they can never forget the face that he then wore, and its expression of grave, deep-set, self-concentrated resolution—that face the mirror of a mind measuring at one glance the extent of the private and public calamity, but determined, however bowed down by it, not to succumb to it, the mind of one weighing all the burden of the task devolving upon him, preparing to be heavily tried but sure not to be crushed.' The predicament was exactly fitted to draw out those nobler qualities of his which resided beneath a somewhat rough and coarse exterior. Victor Emmanuel had already learnt three lessons from his reverses. Firstly, that Austria could never be expelled from Italy except by a regular war, conducted by a well-

disciplined army; secondly, that Italian nationalists could not be relied upon to subordinate local and petty jealousies to the liberation of their country; and, thirdly, that Italy must be free not only without the aid but in spite of the Holy See. With these lessons taken well to heart, he rode off the field of battle to try his hand at government.

The Austrians entertained hopes that Victor Emmanuel would be more accommodating to their interests than his father had been. He was married to an Austrian Princess. Radetzki, therefore, at once held out to him the prospect of increased territories if he would re-establish absolutism. But to his everlasting credit Victor Emmanuel declared that the House of Savoy always held a promise sacred, and he left the Austrian general in order at once to swear fealty in Turin to the Constitution. This was an act which required a combination of courage, firmness, and good faith in the face of the urgent solicitations on the Austrian side and the plausible representations of his counsellors.

The defeat of Novara naturally came as a cruel blow to Italian patriotism, but yet, even in this darkest hour of the nation's history, it was generally felt that it was better for the House of Savoy that Piedmont should have courted almost certain destruction than that she should have abandoned the cause of Italy in her distress. And, at any rate, in the subsequent evil days of reaction, she alone of the Italian States preserved the Constitution which represented the net result of the revolutionary movement in Italy. Cavour, for his part, upheld the same view. 'We have lost thousands of brave soldiers,' he remarked, 'we have wasted many millions, we have had disastrous cam-

paings, and from all sides we have reaped one single thing—we have got the Italian tricolour as our standard, instead of the flag of Savoy. Well, in my opinion, we have not paid too dear a price.' Afterwards he said to a friend, referring to Novara: 'We existed, and every day's existence at that time was a gain.'

Cavour, too, had learnt a memorable lesson from the events of the year 1848. He saw that Italy would never accomplish her object without foreign aid, and he now bent all his thoughts and summoned all the resources of his ingenuity to that end.

## CHAPTER III

### VICTOR EMMANUEL

THE immediate result of the battle of Novara was an armistice, the terms concluded amounting to little else save a continuance of foreign occupation. The Austrian conquerors held out to their prostrate victims a choice of absolute invasion or a treaty of peace. This embarrassment was naturally chosen as the occasion for those noisy and passionate rhetoricians, whom Cavour hated so well, to give vent to their cheap sentiment. Agitators on all sides spread evil rumours, with the enemy at their very gates, at the one time of all others when they should have held their peace. A cowardly and treasonable turmoil broke out in Genoa. The rabble, getting the upper hand, constituted itself with some irony an 'association of public safety,' and deliberately separated itself from the government of Piedmont. This incident widened still more, if it was possible, the breach between the revolutionists and the moderates. Witness Cavour's own words: 'Mazzini has just been indulging in one of his mad enterprises at Genoa. It was suppressed even before it was begun to be put into execution. Although it had no real chance of success, it was not ill-combined. The universal indignation, which it has excited, will justify us in taking severe measures with the Mazzinians, who,

although they are not to be feared, are very troublesome.'

The young King, borne in as he was upon the crest of the revolutionary wave, could not have fallen upon a worse time to assume the crown of his father. Few sovereigns have succeeded to their own at a more inauspicious moment. The crushing defeat of Novara, the demoralised condition of the army, the hopeless state of the national finances, agitations in Turin, and open insurrection in Genoa combined to create a situation almost irremediable. When in the month of March in the year 1849 Victor Emmanuel entered Turin he found himself so circumstanced that everything depended on the initial acts of his reign. So bitter was the feeling at present against him, or rather his House, that he was constrained to return to his own capital by night so as to avoid public insults in the streets, a return very different, indeed, from some of his later receptions in those self-same thoroughfares.

The issue of the day now depended to a great extent on the new King's character. It has been ever a subject of sharp controversy between historians as to whether Victor Emmanuel was in truth a man worthy of his reputation, or whether he owes the gratitude of posterity to the achievements of others. It has been said that the life of Victor Emmanuel is the history of Italy from the period of her deepest decline to that of her resurrection as a living nation. His name, therefore, will always be identified particularly with the regeneration of his country, and to him will be given the credit of having originated, followed up, and eventually achieved the great design of all true Italian patriots. Although it is impossible to rank Victor Emmanuel with the truly great ones of this world's



history, there is no doubt that, when the hour came for Italy to be free, he was ready and able to effect her liberation ; and it must be further admitted that where others failed, he succeeded. Even if success was only due to the accidents of his position and his time, the fact still remains that by him success was achieved.

If we inquire into the methods of his education and the principles with which he was imbued from his earliest years, we shall find a ready explanation for the peculiarities of his character.

Victor Emmanuel was only eleven years of age when his father came to the throne. The atmosphere of that dreary Court was calculated to blight a soul more optimistic than that of the gallant young Prince who was destined one day to rule a united Italy. It is described as gloomy in its habits, ascetic in its character, and military in its rigid routine. It is not, therefore, a matter for surprise that he and his younger brother experienced a training harder than the majority of princes are fated to endure. They rose at daybreak, studied assiduously, lived in the simplest manner conformable with their position, and were trained almost before they were out of short clothes to wear a uniform and carry arms. As with the Hohenzollerns, so with the members of the House of Savoy, every prince was born to a soldier's trade. Summer and winter, wet or dry, Charles Albert never missed his weekly reviews of the Turin garrison at the Campo Marzio outside the city, and at these reviews he was invariably accompanied by his two boys. 'My little Victor,' so his mother wrote of him, 'is very docile. I have, however, some difficulty in teaching him, for he wants to be always running or jumping, but when once he learns anything he rarely forgets it.' He learnt at any

rate to honour his father's name. Victor Emmanuel's devotion to the memory of Charles Albert is not the least commendable trait in his character, and is above all a tribute to the efficacy of an education which inspired him to bear up in adversity and to be moderate in success.

This rigid education, then, bore its fruit in due season, but while it lasted, the severe routine must have demanded all the resources of the young Princes' patience and endurance. The two boys only obtained some relaxation in the summer months, when they were indulged, it must be owned, with all the delights which the country affords to those enjoying youth and health. Unfortunately, during this season, they unavoidably contracted more familiarity with grooms, huntsmen, and gamekeepers than was perhaps beneficial to their natures, and this circumstance may account, in part, for a certain coarseness of manner, from which the King of Italy to the end of his life was never entirely free. By this means, too, he acquired a roughness of taste and a tendency to low *amours* which were flaws in a character otherwise in a peculiar degree noble.

In many respects, the various members of the House of Savoy bore to each other a striking family resemblance. Particularly is this noticeable in their religious views. Victor Emmanuel had little of Charles Albert's religious fervour, but he entertained a half sentimental, half superstitious devotion to the Church, and although he never gave anyone the impression in his general bearing of being a really devout believer, it was several times anticipated by his *entourage*, for some obscure reason, that he intended to abdicate and take upon himself religious vows.

Whether this was true or not, it seems to indicate that, at any rate as far as outward observance was concerned, he was religious. There is no doubt that he was of a superstitious temperament. The belief that a Providence was on his side exercised an extraordinary influence over his actions.

He professed himself, according to the tradition of his House, strict in matters of court etiquette, and, in all the functions attendant upon a royal *ménage*, he knew how to play the part of king. For the fine arts he evinced but little appreciation. It is said that the din of battle was the only music he ever cared for, or could understand. War, sport, and women occupied his mind more than *belles-lettres* or *beaux-arts*, and even in these respects he was a man of action rather than a man of words. He is described as a man of strong family feeling and affectionate disposition, but these good qualities were not sufficiently strong to prevent him from inflicting sorrow on his family, and directing his affections into channels from which they had much better have been kept aloof. To his wife he was a constant source of anxiety. His connexion with women of indifferent character was notorious, and the unfortunate Queen took these scandals much to heart. The only extenuating circumstance that can be pleaded on his behalf is that he was sincerely although tardily penitent at his consort's death. But these devious ways had more importance in his case than such things generally possess to the outside world. It was a matter of supreme importance, almost of necessity, that the King of Sardinia should not, occupying the hazardous position he did in Italy, have his name associated with any private scandal or become a target for the reproach of his individual subjects. Apparently, according to

the Italian code of morals, intrigues are considered more venial than *amours*, and somehow Victor Emmanuel's gallantries outraged the public sense of propriety more keenly than casual lapses from conjugal fidelity might have warranted, being, as they were, the business of his own family and not of the world in general.

The new King however was a sportsman at heart. To make this assertion is not derogatory to his reputation as a statesman, but it is rather to assert that his qualities of a statesman partook of a sporting nature. It is said that, in after-life, when the affairs of State weighed heavy upon him, he was often seized with a *mal du pays* which caused him to crave for the mountain home of his race, where he loved to dwell, and where he could indulge his sporting proclivities.

He was a man not given much to conversation, and to those who knew him little he might have seemed, on first acquaintance, morose and taciturn. His appearance was bordering on the grotesque, with his big, staring eyes, red hair (afterwards dyed black), bristling moustaches, snub-nose, and stunted figure. It is a figure and a countenance familiar to all who travel in Italy. A grateful nation has not forgotten to erect statues on sites, both appropriate and inappropriate, to the memory of their first King.

On an unbiassed examination of his character and career, no biographer could reconcile it with his conscience to give Victor Emmanuel credit for extraordinary genius or great statesmanship. He himself would be the first to disclaim such unmerited attributes. 'The moral of his life is rather that, given the opportunity, common sense, vigorous energy, and good faith are sufficient to enable a man, not great in himself, to

do great things and to leave behind him a name for ever.'

It is a favourite game for historians to play to compare the respective merits of Victor Emmanuel and Cavour. In this comparison, if it must be instituted, on the King's side it should always be remembered that the first period of his reign was without the influence or assistance of Cavour, and that he acted wisely when he acted on his own initiative. He looked forward to the independence of Italy long before Cavour began to prompt him, and he recognised, years before his great Minister practically demonstrated the fact, that Piedmont must be a model to the rest of Italy if she was to claim any allegiance in the great national movement. All this must be conceded to Victor Emmanuel ; but to place him on a par with Cavour, either in intelligence, in statesmanship, or in any of those qualities which raise one man high above his fellows, would be the merest flattery, worthy only of the cringing courtier.

But Victor Emmanuel was, without doubt, the right man in the right place. He was willing, above all things, to accept the part of a liberal and national king. In his very first proclamation, he had called upon his people to help him in the consolidation of their constitutional liberties. But his difficulties and his embarrassments were enormous. It must be remembered that at first he did not enjoy the trust and confidence of his people ; the party which bore the name of 'Giovane Italia,' and which followed Mazzini's guidance, had still the ear of the public, and now in the peninsula generally Piedmont was deemed to have forfeited all claim to the championship of Italy. Such a predominating position could only be regained if Italy



was guaranteed the possession of constitutional liberty, and it was fortunate that Victor Emmanuel was wise enough to see that the government of Piedmont must, therefore, be conducted on genuine constitutional principles. It was his one object, amid all this turmoil and strife of parties, to keep alive in the Italians the belief that in the Sardinian monarchy lay the only hope for Italy.

The King chose, at this critical moment, as his Prime Minister, Massimo d'Azeglio, still smarting with a wound he had received at Novara. He is described as a man distinguished both for his loyalty and patriotism. 'Painter, poet, political author, man of the world, valiant soldier—an artist by taste and profession, liberal in heart and intellect, endowed, if not with all the solid qualities of genius, at least with all its fascinating attributes.' D'Azeglio, in fact, was a man worthy to act as a nation's pilot in this political storm. He accepted the responsibility, from which many a strong man might have shrunk, without a moment's hesitation. Italy owes much to him, and Italy will remember that he came to her assistance when assistance was so sorely needed. He too, like his sovereign, was an optimist. 'It is a long work,' he said at the time of his appointment, 'but we must recommence it.'

Cavour was one of the first to applaud the King's choice, although he knew that D'Azeglio would not offer him a portfolio in the Ministry. D'Azeglio differed widely from Cavour not only in his political methods, but also in personality. His slender form, delicate features, and poetical expression marked him out as a man of refined sensibility and romantic sentiment, just as the keen eye and sturdy figure of Cavour indicated at once an iron will and the power to enforce

it. These divergences of character naturally had first operated to hold the two statesmen apart, but in the end, noble-hearted patriots as they both proved themselves to be in their respective ways, they sank all differences in the common aim.

The new Prime Minister called to his assistance men as moderate and patriotic as himself, among whom were the banker Nigra and General Alfonso La Marmora, who had lately performed a national service in suppressing the Genoese rebellion. Cavour realised that he himself was too unpopular, and was considered too dangerous to take his place among such men. Nevertheless his views remained those of a true patriot: 'As long as liberty exists in one corner of the peninsula,' he said, 'we must not despair of the future. As long as Piedmont can protect its institutions from despotism and anarchy there will be means of working successfully at the regeneration of the country.'

The elections, after Novara, had been held in July. A Parliament had been returned on that occasion, the majority of whose members stood irrevocably pledged to oppose the definite conclusion of peace and to thwart the policy of the Government. The first act of D'Azeglio was to dissolve this revolutionary Chamber, but the nation once more obstinately returned members with extremist views. Accordingly, after temporising awhile, he dissolved the Chamber again, and this second appeal to the constituencies proved successful, in that a reactionary party came into power, and the Left were in a minority.

Cavour found himself at the head of the poll in his native town of Turin. During the six months that he had been excluded from office he had risen, by means of his writings, in the public estimation, and it is even

said that the result of the second elections was attributable in some measure to his articles in the 'Risorgimento,' which had been the enthusiastic champion of D'Azeglio. But at this time, perceiving that dissensions would soon arise in the ranks of his own party, the so-called Right, he deemed it beneficial for himself and his country to keep in the background, and he accordingly retired to his paternal estates once again, to find solace in the meadows and rice-fields of Leri. Beneath the agitated surface of a career of political toil and strife he maintained that love of peace and quiet which is so often a characteristic of men who are fated to pass the greater portion of their lives before the public gaze.

On the 12th of August, in the year 1849, the treaty between the Austrians and the Piedmontese, the terms of which were not unduly onerous, was signed at Turin. During the first two years after the conclusion of the war the history of Piedmont has little about it of striking incident or of universal interest. The initial duty of the new Government was peace, and, in the endeavour to seek it and ensue it, D'Azeglio encountered brutal opposition. 'Do not these gentlemen,' he cried in despair, 'perceive that the Ministry has already enough to do in upholding the Constitution?' But these gentlemen, the followers of Mazzini, proved themselves faithful disciples of the Revolution, and never stopped to speculate upon the danger of their course.

The King played his part nobly at this crisis. After the second dissolution of the House, he had made a direct appeal, in a proclamation, to the common sense of his subjects. On the 20th of November, he had issued in his own name from the Palace of Moncalieri an address to the electors. In dignified and straightforward language

he tells his people that they had elected in the last Chamber those who were determined to work against him, that peace was essential, and that he was determined to keep his word on that score. This inspiring appeal finished in a manner worthy of its author: 'Never till the present day has the House of Savoy applied in vain to the loyalty, good sense, and affection of its subjects. I have therefore the right to trust in my people at the present moment, and to feel assured that, united with one another, we shall be able to uphold the Constitution, and to preserve the country from the dangers which threaten us.' Cavour said in later years that the outspoken frankness of this royal manifesto saved the country from a very grave and very real danger.

Reaction was now setting in all over Europe, but the new political ideas in Piedmont did not quite tally with the reactionary tendencies. The old-fashioned Conservatives failed to comprehend how it was possible that revolutionists could be effectively suppressed with the aid of a constitutional monarchy. There was, in fact, now one section of the Right which was even attached to the arbitrary *régime* of former days, and, as far as decency would allow, opposed to the new constitution.

Cavour, in the meanwhile, remained a frank and simple upholder of the constitution, defending and standing by the Government, and detesting anything which savoured of revolution. In the altered state of the Government he was destined to make his mark. He had, early in his political career, come under the King's observation, and in Turin he had already created for himself a part of that reputation which was so soon to make him a source of solace and of hope to a

declining nation. The facility with which he dealt with figures—always, by the way, a sign of sound statesmanship—the varied nature of his arguments, the clearness of his language, soon created a deep sensation in the House, and placed him in the foremost rank of political debaters.

The relations which were now to commence between Cavour and his sovereign, and which were to continue until death took from Victor Emmanuel his great Minister, have been a subject of much controversy among historians. From the very beginning the King had realised his worth. When Cavour's name was first submitted to him he remarked significantly: 'You take my word for it, your new colleague will turn you all out, and he will be Prime Minister himself.' He saw that Cavour's rise was inevitable, but he had good reason to fear him. Cavour, notwithstanding, never experienced much trouble in making the King listen to reason. In after years, when he held the reins of government in his own hands, there was no measure about which the sovereign was not consulted, or which was not indebted to him for some modification, even when it was not altogether owing to his initiative. 'Hot-tempered and impetuous as he was, Victor Emmanuel could always, on second thoughts, be made to confess and repair a mistake. Where he acknowledged a superior mind he accepted a master. With a man like Cavour he would submit to remonstrance, and even to upbraiding and correction. Cavour was the King's good genius, who checked, raised, governed, and saved him against himself. There were pitfalls into which the King would have fallen a hundred times had it not been for his respect for—let us say his fear of—Cavour.'



It was in March of the year 1850, that Cavour first stepped into the political arena. The occasion was the introduction of a Bill which dealt with the burning question of religion—one which plays so large a part in his career, and which it will be necessary to examine later in fuller detail. In the course of the session, D'Azeglio, at the instance of Cavour, proposed the abolition of certain clerical privileges and the suppression of ecclesiastical tribunals. It was the old dispute which has found a place in the history of every continental nation that has crossed swords with the Vatican. It was the same dispute for which Thomas à Becket spilt his blood in Canterbury Cathedral. This measure was entrusted to M. Siccardi, and the law, which was subsequently passed, always bore his name.

The Ministry thus started upon its career with a proposal brought forward, not in any spirit of hostility towards the Church, for the abolition of the ecclesiastical privileges of that which was called the *foro*. This courageous scheme was supported by all sincere liberals, including, of course, Cavour, contested dubiously by a portion of the Ministerial Right, and combated by members of the party of reaction. The argument of the Right was that, as a preliminary step, an understanding should be arrived at with Rome; but the answer to this apparently logical demand was that an understanding with the Pope, who was determined to understand nothing, was for all practical purposes an impossibility.

The debate took place on the 7th of March 1850, and in the course of the discussion Cavour made a speech, which was the first of a series that arrested the attention of thinking Europe. On no account can Cavour lay claim

to the accomplishments of a great orator. In these gifts Nature had certainly not been lavish, but, according to Cicero, the orator is not made by the tongue alone, and all the apparatus requisite to constitute a leader and debater in Parliament Cavour possessed in an eminent degree. It was rather the greatness of his designs and the earnestness of his purpose than rounded periods that placed him at once on a higher level than his colleagues in debate. He was no master of that discursive eloquence which, with the unintelligent, serves as a substitute for wisdom. His oratory was of the practical order. In emphatic and unequivocal terms he opposed the immunities of the Church of Piedmont from the civil law. He claimed the civil rights of society in the face of the privileges of the clergy, thus resuming definitely a constitutional policy. He expressed a hope that, in the long run, the priesthood would recognise the necessity to modern society of the union of the two great moral forces—religion and liberty. He challenged broadly those who were opposed to reforms. ‘When reforms are effected in good time,’ he said, ‘far from weakening authority, they strengthen it, rendering the revolutionary spirit powerless. I would say therefore to statesmen: “Frankly follow the examples of the Duke of Wellington, Earl Grey, and Sir Robert Peel; . . . follow broadly the road of reforms, without fear of their being inopportune. Do not think that it will weaken the cause of the constitutional throne, for it will, on the contrary, strengthen it, and will strike such deep roots into our soil that, should revolution spring up around us, not only will it have power to dominate revolution, but it will gather about it all the true forces of Italy, and conduct the nation to the destinies awaiting her.’ Cavour further

explained with great clearness how the *statuto* ought to be interpreted and carried into effect unless it were to remain a dead letter, and that one of the numerous results to which it obviously led was the abolition of ecclesiastical tribunals. 'If,' he added, 'the *statuto* is not made to bear those fruits of liberty which it ought to produce, it will fall into discredit and it will destroy the credit of the monarchy by losing its own.' The keynote of the speech was struck in the pregnant sentence: 'The Church cannot, in a community governed on principles of liberty, preserve the privileges to which it was entitled in a state of society in which privilege constituted law.' Thus in this oration, which left upon the public mind a profound impression as the revelation of a policy and of the man created to conduct it, Cavour first made known to the world his aspirations and those cardinal principles upon which his aspirations were founded.

In this debate, moreover, Cavour had proclaimed the challenge of that long fight which was to last throughout his career, and which eventually brought Victor Emmanuel to the Quirinal and imprisoned the Pope within the walls of the Vatican. That he had spoken on a subject which was near to the hearts of all, and that he had adopted a line in the debate which was pleasing to the majority, was soon apparent. In spite of his unpopularity, all the Ministers rose to shake hands with the speaker, the onlookers in the gallery gave vent to deafening applause, and henceforth Cavour was regarded as a man whose word carried weight in the Chamber.

The religious problem by no means monopolised the attention of the House. Members were called upon to discuss the embarrassed condition of Piedmontese

finance—a deficit being shown of six millions per annum. It was on this subject that Cavour both felt and spoke strongly. ‘If, during the next session,’ he cried, in the grave tone of admonition, ‘the Ministry does not bring forward a financial scheme by which to restore the balance, with a reformed custom-house tariff, and the system of taxation which the country needs, I shall deeply regret it; we shall, my friends and I, be compelled to abandon it. . . . Although the condition of our country is serious, it is by no means desperate; we only need a little strength of will and courage to make it accede to the necessary taxation. . . . Let us hear no more of party agitations; the union between the King and the Nation is sufficiently close and well established, there is nothing to fear from extreme revolutionary or reactionary parties. I do not fear the spread of either the one or the other. . . . Proceed, therefore, banish alarms; you will have the support of Parliament and of the country, even in the most distressing portion of our task—the re-establishment of the balance of expenditure and income.’

And now occurred an incident which, perhaps more than all else, decided Cavour in his views on the religious question, and caused him to follow a bold course in his conflict with the Pope. There were many in Italy who continued, under protest, in outward conformity with the papal regulations. But Cavour was one of those who only awaited the occasion to speak his mind out—some unusually flagrant scandal. Such an opportunity was now to be afforded him.

In October of the year 1850, Santa Rosa, the Minister of Commerce, a man beloved even by his opponents, lay dying. On asking for Extreme Unction as a last comfort, it was refused him by the Archbishop of Turin,

on the score of his having taken a part in the introduction of the law abolishing ecclesiastical tribunals, and thus he died without the consolations of his religion. His sorrowing widow carried the news to Cavour, her husband's most intimate friend, and the indignation aroused in his soul can be better imagined than described.

It was doubtless this incident that inspired a letter which Cavour wrote to Count Adolphe de Circourt, and which for its interest and importance deserves to be quoted: 'With us,' it runs, 'the Court of Rome has lost every sort of moral authority. It might launch against us all the thunderbolts which it keeps in reserve in the cellars of the Vatican, and would fail to produce any great agitation in these parts. I have lived much in the country and know our peasantry to the very bottom—indeed, better than the inhabitants of the town. Well, I can assure you that, even if, which is by no means probable, the Pope were to immediately excommunicate us, not the slightest disturbance would follow. The masses are religious, I may say very religious, but they no longer place any trust in the Pope. The majority of the inferior clergy partake these feelings, and the bishops are so thoroughly aware of it, that the greater part of them are doing all they can to induce the Court of Rome to yield. The conduct of Pius IX has wounded national sentiment so deeply that his wrath is no longer to be feared. Besides this, the Siccardi laws are a bad ground for the Court of Rome to fight upon. The meanest of our peasants understands amazingly well that those laws in no way touch dogma and discipline, and that their only object is to suppress civil privileges, which the clergy have gravely abused. I am certain that if people were put in a position to



choose between the present form of the constitution and the re-establishment of clerical privileges, they would renounce political liberties sooner than see the ecclesiastical tribunals revive. The behaviour of the people of Turin proves the truth of what I have said. Never have the churches been fuller, never have there been more communicants. . . . My parish is served by Franciscan friars, it numbers nearly sixteen thousand souls. Well, my parson, who has just left me, assures me that he has never been more surrounded with respect and sympathy, but that religion would be lost if a hand were laid upon the laws carried by Siccardi, whom he regards as the greatest man in Italy. . . . It is impossible to foresee the future of Europe. Almost everywhere the extreme men are face to face, and the moderate party has almost disappeared from the theatre of events, which is by no means of good omen for the destiny of nations. In Piedmont, on the contrary, that poor party still holds the balance between extremists of all shades. Will it succeed for long in maintaining equilibrium while causing the country to advance in the regular path of progress? This is, I confess, very doubtful, but even if it succumb in consequence of the movement which is sweeping Europe along, it will succumb with honour, and will carry with it in its fall the sympathy of all right-feeling and good men.'

Cavour did not allow the Santa Rosa incident to be passed over without severe comments in the columns of the 'Risorgimento,' which were applauded loudly by the people of Turin, and which restored to the writer a considerable measure of popularity. In the month of January 1851, he writes: 'The only real difficulty with which we have to contend is the Roman question. Thank heaven, the violence and the bad faith of our

adversaries make our game a pretty good one. If the Pope regales us with an Encyclical of the same sort as that which he has launched at the head of the Republic of New Granada, he will do us an immense service.'

It now seemed as if Cavour was destined to be the successor of Santa Rosa in office. The Government had been forced by the incident into a struggle from which they were desirous of extricating themselves. The supporters of the Right Centre had acquired fresh strength and fresh adherents, and the more moderate members of the Right had temporarily lost all credit and all influence. D'Azeglio, at this juncture, consulted La Marmora as to the expediency of including Cavour in the Cabinet, and received the answer: '*Camillo is a gran buon diavolo*, who will grow more moderate in our ranks.' He also consulted Victor Emmanuel, who replied: 'I will accept him, but wait a little, and he will rob you of all your portfolios.'

Thus, for the first time, Cavour joined the Cabinet, as Minister of Agriculture and Commerce. It was, indeed, a ministry of reconstruction into whose ranks he had been admitted. Among its members were D'Azeglio, dispersing external distrust, busy re-establishing the diplomatic position of Piedmont; Count Siccardi, bent on ecclesiastical reform; La Marmora, pledged to the reconstruction of the army, opening the ranks of the regular forces to most of the Italian provinces who had fought with the Piedmontese, and hurrying forward the fortifications of Casale, which ten years later were destined to arrest the advance of the Austrians; and now to this force was to be added the influence of Cavour at the head of the commercial and financial departments. Surely, with such a Ministry as this in power, something could be done.

When Cavour took office there were three parties in the House, and it is necessary primarily to grasp their nature in order to understand the political history of the period. In the first place, there was the Left, consisting of the constitutionalists, which numbered among its members Cavour. Secondly, the Centre, and thirdly the Right, consisting of men who, more or less, supported the old aristocratic *régime*. It must be added, in parenthesis, that Cavour attacked all three whenever they appeared to him disposed to modify the constitution.

D' Azeglio and Cavour were both in complete agreement with regard to the liberal and national cause which they intended Piedmont to adopt, but from diplomatic reasons and certain personal characteristics D' Azeglio found it hard to make up his mind to an open and avowed rupture with the Right, and it was this scruple that marked the parting of their ways. 'Devotion to the service of his country, rather than taste or ambition, had raised him to the Ministry, and he remained, when in power, the same generous and softly mannered gentleman—clear-sighted and amiable, courageous in danger, a little indolent in overcoming everyday difficulties, and easily wearied of business.'

D' Azeglio was enormously popular among the Piedmontese. Not so, for the present, was Cavour, although the prejudices set up against him were gradually disappearing. Small wonder, then, that he took office with some misgivings. 'I have been accused,' he complained at this period, 'of having separated from old friends. The accusation is unfounded. I have not left them, but they have left me. I did everything to retain them, and to

persuade them; it is they who have refused to follow me.'

But in spite of his misgivings Cavour's first effort at administration ultimately proved a great success. He had shown a wonderful political dexterity in choosing to come forward at the very moment when Piedmont was obliged to give way before the wave of reaction. He saw already, in every quarter of Europe, that the field was clearing for the execution of his schemes. It is even said that, at the Great Exhibition of 1851 in Hyde Park, the Sardinian colours were almost acknowledged as the national Italian flag, and that many a hearty cheer was raised for plucky little Piedmont, proving that the identity between the free country and the country to be freed was thoroughly established.

Cavour, in consequence, took heart. He wrote at this time to Madame de Circourt in a more optimistic vein: 'I say nothing about our country and about our politics. As Minister, I am paid to speak well of them, and you might suspect my opinions. I will confine myself to assuring you, at the risk of passing for a dunce or a Utopian, that in spite of all the surrounding misfortunes which have befallen France and Italy, I preserve an unshaken faith in the future of liberal ideas.'

Soon after Cavour's accession to office, he began, as we have seen, to separate himself from the Conservative party of which D'Azeglio was the head. Those who showed themselves most disposed to follow him out of the fold belonged to the Left Centre, chief among whom may be mentioned Ratazzi, once an advocate at Casale, now destined to take the portfolio of Justice. All Victor Emmanuel's sympathies were with D'Azeglio,

to whom he was personally attached, but the King had the good sense to see that the real political power resided in Cavour and his followers, and he therefore resigned himself to the new situation. The causes of Cavour's rise to power were obvious. Possessed of all those qualities which could enable him to control the destinies of his native land; equipped with the accoutrements of a creative spirit and organising mind, in which the faculties of conception and of action were equally balanced; displaying a remarkable activity, a practised courage, and a controlling genius; embarrassed neither by the principles of the philosopher nor by the prejudices of a bigot, the personality of Cavour contained all the ingredients essential to political ascendancy.

In April of the year 1851, Cavour took the office of Minister of Finance, in which capacity he negotiated treaties with France, England, and Belgium, and this somewhat secondary department became in his hands the means of introducing important reforms into the economical system of Piedmont. His objects, most of which he achieved, were to stimulate production, to facilitate commercial transactions, to throw open the ports, to ameliorate and develop means of communication. He improved, moreover, the naval department, which always had a special attraction for him, and in every branch of politics showed himself thoroughly efficient. Into the details of his reforming measures it is not essential here to enter. Suffice it to say that he attacked all the subjects which came within his province with a courage, industry, and perseverance almost unrivalled in the history of statesmanship. 'We can only hope,' he wrote at this time, 'to get out of our difficulties by putting an end to all abuses. The task



I have undertaken is arduous and painful ; but it is my duty not to shrink from difficulties or vexations as long as the good of the country is at stake.'

One of the results of his reforming activity was that in due course he became the leading light in the Cabinet of D'Azeglio, whose power was already on the wane.

Suddenly, at the end of the year 1851, came the news of Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état*. The Cabinet at Turin, sensible of the new danger created by this startling event, hastened to justify itself to the French Government by proposing a law dealing with the press, causing offences against foreign princes to be transferred to the ordinary tribunals, and not to be tried by a jury. D'Azeglio excused this act of apparent obsequiousness in the following ingenuous manner: 'Suppose,' he said, 'we had traversed one of those regions where wild beasts abound, and passed close to a den where a lion was sleeping, and that one of our guides told us, "Do not speak, make no noise lest you should awaken him," and if one of us were to begin to sing: I imagine we should all combine to shut his mouth.'

But all D'Azeglio's arts could not prevent a cleavage in the ranks of the Centre party. The division between liberal conservatives and the moderate liberals was becoming more and more distinct. And now Cavour bethought him of a 'connubio' with the leader of the Left Centre, Ratazzi. After the *coup d'état*, the Extreme Right was opposed to the idea of the free state of Piedmont wedged in between the two despotisms of Austria and France, and it was Cavour's idea to form a party to crush the Right. With this object, when the President of the Chamber opportunely

died, he successfully supported the candidature of Ratazzi.

The 'connubio,' coming as it did as a surprise to the House, created sharp dissensions, and Cavour was obliged to refute some violent attacks. 'It is not true,' he said, 'that the Ministry has directed its helm towards other shores. It had made no movement of the sort, but wishes to go in the direction of the prow instead of the direction of the stern.'

Ratazzi's election to the presidency of the Chamber brought about a ministerial crisis in the month of May 1852, which temporarily retarded the political career of Cavour. Murmurs were heard against him even in the Cabinet, and he was accused of having compromised the Ministry. Up to this point he had seemed completely to govern the Cabinet of D'Azeglio, who, being of unsound health and tired of power, had watched Cavour's influence gaining ground without experiencing any pangs of jealousy. But still D'Azeglio considered that the 'dear inventor of the connubio' was going a little too fast, and so Cavour, with commendable discretion, deemed that it would be wise to retire for a space from the political arena. 'It was in my opinion,' he said afterwards, 'not only useful but indispensable that a liberal party should be firmly constituted. . . . After having at first been convinced of such a necessity D'Azeglio has not accepted all the consequences, and he provoked a crisis which could only result in my retirement or his removal from power. External policy required that I should be the sacrifice. I think D'Azeglio would willingly have abdicated, but I did my utmost to dissuade him; he stayed, and we have not ceased to be friends privately and politically. It will next be he to retire, and then we can constitute

an openly liberal Cabinet. In the meantime I take advantage of my new liberty for a journey to France and England.'

This letter explains lucidly the main issue of a somewhat complicated story. The internal strife of parties in a Parliament is seldom interesting or even comprehensible except to those mainly concerned, but the object of treating the foregoing incidents in detail is to demonstrate the development of Cavour's political position. His object was now to constitute an openly liberal Cabinet in order that he might carry out those reforms without which he knew that Piedmont could never take a place as a model to the rest of Italy, or ever attain that liberty to which all his efforts were directed.

Before he started on his travels, he had an interview with Victor Emmanuel, who informed the retiring Minister somewhat bluntly that it would be a long time before he called him to power again. And so Cavour left for a while his native land because his views were too advanced for his fellow-countrymen at present to digest.

But he did not travel merely for change of air. He set out with the avowed object of dispelling French and English prejudices, besides acquiring useful information to enable him to carry out reforms at home. He first visited England, and during his stay in London obtained interviews with both Lord Malmesbury and Lord Palmerston. The latter was the first Englishman to sympathise with his views, and reassured Cavour by pointing out to him that, in pledge of the support which the English Government would in future tender to Italy, the English sovereign had sent out to Turin the best diplomatist in the service, James Hudson, afterwards the firm friend of Cavour.

While in London, he even went so far in his search for practical experience as to make a midnight tour of inspection, under the guidance and protection of a detective officer, through the lowest haunts of vice and crime in the metropolis, with a view to make himself acquainted, by personal observation, with the actual condition of the lower classes.

Delighted with his conquest of Lord Palmerston, Cavour left for Paris, where he interviewed men of all shades of political thought. The object of his visit was to feel the pulse of French opinion. Thiers encouraged him. 'Be patient,' he said; 'if after they have given you snakes for breakfast, they give you snakes again for dinner, be not disgusted.'

It was on this visit to Paris that Cavour first made the acquaintance of Louis Napoleon, that acquaintance which was to have such momentous consequences. With the object of an introduction he had met Ratazzi by appointment, and the two statesmen were given important interviews with the Emperor, to whom they had the opportunity of representing the true condition of affairs in Sardinia and of urging upon him the claims of Italy.

The three phases of Cavour's career that attract the most attention and interest are those which refer to his respective relations with Victor Emmanuel, Louis Napoleon, and Garibaldi; but of the three his connexion with Louis Napoleon offers the widest field for speculation. It is one of the most interesting episodes in the history of modern Europe, this friendship between the impenetrable Emperor of the French and the astute Italian Minister. Both were diplomatists in their respective ways. Both required of each other some substantial *quid pro quo*. Both, in a manner,

were successful in attaining their ends in their dealings with one another. Although friendship, off and on, may be said to have existed between the two from this visit to Paris in 1852 until the death of Cavour, there must have always existed alongside of it some influence which prevented the friendship being whole-hearted, although Cavour certainly held a peculiar place in the Emperor's esteem. It was really parry and thrust from one end of the story to the other. A veil of mystery always partly conceals the personality and motive of Louis Napoleon, and consequently the historian of the future will have difficulty in eliciting the whole truth. The story is fraught with interest. Mr. Morley, in his 'Life of Gladstone,' represents Louis Napoleon as rather the victim of Cavour: 'The sphinx in our modern politics is usually something of the charlatan, and in time the spite of fortune brought this mock Napoleon into fatal conflict with the supple, positive, practical genius of Italy, in the person of one of the hardiest representatives of this genius that Italy ever had, just as ten years later the same Nemesis brought him into collision with the stern rough genius of the North in the person of Count Bismarck.' It is difficult quite to perceive, on a review of the historical facts, how the dealings between Cavour and Louis Napoleon can constitute a 'fatal conflict.' That both were gainers in the end, according to their own lights and for their separate purposes, there can be no question.

Of this first interview there exists no very detailed account, but there is little doubt that Cavour came away with the conviction that the Prince President must be conciliated. He had now quite made up his mind that foreign aid was indispensable for Piedmont, and he was equally convinced that Louis Napoleon



was the master-key to the whole situation. 'Whether we like it or no,' he writes, 'our destinies depend on France, we must be her partner in the great game which will be played sooner or later in Europe.'

Years before, Louis Napoleon was supposed to have entertained strong personal sympathies for the cause of Italy, and, according to a story very commonly believed in Turin, he had been supplied with funds by the Sardinian Government at the crisis of his struggle with the Assembly. Certainly, Victor Emmanuel never lost an opportunity to ingratiate himself with the Prince, and now Louis Napoleon's sympathies with Italy were further strengthened by an attachment which had sprung up between himself and Cavour.

But apparently, as yet, Cavour saw little hope of material assistance in this direction, if we are to judge from the sentiments he expressed in a letter previously to his departure for home: 'I go the day after to-morrow taking away from Paris sad enough impressions. I do not see the future in rose colour, and it is not without grave apprehensions that I am about to plunge afresh into the whirlpool of politics.'

Before he took the plunge, he gave his friends some ideas to consider upon the political situation. 'Instead of combating D'Azeglio,' he says, 'we should lend him a frank support, but we cannot sacrifice our good name to him. . . . As soon as I return we will consult together; we will see La Marmora and speak bluntly to him. It is time for all this to be settled. If D'Azeglio wishes to remain in power, let him say so, and he will have in us sincere allies. Should he be tired of it, let him no longer render the problem of government insoluble by his continual vacillations.' It will be seen from this open declaration that Cavour was now deter-

mined upon action. The opinion prevailing was that, if his presence in the Government had been a difficulty, his absence would be a still greater embarrassment. 'As an ally of the Cabinet he would have absorbed and eclipsed it ; as chief of the Opposition he could vanquish and render it powerless.'

Cavour was returning now to fill the place for which his strong qualities and political genius had marked him out from the very beginning.

## CHAPTER IV

## THE AWAKENING

IN the month of September 1852, Cavour returned to Turin. Speaking from personal experience De la Rive tells us that, while spending on his way home some weeks at Geneva, Cavour talked of men and things with that freedom which was natural to him, and which he preserved to the end of his life. His friend found him at this time in high spirits, full of projects, full of confidence in the future destinies of his country, and proud of the reception he had met with everywhere abroad.

A Bill for permitting Civil Marriage had brought about a ministerial crisis, and D'Azeglio, not yet recovered from his wound, and suffering in mind from the dangers of the situation, perceived that his own retirement from office was inevitable. 'I had accepted the helm,' he wrote in explanation, 'at a time when it was pointed out to me that, better than any other man, I could direct it for the country's best advantage. . . . Now that the ship has refitted let the winds fill her sails. I surrender my quarter-deck to another! He whom you know is possessed of a diabolical activity, fitted for the work in mind and body, and—it gives him so much pleasure.'

Victor Emmanuel, somewhat against his own

inclination, was obliged to consent that 'the other' should take into his hands the reins of power. Cavour, at a preliminary interview, found the King in some perplexity, shrinking from the idea of a rupture with the Vatican. The negotiations with Rome were exactly at the same point at which they were two years before, and constituted the most formidable difficulty of the Government. Accordingly Cavour thought it a wise course to consult with the Archbishop of Genoa, Charvaz by name, a man conspicuous for his moderation. From this prelate he discovered that Rome would never come to terms, and that the Pope wished to see Count Balbo in power, and accordingly this idea was suggested to the King. The Count was consulted and agreed to form a Cabinet, while Cavour was content to retire for a space from active political life. In a letter to a friend he writes in explanation: 'I could not come to an understanding with the King; and I return to Leri. M. de Balbo is entrusted with forming the Ministry. The curés of Savoy will rejoice. But I doubt their joy being of long duration, for the irritation against the clergy is greater than ever. I am convinced of the King's good faith. Priestly cunning has led him astray. He is mistaken as to the state of the country. When his eyes have been opened by facts, he will send the clerical party to the devil.' The efforts of Count Balbo to form a Ministry failed. Count Balbo, in his turn, had suggested that D'Azeglio should be recalled, but the King, tired of abortive negotiations, was wise enough to prefer Cavour 'without conditions.'

And so Cavour at length found his great opportunity. Here was the tide in his fortunes which, taken at the flood, should lead on to victory. He stipulated that the Presidency of the Council and the Ministry of

Finance should be given to himself. He resolved not to meet resistance from the Right, the clerical party. He wanted the concurrence of D'Azeglio's followers, and without La Marmora he said he could not be Minister. Consequently he filled up the ranks of the Cabinet with moderates of all parties, maintaining it a Government of the Right Centre. Paleocapa became Minister of Public Works, Dabormida of Foreign Affairs, San Martino of the Interior, Boncompagni of Justice, and La Marmora of War. All the members except two had formed part of the preceding Government. Cavour did not include in his first Cabinet any members of the Left, whose support, however, was really indispensable to his administration. But Cavour, notwithstanding, was far more necessary to the Left than the Left was necessary to him, and, in forming his Ministry independently of the Left, he afforded evidence of the strength of his own position. The eventual elevation of Ratazzi, a laborious, active, and powerful man, to the Ministry of Justice, vacated a few months later by Boncompagni, established a final alliance with the Left Centre. It has been called 'the union of the whole liberal party under the ablest of guides,' and it was a Government that received a striking sanction from the country, in a huge majority at the elections. Cavour said that in the formation of his Cabinet he had 'raised a barrier too high for the reaction to be able to reach above it.'

On the 4th of November, the new Ministry entered upon its career. It is chiefly remarkable for Cavour's financial and social reforms, legislation vast in its beneficent effect, and abiding in its results. On taking office he commenced to probe to the very roots of the disease which had laid so firm a hold upon the State.



His administration was at once distinguished by a spirit of enlightened progress and comprehensive amelioration. Yet, at first, he had to encounter obstacles which would have daunted a less bold spirit in a similar predicament. But he was determined at all costs to remove the obstacles which still impeded a natural and beneficent process of regeneration. If Italy once again was to raise her head amongst the nations of the world, she would have to awaken from her present state of chronic debility, and there was now an opening for Cavour to prove what changes could be wrought by the power and example of an influential statesman. Already he had conceived vast projects for the purpose of emancipating Piedmont. His soul was filled with large ideas, and his imagination teemed with grand and daring projects. His expansive mind had early been impressed with the inherent vice of the disunited country. A double absolutism, religious and political, weighed upon the majority of Italian States, which, only to accumulate trouble, had meekly accepted these two yokes without any hope of future freedom. It was Cavour's task to raise Italy from this state of degradation, and make her worthy to rank with the great Powers of Europe. But at the present moment he laboured under no illusions with regard to the exhaustion of the country, the misery and impotence of the people; he would be obliged, he knew, to inure them gradually to the novel temperature of liberty, but he had with the eye of a genius sounded her resources, and her supply of patriotism seemed to him great even in her wretchedness. On this, if all else were lacking, he might rely for future efforts. 'Piedmont must begin by raising herself,' he declared, 'by re-establishing in Europe as well as in Italy a position and a credit

equal to her ambition. Hence there must be a policy unswerving in its aim, but flexible and various as to the means employed.'

Piedmont would have difficulty in raising herself. The public debt amounted to more than thirty millions, while the population was less than five millions. The budget of the national expenditure amounted to something between one hundred and thirty and one hundred and forty millions. It was time for action.

There were two courses open to Cavour by which he might remedy these ills of State. He could initiate a rule of economy which would entail national insignificance, or he could adopt the policy of 'action and progress.' He chose the latter.

He perceived, with the foresight of a great financial genius, that if and so long as Piedmont remained poor, taxes would always remain too burdensome, and that the best way to renew the life of the country was to give a fresh start to industry and commerce. This was the original and essential doctrine of his financial system.

With these aims he had devoted two hundred millions towards the railways of Genoa and the Lago Maggiore, Novara, Susa and Savoy. Impervious to the disparagement of ephemeral critics, he brought forward his courageous scheme. To do this, when the Budget presented a deficit, was a bold stroke, but he explained that to take shares and secure interest in the railway of Savoy was to cause the circulation of fifty millions of francs in a province that sorely needed capital.

His reforms, carried out in the course of eight years subsequent to his first ministerial appointment, included the increase of the army and navy, the

construction of fortifications and men-of-war, transformation of sailing vessels into steam frigates, the extraordinary development of the mercantile marine, the establishment of a line of packets between Genoa and America, the foundation of institutions of public credit, the expansion of the national bank, abolition of the legal rate of interest, reduction of postage charges, extension of popular and technical education, and the planting of a consulate wherever he could send a ship; all of which reforms, although entailing a heavy expenditure on the initial outlay, were calculated in the long run to bring in large returns.

Moreover, he completed treaties of commerce with England, France, Belgium, and Switzerland. He did not, it is said, in these ventures proceed as a dogmatist, as a prejudiced or a whimsical free-trader: he carried out a gradual reform practically, one proportioned to the circumstances. This financial policy of his had one great object in view—to draw Piedmont from her isolation. Some of his critics have asserted that it was an egregious failure, and contrary to the canons of political economy. His own defence is best qualified to refute this attack. ‘It must not be forgotten,’ he says, ‘that we have adopted a policy of action—a policy of progress. In order to re-establish the equilibrium of our finances we have deliberately resolved not to restrict our expenditure, and by so doing renounce every idea of improvement and every great enterprise, not to endeavour by every species of economy to bring our expenditure within our income, but rather to effect our end by promoting all works of public utility, by developing the elements of progress which our State possesses, and by stimulating in every portion of our country all the industrial and economical activity of

which it is found capable.' So far from being a failure his reputation for financial knowledge became so widely recognised that, while Austria and Russia found difficulties in raising money, Cavour never failed to negotiate loans in London and Paris at the market price.

The most potent argument in his favour was that if Sardinia was to take the lead in a great national movement, she must advance beyond her neighbours along the path of reform. This was the basis upon which the entire superstructure of his policy rested. Under the conviction that the internal organisation of the country ought to precede all external action, he considered that the tranquil development of the new institutions was the first object to be attained. It was upon this point, in his opinion, that all the energies of the country ought to be concentrated, and, the object accomplished, it would secure that independence which the regular action of a free people alone could achieve and preserve. With this end in view, he endeavoured to rouse the people, to urge them to make use of their powers, and to give practical effect to their rights.

It was only natural that such drastic proposals created in many quarters a violent opposition. When the weeds, which are for ever growing in the social State, are rooted out, powerful interests are invariably alienated in the process. In his efforts to revive and renew the organic energy of the State, he was obliged to remove all decaying and vitiating substances, but the operation entailed serious risk to the safety of his own person. The opposition to his reforms was carried on with such bitterness in Parliament that it ended in an actual challenge from one of his most violent adversaries. The challenge was accepted without demur.

On this occasion Cavour displayed his usual calmness and courage. Before the meeting took place, on the same day, he delivered a long speech in the Chamber, and then with complete composure he repaired to the appointed scene of action. The combatants fired at twenty-five paces, but both luckily escaped without serious injury, and the affair thus terminated.

The financial problem was by no means the only stumbling-block that Cavour found placed in his way during his first administration. In the early part of the year 1853, the Austrian Government had sequestered the property of certain families of Turin on account of a Mazzinian outbreak in Milan, with the result that the ambassadors of both countries were recalled. 'Austria has managed to set public opinion and all the Governments of Europe against her,' Cavour commented. 'In trying to damage us she has done us a service; we will take advantage of it.' But Cavour did not believe that Italy could, by herself, expel the Austrian armies from the peninsula, and while Mazzini, in his exile, still affirmed that it could be accomplished by revolutionary methods without foreign allies, he was scheming for the assistance of other Powers against Austria. The great object of Cavour's party was to prove to the world that the constitutional movement in Piedmont had no connexion with any revolutionary designs against the peace of Europe. The object of Austria was to encourage the opposite belief, and Mazzini was intentionally playing Austria's game. But Cavour was too much of a statesman to be thus outwitted by his enemies. The attempt was quelled before anyone became acquainted with the details.

Apart from external difficulties, Cavour had also, during his first administration, to face a serious con-



stitutional problem. The systematic hostility of the Senate, inspired by the Church and upheld by a numerous party in the Lower Chamber, hindered him at every turn. In this case he found himself between the horns of a dilemma. Yielding to the Senate meant yielding to the Vatican, opposing the authority of the Senate meant dealing a blow at the system of well-regulated liberty which it was the whole aim of his life to create and preserve. There was only one solution. The Chamber must be dissolved to give the public the opportunity of returning a verdict which might overcome the opposition of the Senate. Such a verdict was eventually given, and the Senate gave way. In the new Chamber, therefore, Cavour found himself at the head of a compact majority which acted as a counterpoise to the resistance of the Upper House.

Nor was it only from the revolutionists, or from any constitutional issues, that he had cause to fear trouble. Cavour had lighted upon an inauspicious moment for his reforms. His new system of taxation was initiated at a time when both the silkworms and the vines had been attacked by disease, and the consequent poverty had made the working of the new system appear to many people disastrous. This effect was inevitably attributed to the one cause with which it really had no connexion. All evil was placed to Cavour's account. So high ran the feeling against him at this very time that, one evening in Turin, an excited crowd, crying 'Death to him,' rushed to his house—that house which, let it be remembered, had been thrown open to all sufferers during the famine—broke the windows, and tried to take it by assault. The attempt was a failure, and by the next day the storm

had so far blown over that he walked, accompanied by La Marmora, through the streets, receiving on all sides those tokens of affection and respect which, before this episode, he had been wont to receive. Still, he was not yet popular. 'Our political state,' he wrote to his father at this time, 'is becoming more and more intricate. We have to contend against famine, fresh taxes, priests, and reactionists. If to all this is to be added war, we shall find ourselves very seriously embarrassed. Nevertheless I do not despair. The Government can entirely rely upon the King, and upon the immense majority of the old Piedmontese provinces, who are thoroughly true to the Constitution. With these elements of strength we shall struggle through, or we shall fail without disgrace. The Chamber is sufficiently ministerial, and I trust that the re-elections, which are about to take place, will strengthen the moderate liberal party.'

It has been already remarked that one of Cavour's greatest fears was that Piedmont should eventually find herself isolated among nations. It was to obviate such a contingency that he had tried, on his travels in England and France, to enlist the sympathy of influential men in the cause of his native land. In the year 1851, he had written these words: 'Let me say frankly, in the face of impending possibilities, I deem it prudent, conformable with the interests of the country, to be on good terms with France. . . . Is it not possible that complications may arise, in which all surrounding nations may be concerned in two great questions, the Eastern and the Western? Were this to happen, should we not do well to be on good terms with France?' Cavour was determined that Piedmont should not be left out in the cold, uncared for

and unnoticed by the Western Powers. He left no stone unturned to interest the foreigner in the cause. In the year 1853, he writes to D'Azeglio, who was at that time in London: 'I am delighted that the English people, when they return home after visiting Piedmont, speak well of us. In the long run this may be extremely useful to us. Moreover, I do all in my power to make myself agreeable to the English people who visit Turin. With this end in view, I desire you to recommend to me those of your friends who are coming to Italy whom you think likely to be fascinated.'

A grand opportunity was soon to be afforded to Cavour for the realisation of his highest aims. Piedmont was at length to play a conspicuous part in a great European upheaval.

In the month of January 1854, Cavour perceived that the struggle which was now opening between the Western Powers and Russia might be utilised to prove the worth of the Piedmontese army. With these ideas maturing in his mind, he sought out Victor Emmanuel and deliberately put to him the question: 'Does it not seem to your Majesty that we might find some way of taking part in the war?' But the King's reply was for the present somewhat unsatisfactory.

Nevertheless Cavour seemed bitten with the scheme of employing the Sardinian army and testing its worth. He watched the hostilities in the Crimea with attention, and the longer he watched the more he determined upon action. One evening, in the company of Count Lisio, at the house of his niece Countess Alfieri, where he loved to seek repose and quiet, he appeared more absorbed in contemplation than usual. 'Why should you not send ten thousand men?' said his niece to him suddenly, as though guessing what was in his mind.

‘Ah!’ he replied eagerly, ‘if everyone thought that, it would be done.’ There was a pause. ‘Well, are we ready to start?’ she rejoined. ‘Who knows?’ concluded Cavour, and the subject dropped. Some months later, when he again met Count Lisio in the same house, and was standing silent and thoughtful before the fireplace, his niece said to him: ‘Well, uncle, when do you start for the Crimea?’ ‘Who can tell?’ answered Cavour. ‘England urges me to conclude a treaty with her, which would enable our troops to wipe out the disgrace of Novara. But what would you have me do? The whole of my Cabinet is against it, Ratazzi himself and even my excellent friend La Marmora talk of resigning. However, the King is with me, and we two shall carry the day.’

It became now his darling ambition. He had many good reasons for despatching a Piedmontese army to the front. In the first place he saw in the project a favourable opportunity for blotting out the disgrace of Novara; in the second, bringing the Sardinian troops up to a good standard of efficiency; in the third, securing the support of England and France, and finally acquiring for Piedmont that moral and diplomatic credit among nations which was so indispensable for her regeneration. But the people of Turin thought at first that their Prime Minister had taken leave of his senses: and yet nothing could have been more convincing than the arguments which he brought forward to crush the opposition of his adversaries. Supposing that Sardinia had stood aside at this crisis, Austria might have entered into an active alliance with France and England, and thus the influence of these Powers would have been ranged, for some years, on the side of Austria in the maintenance of its Italian

possessions, which would have been the gravest disaster to Piedmont. It is then with ample justification that the historian Fyffe asserts that Cavour stands out as the one politician in Europe whose aims in entering upon the Crimean War have been fulfilled, not mocked, by events.



## CHAPTER V

### THE RELIGIOUS QUESTION

CAVOUR had now to divert for a while his eyes from the East and direct them towards Rome. The great struggle which was to decide the predominance of Church or State had entered upon another phase. This question occupies one of the most important positions in the story of Cavour's career, and therefore it must necessarily fill a large page in this volume.

The religious question is one of the most difficult to deal with from an historian's point of view, and therefore, at the very outset, the writer wishes to make it perfectly clear that the following paragraphs and those which appear in a subsequent chapter are not to be regarded as an indictment against Roman Catholicism, but rather against the temporal power of the Pope and those various modern perversions of the true Church as it was in its ancient purity. The temporal power is not a question of obscure mystery of faith, but an historical fact which is capable of being dealt with like any other visible and tangible phenomenon in nature. But even so, it is a difficult and dangerous question to treat, because in the first place, in Italy, an absolute solution has not yet been reached, and in the second place in all religious discussion it is well-nigh impossible to avoid wounding the susceptibilities of

one side or the other. The merits of the case must necessarily be estimated according to the religious or political prepossessions of the student. There is nothing more indecorous and more unnecessary than hurting the feelings of those who hold opposite views to our own on religious matters; and in the subject under discussion there is nothing more easy. But with all due respect to earnest-minded Roman Catholics, it is absolutely necessary, if an accurate history of this period is to be placed before the public, and if common justice is to be done to Cavour, to emphasise existing historical facts which seem to have altogether escaped the notice of certain authors with Roman sympathies. Without, therefore, intending to aim a blow at those who have been ardent supporters of the Vatican throughout the great struggle, it must be owned by all right-minded and judicious historical critics that, whatever retribution has overtaken the Papal Government in the course of the last century, the result has been derived from its own errors entirely, and the main responsibility for the dispute with Piedmont, on a cursory view of the circumstances, must be laid at the door of Pius IX. If retribution has been sharp, it is because forbearance has been long. It will be conceded by the most violent partisan on his own side that whatever mortification Pius IX experienced, he owed it in a large measure to himself and certain of his predecessors in the Pontifical Chair. If the waters have been bitter, the bitterness can be located in the spring from which they rose.

The struggle between Pope and King was the outcome of years of papal misrule. The Popes had generally only cared for the common good of Italy if, and so long as, it affected their own interests. Sub-

sisting on the dregs of an antiquated system, their universal aim had been to resuscitate their earthly dominions, and in an excess of anxiety to base their spiritual authority on temporal power they were not above calling in foreign aid against their own countrymen.

It is unnecessary here to enter into a long history of the papacy. It would fill many volumes. But it is necessary to recapitulate some of the main incidents which have a bearing on the controversy. The object of the following disquisition is to point out that a compromise between Church and State in Italy is not only possible but practicable, and, incidentally, to demonstrate that bigotry is one of the greatest living dangers that Italians have still to encounter from day to day.

Now, to assert that the old *régime* was not detrimental to the Italians is to admit either complete blindness to existing facts or deplorable ignorance of history.

In the year 1789, a compact of mutual support and joint hostility to all thought and progress had been made between the Pope and the various Italian petty princes. These were dark days for Italy. The Pope fondly imagined that, by the instrumentality of the Jesuits and the princes in league with them, backed by an irresistible foreign force, he would be able to inaugurate a new era for the power of the Vatican. The history of this period shows to what an appalling predicament the Pontiff had reduced his subjects. 'If there ever was a time when real religious belief was at the lowest ebb, and the profession of a degraded faith loudest and most general, it was especially during the period of princely and priestly reaction, extending

from the restoration of Pius VII in 1814 to the exaltation of Pius IX in 1846.'

The career of the last mentioned is not the least remarkable to be read of in those most astounding chronicles that recount the respective careers of the Popes. With a mind of no breadth and a character of no real firmness, with a somewhat romantic career behind him (if we are to believe his biographers), he at first zealously devoted his life to the relief of the physical and moral sufferings of his fellow-beings. He himself set on its progress a great purifying movement in the midst of the ubiquitous pollution. Well would it have been for him, and for the Roman Catholic world in general, if he had continued exclusively to the end of his life in the fulfilment of this good work.

When he was raised to the papacy, in the year 1846, it was believed that he entertained liberal sympathies and professed liberal opinions. Although advisers had warned him against innovations, he began his reign with sound reforms, and great expectations were aroused by his display of Christian charity and kindness. He was evidently bursting with good intentions. His popularity accordingly increased. The new Pontiff's portraits, plaster casts, and tin medals became, we are told, household gods in hut and palace. Even the English historian Carlyle was constrained to admit that it seemed as if 'the old chimera of a Pope was rejuvenised.'

Pius IX was at heart a benevolent man, but he was weak and vain withal. When he was first raised to the papal throne he was declared to be as shy as a woman; but as the acclamations of the crowd grew in strength, so, unfortunately for the peace and welfare of mankind, did his confidence in himself.

The feelings of his subjects must have somewhat changed towards him when the French envoy, Rossi, gave Pius to understand that, if he ventured anything beyond milk-and-water reforms, he would have to take the consequences. He was only a puppet then, after all, exposed to the buffeting and bullying of the Powers. This must not last. The Pope must have temporal power if his spiritual weapons were not efficacious.

The first opportunity that Pius IX was afforded of exhibiting the weakness of his character he made use of to the full. When the feeling against the Austrian occupation of Italy was growing, it was generally understood that the papacy would be the rallying point of Italian patriotism. Here was a chance for the Vatican, a chance that has never hitherto returned, of regaining real power over the very hearts of the people. Even in poor priest-ridden Piedmont the Pope was looked upon as the corner-stone. Charles Albert himself declared his readiness to lead a crusade in defence of the Holy See. When, however, war broke out between Sardinia and Austria, the Italians were destined to realise a first bitter disappointment in the character of Pius IX. The successor of St. Peter, not above being mortified that the cry of 'Viva Carlo Alberto' was louder than that of 'Viva Pio Nono,' yielded to a fit of petty feminine spite and jealousy.

At first he appeared to acquiesce in a generous patriotic impulse. Then of a sudden came the allocution forbidding his troops to take part in the war of liberation. He could not have made a greater blunder. Instead of enlisting the enmity of his own devoted subjects against himself, he might have at this point, once for all, established a claim upon Italian gratitude. Poor man, it is true that he tried to make reparation, but from



henceforth he was looked upon by the new generation as a traitor to the Italian cause. He had himself provoked the storm, but had no magic spell with which to allay it. It was the death-blow that Pius IX had himself unwittingly dealt at the temporal power. He had, fortunately for mankind in general and for Roman Catholics in particular, commenced to put an end to 'that hybrid offshoot of mediæval barbarism which some people call the Pope-King.' For many centuries the sole national glory of which Italy could boast was the possession of the papacy: the great Roman Catholic Church was ruled by men of Italian birth. For the most educated minds the papacy had an attraction which nothing but the unwise and reckless attitude of Pius IX could dispel. The idea of a great Italian confederation under the presidency of the Pope had long been a favourite one. Even Cavour, up to a certain point, supported it tacitly. But its impracticability lay with the behaviour of Pius IX, not with that of Cavour.

Disgusted with the work of his own hands, Pius IX entertained every good intention to make amends, and for this he deserves only credit. But it was too late. He was soon to be swept off his feet by the wave of patriotism which eventually took permanent shape in the establishment of an Italian kingdom, with the royal palace in Rome. He began now to give ear to the retrogressives, and as a last resource called into his council Rossi, well known for his liberal and patriotic principles. But Rossi fell by the hands of an assassin, and the already excited populace marched to the Quirinal clamouring loudly for the formation of a popular Ministry and an Italian constituent assembly. The palace was literally stormed, and the Pope was obliged

to capitulate and come to terms with the mob. Soon afterwards, Pius IX stole out of his apartments in a plain ecclesiastical garb, wearing large green spectacles, and fled to Gaeta.

With this *débâcle* it was not surprising that new ideas took root in Piedmont. Up to the year 1848 Piedmont had been far behind even Austria or Naples in religious liberty. Devout Catholics had tried negotiations with Pius IX and had failed. In Italy liberalism in politics was always erroneously looked upon as identical with free-thinking in religion, but throughout Piedmont less sweeping ideas were gaining ground. Some travellers, conversant with English and German modes of thought, brought back to Turin the news that all was not bad even with Catholicism. Gioberti, himself a priest, taught reconciliation of all interests, co-operation of all national means to the common end. The Piedmontese learnt thus to look forward to 'a free but Christian and Catholic Italy which could only be managed by putting the throne on a par with the altar.'

In the meantime, in Rome, soon after the ignominious flight of the Pope, a Republic was proclaimed and Mazzini was empowered to take the lead. The Republic, it has been said, accomplished little good in Rome, besides attending High Mass in St. Peter's on Easter Day and lending the Pope's state carriage to the consecrated image of the Bambino, so well known to tourists, on its visits to ladies in their child-bed troubles.

So Pius IX called on all good Catholics to help him in his exile, and, to make the story more absurd, republican France was the first to offer assistance. Here was Louis Napoleon, who had himself in his

youth taken arms against the temporal power, helping the Pope back to his temporal throne !

On the 2nd of July in the year 1849, the French overpowered the Republic and entered the Eternal City. The Pope returned from exile under French escort, but he returned a changed man. His one idea now was his own self-aggrandisement. He had had a surfeit of constitutions and confederacies, and was determined on his return to Rome to re-establish the papal rule on the principles which his predecessors had made the foundation of their ambitions. He fell into the same old error that had brought former Popes into disastrous conflict with earthly sovereigns. While negotiating on behalf of the spiritual welfare of his flock his anxiety as to the temporal power weakened his defence. Nothing could have been more vain or selfish, more calculated to cause the whole of the Catholic world to suffer. But Pius IX had hardened his heart, and when a weak man hardens his heart, disaster is always imminent. He was possessed of all that obstinacy which is so often the complement of a feeble character.

Now there was no good cause of quarrel whatever between the Pope and the House of Savoy. This cannot be insisted upon too much for the benefit of those who severely criticise Cavour's religious policy. Charles Albert had asked for nothing better than to be a sword in the Pope's hand. The victory of Novara had given the Austrians influence in Rome, therefore there was good reason that the Vatican should propitiate and be reconciled to the Sardinian monarchy on that account if on no other. D'Azeglio had endeavoured to soften the heart of the Pope when he was in exile, but Pius IX had had the audacity to answer that a constitution was incom-

patible with the free exercise of papal spiritual authority, and that education in Italy had not yet matured the people for freedom. No man in the Papal States could think, speak, or live otherwise than as his priest bade him.

On the other hand the Piedmontese, it is true, could not forgive the Pope the choice of Naples as a refuge, for having linked his fortunes with those of the hated Sicilian tyrant. It was taken as an earnest of the frame of mind in which he quitted Rome, and now returned to it. He was credited with having brought back the spirit of his host, the Bourbon king.

But the more the Sardinian Government tried to make peace, the more obstinate and vindictive the Pope showed himself. Mentally fortified only with the limited and barren knowledge of seminary education, it was not probable that he could prove himself a capable politician ; indeed it was not long after his return from exile that he came under the influence of Cardinal Antonelli, a man ' profligate, avaricious, and so audacious as to consider himself entitled even to dispense with hypocrisy.'

The apparent object of Pius IX was to eclipse the glory of all his predecessors, a somewhat aspiring and certainly expensive ambition, but the incense of obsequiousness blinded him to his mistake. His main idea was to make himself supreme, and with this object he canonised saints, lavished indulgences, countenanced miracles, enforced conversions, created and circumscribed dioceses in England, Holland, and other Protestant communities, and, worst of all, re-established the Jesuits. Whereas at his succession his mission was confined to the sphere of purifying and elevating human nature, he now claimed the privilege of the

Church to control the civil government and to dictate the law in virtue of powers transmitted to him from above.

Now it is well known that Italians of this date entertained very little respect for their priesthood, but had Pius IX continued as he had begun before his exile this might have been otherwise. After the allocution referred to above, this hatred for the priesthood blazed forth afresh, and in Piedmont anti-clericalism was strong enough not only for utterance, but even for working out its will by legislative measures. 'Piedmont undertook to avenge Italy, first forsaken and betrayed, and then enslaved and almost crushed by the priests and the priests' friends.'

The moral decline of the priesthood in Italy has been the subject of many an historian's pen, and it is necessary, before proceeding, to touch lightly upon the subject again. For centuries the priests in Italy, under a system of exaggerated sacerdotalism, had increased and magnified their own consequence. Priests, like laymen, enjoy consequence and authority, and although they may not be conscious rogues their convictions move with their interests, and after the process has continued for some time the moral element disappears. Religion, which ought primarily to be a restraint, becomes a fresh source of evil. However vile a priest might be, his word was still a spell to close or open the gates of heaven. Such a system, if carried forward for political purposes, could not fail to be liable to the gravest abuses endangering the welfare of both people and state. Dispensations began to be used for material or political advantages, and in proportion to the magnitude of the political interests at stake was the scale of miraculous interposition. Under this system both the



priests and the people were degraded. The priests had sunk their healthy condition as the authority of religious truth into an active anxiety for the things of this world; and the people regarded religious duty no longer as the leading of a virtuous life, but as a means of purchasing immunity for self-indulgence by the remedies which the priests were ever ready to dispense at an adequate price.

To thin the number, the wealth, and the evil influence of the priests was the attempted work of Cavour, for he saw that the existence of this power in the State, this *imperium in imperio*, was incompatible with the welfare of the people and the development of the liberal constitution. Speaking of the Ultramontanes he writes: 'Almost all the faults committed by our Government arise from the influence of this party, for, if it did not exist, our administration would be superior to that of Prussia, and we should be fast advancing in the paths of salutary improvement.' He perceived that the compact with Rome must be modified or abolished. It was for this reason that he had upheld the Siccardi laws, abolishing ecclesiastical privileges and immunities from civil courts, and the law of 1850 forbidding land purchase or grant by ecclesiastical corporations without royal sanction—somewhat analogous to the English mortmain—which were, after all, only acts of common justice.

The Pope, even at this stage, was beside himself with rage. To restrict his privileges was to affect at once his pride and his exchequer. Appeasing embassies were useless. He refused to see them, but his action only gave Piedmont the excuse to reform.

The real cause of action was the reconciliation of the ecclesiastical situation with the principles of the

*statuto* and the maintenance of the liberal and national Piedmontese policy in its civil relations with the Church and Court of Rome. But before proceeding further in its examination, this much should be said in Cavour's defence. His attention had for a long time past been directed to the deplorable position of the inferior clergy. The annual stipend of a large number of cures did not amount to five hundred francs, while the great dignitaries of the Church and the religious corporations possessed enormous revenues. In spite of a suggestion to restore these revenues to the State, Cavour openly and unreservedly opposed every project tending to dispossess the clergy. The alternative which he suggested will be detailed later. At any rate, Rome had no cause of complaint against him on this account.

Now, in the coming struggle, it must also be remembered that Cavour was absolutely unprejudiced. It cannot be repeated too often that Cavour lived and died in the Roman Catholic faith; but it was just because he revered his religion that he hated and abhorred the counterfeit which centuries of papal misrule had set up. He belonged to a devoted Roman Catholic family, whom he hated to offend, but in his life everything was subordinate to his one great object, the measure to which all other considerations must be referred. He had early come to the conclusion that adjustment with the Vatican was impossible, more especially now that a reaction had made the Pope adopt an impossible attitude.

‘If we put ourselves in direct relations with Rome,’ he writes to a friend at this time, ‘we completely ruin the political edifice we have so laboriously erected. If we enter into an arrangement with the Pope it will be

impossible for us to retain our influence in Italy. Let us not go too far, but neither let us suffer ourselves to retreat one step. You know that I am not a priest-hater, that I am disposed towards conciliation, and would willingly give the Church greater liberty than she now enjoys. You know that I should be disposed to give up the exequaturs, the exclusive management of the universities, &c., but, under the present circumstances, I am persuaded that all attempts at concord would be to our disadvantage.'

Cavour's solution of the problem is contained in the expression he was so fond of using: 'A liberal Church in a liberal State'—in other words, liberty and complete independence of civil and religious authority. Thus, in claiming social independence, he did not refuse liberty to the Church. 'Cavour had neither the passion of a leader of a faction, the subtlety of a casuist, nor the flippancy of a thoughtless innovator. In a liberty accepted without subterfuge, he saw a sure means of freedom for the lay portion of the country without in any degree subjecting the spiritual portion, namely, the Church.' Cavour, indeed, was a liberal, but his liberalism did not proceed from any sentiment of class-hatred or vulgar animosity.

But he saw in the priesthood a grave hindrance to his reforms. 'How can the clergy become converted to our institutions,' he exclaims impatiently, 'and how will they love them if, after having not unreasonably withdrawn some of the privileges which they enjoyed under the old *régime*, and just as we are about to deprive them of the few that remain, we should say to them: "We reform according to the principles of liberty and equality, but as to your independence and your liberty, we wish to preserve those traditions of the

past which we call the glorious heritage of our fathers" ? The best way of increasing the political influence of the clergy is to give them an exceptional position, persecute them, or even subject them to petty vexations.' But although Cavour was well aware of the dangers of clericalism, both in word and deed, he showed himself on the whole moderate and unprejudiced. Time has proved that his hope of establishing a free Church in a free State is not altogether unreasonable. Those who prophesied evil have found their anticipations falsified. 'The Italian monarch and the Roman Pontiff live and die as denizens of the same community, and the place, as we see, has also room for their successors.'

Towards the end of the year 1854, Ratazzi brought forward a Bill, by which corporations, that took part in public instruction, preaching, or nursing the sick, were abolished.

Now the favourite scheme of the liberal politicians was to confiscate the whole property of the Church, and to compensate the clergy by giving them pensions from the State; but Cavour, as we have already noticed, held a different view. He believed that the sole result of such a system would be to destroy the community of interests which still existed between the State and the regular clergy, which he earnestly hoped would continue to exist, and thus connect them even more closely with Rome than they were already. His plan of campaign may be briefly epitomised as follows:—He desired in the first place to reduce the number of clergy and to suppress conventual establishments. Then he hoped to raise the position of the poorer priesthood, since there were two or three thousand clergy in Piedmont having incomes under twenty pounds a year.

But Pius IX, more out of dislike to the free government of Sardinia than any care for the souls of his subjects, refused to countenance Cavour's reforms, so that the question had now to be raised as to whether the State should yield to the Church or cut itself adrift.

When all the usual preliminary negotiations with the Vatican had failed, and various appeals to the Pope's better feelings had been met by a constant reiteration of *non possumus*, Victor Emmanuel, without asking the advice of Cavour, sent a private mission to the Pope. But, in the meantime, Cavour had authorised Ratazzi to bring in the Bill for the suppression of religious houses. This action of course was not pleasing to the King; in fact he had looked upon the whole quarrel between the Vatican and his Government with feelings akin to superstitious fear. It seemed, too, as if the Divine Providence was revealing to him in a marked way the displeasure of heaven. While the debate on the Bill was actually in progress, Victor Emmanuel lost his mother, his brother, his wife, and his infant child. He was driven well-nigh distracted. It is hardly necessary to record that the artful friends of the Vatican seized the opportunity to play upon the feelings of the sensitive and superstitious monarch. Fortunately for his countrymen, in spite of his own personal feelings, he was too noble-minded and dutiful to allow them to interfere with what he deemed the right and inevitable course to adopt. 'They tell me that God has wished to punish me,' he said, 'that because I have consented to these laws He has taken away my mother, my wife, and my brother; they threaten me with still heavier punishments, but they do not seem to understand that a sovereign, who wishes



to secure his own happiness in the world to come, is bound first to assure the happiness of his people.' There is no greater proof of his worth than the fact that he resisted the temptation to give way before this storm. 'Ignorant and superstitious,' says Fyffe in his 'History of Modern Europe,' 'he had that rare and masculine quality of soul which, in the agony of bereavement and on the verge of the unseen world, remains proof against the appeal and against the terrors of a voice speaking with more than human authority.'

In the meantime, the struggle went forward. Cavour had sanctioned a law suppressing certain monastic orders, that law which the Pope designated 'a horrible and incredible assault of the Subalpine Government'; but it must be remembered that Cavour had insisted that the charitable orders should not be suppressed. 'I would quit the Ministry,' he said, 'ten times rather than bind myself to an act that would, in my opinion, be immensely prejudicial to our country in the eyes of civilised Europe.' His object had been to create a special fund endowed with the revenues of the suppressed orders, and dedicated entirely to the poorer clergy. He saw that the expropriation of the clergy would lead to the intensifying of the spirit of caste by the complete isolation of the priesthood. 'In France,' he said, 'before the Revolution, the clergy was, if I am not mistaken, as rich as that of Spain. It was totally stripped, and was not allowed to retain a vestige of its old possessions. What ensued? I have a great respect for the French clergy, and I admit that it is more moral and also more zealous than it used to be; but no one can deny that it is also less national and less liberal than was the clergy of the old *régime*. For

that was animated by a spirit of independence with regard to Rome, and a certain degree of attachment to national views; it had instincts of liberty. Now things are different. All facts go to prove that the modern French clergy is infinitely more Ultramontane than our national clergy. It will be said: "But there is another course that could be pursued. Let us leave the followers of the faith to remunerate their own clergy." Do you know what would be the consequence of this? A double amount of zeal, fanaticism, and Ultramontanism. Such a system exists in Ireland. There the clergy is unsalaried; its means of existence consists of charity and the voluntary contributions of the faithful. That clergy is both more fanatical and less liberal than the clergy of France.'

Cavour was careful to win the clergy over to his reforms. He received a Roman envoy at this time with the greatest cordiality, and remarked, when the latter made his departure: 'On leaving my house that brother has gone to the bishop's palace, where he will certainly not have had such a reception as I gave him. He will compare the two, return to Rome, tell his story, and, if he is honest, he will say that I am not the persecuting Minister and diabolical person which at Rome they imagine me to be.'

Ratazzi's Bill was passed in the Chamber of Deputies on the 2nd of March 1855, by a majority of one hundred and thirty-four. It was then sent up to the Senate, but, while it was there being discussed, the Archbishop of Novara offered the King to make good all the money he would gain by the suppression if the Bill were withdrawn. But the Archbishop made a mistake in thinking it was the money that Cavour wanted. Victor Emmanuel, however, hoping that he saw a way of averting the

wrath of Rome, asked Cavour to accede to the proposal, and on his refusal he accepted the resignation of the Ministry.

At this point D'Azeglio saved the situation. Of all the personalities that attract our attention in the history of the Italian revolution no one has such a charm for us as this noble-minded son of liberty. While the clergy were agitating to form a new administration, he strove, with that disinterestedness, generosity, and lofty patriotism which had distinguished his whole career, to rescue the country from so great a danger. He at once demanded an audience at the palace, which, for the first time in his life, was refused him. In a few hours he presented himself again, and was again refused admittance. Thereupon he composed an earnest letter to the King, imploring his Majesty to reconsider the situation. The text thereof is worthy of reproduction : 'Sire, in Spain it was once prohibited to touch the King, under pain of death. There was one King whose robe caught fire ; no one ventured to lay hands on him, and he was burnt to death. But were I to risk my head or the total loss of your Majesty's favour, I would think myself the most vile of men if, in a moment like this, I allowed your refusal to deter me from addressing you. Sire, believe in your old and faithful servant, who in your service has had no other object than your good, your fame, and the welfare of the country. I say it with tears in my eyes, and kneeling at your feet : do not proceed further in the road you have taken—there is yet time ; return to your previous one. A cabal of friars has succeeded in one day in destroying the work of your reign, in agitating the country, in undermining the constitution, and in obscuring your name for honesty and truth. There is not a moment to be lost. No

official announcement has as yet made it impossible for you to retreat. It was said that the Crown desired to take counsel on the subject; let the Crown say that these counsels have shown the proposed conditions to be inadmissible. Let what is just past be considered as if it had never been, and affairs will resume their normal and constitutional current. Sardinia will suffer everything except being put anew under the priestly yoke. Witness in Spain the result of the monkish intrigues to bring the Queen to sign a disgraceful concordat. To what has it reduced her? Similar intrigues produced the downfall of James Stuart, of Charles X, and many others. Your Majesty knows well that the things which I predicted have come to pass. Believe me—this is not a question of religion, but of interest. Amadeus II disputed for thirty years with Rome, and conquered at the last. Be firm, and your Majesty will likewise conquer. Do not be incensed against me. This act of mine is the act of an honest man, of a faithful subject, and of a true friend.’ The letter produced the desired effect, and so deeply did it move Victor Emmanuel that Cavour was recalled, and the Bill, in a slightly amended form, was passed at the end of May.

But for Cavour it had been a great struggle, one, as he said, carried on in Parliament, in the drawing-rooms, at the Court, and in the street, and rendered more painful by a crowd of distressing events. The Bill raised a very storm of passion. The Right, rallying round it a portion of the ministerial party, had poured forth invectives and denunciations. Calumny spread among the people, and intrigues were rife at Court. Nearer home, his own family, especially his brother, to whom he was devoted, was opposed to his religious policy. Through-

out the debate, the King had caused him the greatest anxiety, and above all he feared lest those formidable religious questions should become identified with revolutionary passions. Many concessions had to be made on all sides. 'We shall always count it one of the proudest acts of our political career,' Cavour said afterwards, 'that we knew how to sacrifice every personal consideration to the accomplishment of what we considered then, and consider now, as a sacred and bounden duty.'



## CHAPTER VI

### THE CRIMEAN WAR

WHEN the storm of the religious controversy had temporarily subsided, Cavour retired for a breathing space to Leri, always a sedative to his overwrought nerves. But he was not able to enjoy a well-merited repose for long. Already the Eastern Question was throwing its dark shadow upon the political horizon.

For the better understanding of subsequent events, it is necessary at this point to indulge in a cursory retrospect. In December of the year 1854, the Viennese Cabinet had signed a treaty with France and England. At the same time Cavour's devoted friend, Sir James Hudson, the English representative at Turin, received an order to propose a treaty of alliance with Piedmont. After much preliminary quarrelling, that treaty was signed uniting Piedmont to France and England, which Count Von Usedom called 'a pistol shot fired in the ear of Austria.'

The principal clause of the treaty provided that a Piedmontese army should be immediately sent to the Crimea. It was one of the boldest strokes of Cavour's life, and when he affixed his signature he said: 'I have undertaken a terrible responsibility, but, come what may, my conscience tells me that I have fulfilled a sacred duty.'

There arose at once a storm of senseless opposition, of which the following samples furnish a true estimate: 'The alliance is economically chargeable with rashness, militarily it is a piece of folly, and politically it is a crime'; and, again, 'Let us arise and swear that we will only consent to fight for the unity of Italy, and for those who aspire to defend their nationality'; and the judgment of Farini: 'We shall gain neither glory, nor political consideration, nor moral influence, nor even the respect of other Powers, by engaging in this war.' 'The alliance which is forced upon us,' said another, 'makes us accomplices in the oppression of peoples, and will place us powerless, unarmed, and ruined, at the mercy of the foreigner.' 'If the Chamber ratifies this treaty,' exclaimed Brofferio, 'there is an end of Piedmont and of Italy.' With this species of opprobrium they sought to overwhelm him.

The arguments of his opponents, however, it must be admitted, were sometimes difficult to answer satisfactorily. It was stated that an expensive and prolonged military expedition would ruin the state of the finances, in which there was already a deficit showing; that a nation on the point of recovery should be called upon to make useless sacrifices was in itself madness; that fellow-citizens should be sent to die on distant battlefields for no apparent cause, when the ground was still reeking with Piedmontese blood within a few miles of Turin, was little short of a crime; that two or three regiments sent to the Crimea would be of no consequence to the Allied Powers.

The difficulty that Cavour experienced in repelling these onslaughts was that he was obliged to conceal the fact that the treaty binding Austria to the Western Powers must be counterbalanced by the treaty just

ratified by the Sardinian Chamber. One aggressive word would have indisposed France and England, to whom the friendship of Austria was more necessary than the assistance of Piedmont. He was, therefore, obliged to have recourse to endless shifts in order to defend himself by arguments which almost exposed him to derision, and to strain to the utmost his personal influence to extort from the Chamber its consent. This was the only chance of his policy succeeding.

To meet the violent attacks of his political opponents, Cavour had prepared a convincing defence. 'We have joined the Alliance,' he said, 'without relinquishing our exterior sympathies, any more than our interior principles. We have not hidden our anxiety for the future of Italy, or our desire to see its condition ameliorated. But how, I shall be asked, can the treaty serve the cause of Italy? It will serve it in the only way possible—in the actual situation of Europe. The experience of these last years, as well as that of centuries, shows how little Italy has benefited by conspiracies, plots, revolutions, and futile excitements. Far from bettering her condition, they have been amongst the greatest evils which have befallen this beautiful portion of Europe, and that not only on account of the innumerable misfortunes to individuals resulting from them, but because these perpetual schemings, these insurrections and uprisings have resulted in a diminution of the esteem and sympathy which other nations might have entertained for Italy. . . . And now the first of conditions for the good of the peninsula is the restitution of her good name. To effect this, two things are necessary: first, we must prove to Europe that Italy has sufficient civil sagacity to govern herself liberally, and that she is in a position

to give herself the most perfect form of government; secondly, we must show that our military valour is still what it was in the time of our ancestors. In the last seven years you have done much for Italy. You have proved to Europe that the Italians can govern themselves sagaciously. But you must do more. Our country must give evidence that her children can fight courageously on the field. Believe this, that the glory which our soldiers will know how to achieve on the Eastern coasts will do more for the future of Italy than all the noisy talking in the world.'

Doubtless, on the face of it, the participation of Piedmont in the Crimean War seemed somewhat unnecessary, but if the why and the wherefore for England and France going to war are to be examined, the answer will not be much more satisfactory, and if the ulterior results are held to constitute a justification, Cavour can certainly boast success.

Victor Emmanuel was not so eager for his army to start when once he discovered that he could not take the command in person. La Marmora, on the other hand, who had first expressed himself doubtful as to the expediency of the enterprise, hastened on the preparations. Cavour, of course, was filled with renewed energy, and turned his attention to the provision of expenses.

There had been some talk of an English subsidy, but it was one of the main principles of Cavour's life, whenever he hastened his countrymen into action, to take good care that they should not be too much beholden to other countries for success. We shall discern this later on in the war with Austria. He had no idea of converting Piedmont into a paid auxiliary. His object was to bring Piedmont up to the level of

other European countries, not to subordinate her by incurring obligations. The subsidy, therefore, if it was ever offered, was certainly rejected.

In the month of April in the year 1855, General La Marmora started with fifteen thousand troops for the Crimea. Victor Emmanuel had wanted to accompany the army, but domestic affairs were in too distracted a state to admit of his leaving the kingdom. The dispute over the Ratazzi laws, detailed above, was at its fiercest. On the eve of his departure, the King congratulated La Marmora on going to fight the Russians while he was left to fight with monks and nuns. The King favoured the project of sending a Sardinian army to the Crimea mainly on the ground that it might restore the military reputation of his troops. For once he did not appear to see so far ahead as Cavour. The treaty, in fact, was chiefly the work of his Minister, but perhaps Cavour could never have accomplished it without the staunch support of Victor Emmanuel.

The Sardinian soldiers proved themselves worthy of their King and country. They faced the enemy with courage, and they underwent the severest hardships without a murmur. Soon after their arrival at the seat of war, the knell of the brave began to toll. The expedition was not exactly fortunate at the outset. The army, instead of meeting the enemy in the field which they were so eagerly anticipating, were smitten by a fell disease, a stronger adversary, which carried off some of its best soldiers and most experienced officers. But although cholera attacked the ranks and disappointment had attended their first efforts, nothing seemed to damp the enthusiasm or shake the nerve of the gallant little army.



There is a story told that, on one of their marches, when a poor soldier was noticed weary and struggling in the deep mud of a bad road, a young officer cheered him with the words: 'Never mind, it is with this mud that Italy is to be cemented!' This utterance is only typical of the spirit that animated the Sardinian troops in their efforts to prove to the world that patriotism among Italians was still existent. The patriotic fervour which sustained the gallant little army in its first trial communicated itself to the Italian people, and in the glow of their pride they hailed its success as the commencement of better things.

At home, Cavour watched the course of events in the Crimea with anxiety. The failure of the expedition would have been a blow not only to his reputation and ambition as a statesman, but to the cause of Italy. 'We often meet together,' he writes to General La Marmora, 'and we always speak of you. Our thoughts and our best wishes are with you in that glorious but hazardous campaign, to which your devotion to your country has led you.'

One Sunday, during this critical period of the campaign, Cavour sat under the trees at Santena, his family home, whither he had gone with Sir James Hudson, Ratazzi, Minghetti, and Massari. 'I knew it,' he suddenly exclaimed, 'when I advised the King and the country to venture upon this great enterprise, I was sure that we should meet with many heavy obstacles, and be sorely tried, but this battle with disease fills me with alarm; it is an evil complication. Let us not be discouraged, however; now that we have thrown ourselves headlong into the fight it is useless to look back. I know that, when dying, Rosmini expressed a presentiment that the Western Powers would conquer.

I hope so, and I too believe it. Never mind, we are but under a cloud.'

It must have been in a transport of delight that on the 16th of August Cavour broke open the following despatch from the front: 'This morning the Russians, with fifty thousand men, attacked the lines of the Tchernaya. Our password was "King and country." This evening you will know by telegram whether the Piedmontese were worthy to fight beside the French and English. We have two hundred dead, the French despatches will tell you the rest.'

As a matter of fact the Piedmontese troops had behaved with exemplary valour and fortitude. It is said that in the Crimean campaign Sardinia, by the side of the French and English armies, consecrated in the blood of her sons the right of leadership in the national cause, and won the recognition of that right from the Allied Powers. 'Italy then was no longer counted a land of conspirators and opera-singers, but a land of soldiers.' Cavour's hopes had been fulfilled and his aspirations made good. One stage had been accomplished along the route that was to lead to unity and freedom. His being had now become absorbed in one paramount purpose, and if it is true that the secret of success is constancy to our convictions, Cavour stood a very fair chance of succeeding in his object.

## CHAPTER VII

## THE CONGRESS OF PARIS

WHEN the smoke of the Crimean War had cleared away, Victor Emmanuel set out, accompanied by Cavour and D'Azeglio, on a friendly visit to Paris and London. Cavour remarked cheerily that D'Azeglio's presence was necessary on this expedition, to prove to Europe that Italians were not infected with revolutionary leprosy.

Everywhere Victor Emmanuel was welcomed as the sovereign of a small kingdom which had played an important part in European affairs, 'a small England in Italy.'

While in Paris the Emperor is supposed to have inquired of the King: 'What can be done for Italy?' It is probable that this story was purely imaginary, but no doubt Louis Napoleon was coming rapidly under the influence of Cavour and the forces that Cavour had set in motion, and the future of Italy was probably in some way introduced into the conversation at the imperial audiences.

The reception at Buckingham Palace was less cordial than that at the Tuileries. A rumour was current at the time that the widowed King of Sardinia aspired to the hand of the Princess Mary of Cambridge, and that the match was looked upon with disfavour in high circles. If there is any truth in the story, it may

account for the lack of cordiality which was certainly noticeable.

Cavour did not seem to enjoy this travelling in the train of royalty. From six o'clock in the morning until two hours after midnight he was always on the move. He complained that he had never led so unquiet a life or one so useless. 'When I shall reckon up my various rights to a retiring pension, I hope that the present trip will be counted as a campaign.' He even sometimes regretted not being able to go to the theatre to seek consolation in the sight of the nymphs of the ballet. But in spite of these good-humoured complaints his journey was not quite so useless as he represented. He saw all phases of life in Paris, he spent much of his time in the company of men such as Thiers and Montalembert, and, in the course of private political discussion, laid in a store of information useful for his purpose.

In the meantime the great question of a Congress to settle proposals of peace was laid before the world. Cavour did not wish at first to represent his country : he was only anxious that Sardinia should figure thereat with dignity. Already her position in Europe was ameliorated by the part she had played in the Crimea. No better illustration of this fact could be provided than the altered relations with Austria. An instance of this was offered at the time, when a diplomatic appointment in Tuscany was objected to by the Austrian Government. Cavour had taken sufficient courage to protest against the assumption that Austria had any right of interference in the relations between Tuscany and Piedmont. Count Buol was obliged to withdraw his objection, and thus the fact that the Court of Turin ventured to withstand Austria proved to the world that

the Crimean campaign had considerably modified the prestige of that foreign Power in Italy.

It was not surprising, then, that Cavour, encouraged with his recent success, should hope that the duties of the Sardinian plenipotentiary at the Congress of Paris would be something more than nominal. As a matter of fact, his memorandum, sent later on to the Emperor, contained a recommendation that the Austrians should evacuate Bologna. This looked as if Cavour intended that Italian affairs should be thoroughly and impartially discussed by the Powers sitting in Congress.

The King appointed Massimo D'Azeglio in the first instance to be his representative in Paris. It was at this juncture that Cavour played a game which requires some explanation if it is not to reflect discredit on himself. D'Azeglio had announced that he would only accept the post the King had offered him on the condition that Sardinia was received on an equality with the other Powers. Although Cavour knew that this condition had already been refused, he did not let D'Azeglio know of the refusal. But D'Azeglio, seized with suspicion at the eleventh hour, insisted on seeing all the diplomatic correspondence relative to the Congress before he left Turin. He read the documents and discovered the trick which Cavour had played upon him. In unpublished matter there may yet be found some satisfactory solution, but, on the face of facts, it would appear that Cavour had practised deceit upon a generous colleague, for which there can be little or no excuse.

His action, however, was to be, in the end, not only innocent in its effects, but even for the good of Italy D'Azeglio refused now to go, and it remained



only for Cavour to fulfil the mission abandoned by his friend, which was the consummation most to be desired.

At first Cavour seemed to protest: 'What is the good,' he said, 'of my going, to be treated like a child?' But other considerations bore weight. It was quite obvious that he alone was capable of adjusting the political focus upon Italian affairs, and eventually, when the situation had been brought home to him, he consented to undertake the arduous and difficult task which, as a matter of fact, was exactly fitted to the qualities of his genius.

He had not long arrived in Paris when he heard that the Emperor, with the consent of England, conceded the point as to placing the representative of Sardinia on the same footing with the other Powers. Austria protested for a while, declaring that Piedmont was only a State of the second order, and could claim no right to be represented at the Congress, but this attitude was ruled unfair. It was undignified, according to Austrian notions, that the Great Powers should allow a mischievous little State, of only four millions of inhabitants, to take part in their deliberations; that Piedmont had sent a few wretched battalions to the Crimea was no reason why she should be allowed to treat on terms of equality with empires whose armies amounted to hundreds of thousands.

Courteous, patient, and shrewd, Cavour at first kept well in the background. The situation, as far as Italy was concerned, was one that demanded tact and patience. Russia was in some degree being supported by France against the hostility of England, and England was backed by Austria. This tendency of England to unite with Austria was not the least of Cavour's

difficulties. His policy, from the day of his arrival in Paris, rested upon an alliance with England, which he had hoped to cement by the assistance of Sardinian troops in the Crimea. Therefore at first he was obliged to feel his way with caution. But when he let his voice be heard, he spoke with such moderation and precision as at once to excite the astonishment of men who, by profession, were bound to be astonished at nothing. He showed so great a knowledge of the subjects under discussion, especially of all the facts relating to the Danubian principalities, that he secured in these deliberations a degree of authority, which every day was less contested. He knew that his vote, as envoy of Sardinia, was not of much value. When he was obliged to speak he spoke concisely and clearly, always maintaining the most liberal views. He took great care to keep well in with France and England. Although he admitted himself no diplomatist, at any rate he was sagacious enough to see that it was to his interest to treat Russia well, while Austria, who had taken practically no part in the war, was treated with small consideration. In consequence, Count Orloff, the Russian representative, was not a little grateful to the Italian Minister, and, it is told, one day when the question of the neutralisation of the Black Sea was under discussion, he turned to Cavour and said, in a voice loud enough to be heard: 'Count Buol speaks as though the Austrians had taken Sebastopol.' Again, when Austria was disputing over a small concession of territory, Orloff whispered to Cavour: 'Austria's plenipotentiary does not know how much blood or how many tears this rectification of boundaries will cost his country.'

His methods of diplomacy were unusual. He always

maintained that to be outspoken was the best means of confounding the adversary. Consequently he became frank in the society of men who carried the arts of dissimulation and evasion to a point of Oriental perfection.

Cavour took care, during his stay in Paris, to obtain interviews with Louis Napoleon, Lord Clarendon, Lord Cowley, and Count Orloff. 'Cavour's easy manners,' says De la Rive, 'and his absence of all affectation or pretension—in a word, the captivating turn of his genius—dispelled first prejudices, smoothed down first difficulties, and cleared the way for an ascendancy which no one thought of resisting, and which was gradually and imperceptibly confirmed.' He left no stone unturned to enlist the sympathies of all who could in any way help him. He made a convert of a fair countess, who is supposed to have had some authority with the French Emperor. When the Marchioness of Ely arrived, to represent Queen Victoria at the christening of the Prince Imperial, Cavour took care to be obsequious. He even 'made up to' Lady Holland's dog. The two persons, however, who were really useful to him were Prince Napoleon and Dr. Conneau. The latter was destined in the future to be the intermediary between Cavour and the Emperor. Dr. Conneau was one of the Emperor's oldest friends. He had been a *protégé* of his mother Queen Hortense, who, on her deathbed, made him promise never to forsake her son. Henceforward Conneau became Louis Napoleon's confidant. He opened and read the Emperor's letters and despatches. He was entrusted with the distribution of the Emperor's private charities. He held the official position of principal physician attached to the Emperor's person, and Louis Napoleon

regarded him as his *fidus Achates*. This was the man whose friendship it was worth Cavour's while to cultivate. Here was a means of gaining the Emperor's ear. His ambition was to urge the Congress to consider the Italian question, and to champion the cause of his fellow-countrymen, but his difficulty was that it could not be openly discussed, as, of course, Austria had the right of objection.

At first, Cavour found Walewski, who acted in the capacity of President, most difficult to propitiate. 'Walewski is our most constant enemy,' he complains, 'we are in consequence authorised to make violent war upon him.' But all really seemed to depend on whether Cavour could fascinate Louis Napoleon.

In one of the numerous letters which he addressed to D'Azeglio during the sitting of the Congress, he writes: 'At last I have managed that the Emperor should take an interest in Italian affairs. Completely in accord with Lord Clarendon on my plan relative to Romagna, I asked for an audience. Unhappily my request arrived just at the moment when the Empress entered upon the pains of childbed.'

It was only a short time before the peace was actually signed that Cavour sent in his note to the English and French plenipotentiaries, setting forth clearly the situation in Italy. His main idea, as we have before noticed, was the separation of Romagna from the States of the Church. Another, hardly subordinate, was the reunion of Parma and Modena with Piedmont.

On the 30th of March, he writes: 'Peace is signed. The drama is finished, and the curtain falls without a single result which could materially be for our benefit. This conclusion is sad, but not discouraging. The

opinion with regard to Italy has, thanks to us, considerably altered in our favour.'

On the 8th of April, at last an opportunity offered itself to discuss Italian politics. The French plenipotentiary diplomatically confused all the questions at issue. Louis Napoleon's object was to find an excuse for recalling his troops from Rome, and to oblige Austria to withdraw her garrisons from the Legations, but Count Buol instantly protested the incompetency of the Congress to discuss such matters.

Nevertheless, Count Walewski criticised the rule of the King of Naples, declaring that the condition of the Roman States was abnormal. He urged the Congress to address a note to the sovereigns of Italy, pressing upon them the importance of not disregarding, as they had hitherto done, the provisions of the Treaty of Vienna, and counselling them to adopt a more liberal policy in their respective States. Lord Clarendon, moreover, in a speech which almost exceeded the bounds of discretion, so much had he come under the influence of Cavour, announced it as his opinion that the condition of the Romagna, hovering between a state of siege and a state of brigandage, was frightful, adding that the only remedy for such a state of things was secularisation, liberal reforms, and an administration conformable to the spirit of the age. Cavour corroborated and elaborated these admissions. He maintained that Lord Clarendon's words applied to the whole peninsula, and, to quote from his speech, 'that Austria, stretching her power from the Ticino to Venice, encamped at Ferrara and Bologna, mistress of Piacenza, and possessing a garrison at Parma, destroyed the political equilibrium of Italy, and constituted a permanent menace to Sardinia. The Sardinian



Plenipotentiaries, therefore, think it their duty to call the attention of Europe to a state of things so abnormal, that which results from the indefinite occupation of a great portion of Italy by Austrian troops.'

In the course of the discussion Cavour was requested to indicate the reforms necessary to insure tranquillity in the Papal States. To this request he refused to offer any programme of the kind proposed. He proclaimed boldly his conviction that it was impossible for the Pope to follow the advice given him, and he declared explicitly that the only means of restoring the Romagna and the Marches—a name applied to the Adriatic provinces of the Pope—to their normal condition, and of rendering it possible to govern them without a foreign occupation, was to separate their government entirely from that of Rome, and to make them judicially and administratively independent. In a letter descriptive of these proceedings, Cavour writes: 'The séance turned upon the Italian question. Walewski was, as usual, feeble. He allowed Buol to be fairly insolent, and he failed altogether to arrive at any practical conclusion. Clarendon, who foresaw this, thought to abandon his diplomatic reserve, and he spoke of the King of Naples and the Pope as they deserve. He said straight out that the Government of Rome was the worst in the world. He has broken the windows. He contemplates rendering an account of his speech to Palmerston, destined to be published. I was much more moderate. I persist in believing that we must be as much more calm in words, as we have the intention to be, if the occasion presented itself, more audacious in deeds.'

Not the least interesting episode in the history of the Congress was the encounter between Cavour and

Lord Clarendon. The latter had begun by being wary of the Italian statesman, but had been so won over to the Italian cause in the excitement of the times that, in his calmer moments, he was compelled to place a much more moderate construction on the words which in the heat of dispute he had let fall too hastily. Soon after this sitting Cavour paid a private visit to Lord Clarendon. What passed at this interview is best told in his own words: 'I have just been to see Clarendon,' he writes to D'Azeglio. 'Here is a *résumé* of our conversation: "You see, my Lord, that there can only be two results from what has passed. Firstly, that Austria has determined to make no concession, and secondly, that Italy can hope for nothing more from diplomacy. That being so, the position of Piedmont becomes excessively difficult. It is necessary for her either to make it up with Austria and the Pope, or to prepare prudently for a war with Austria. In the first alternative I ought to retire to give place to the retrogressives; in the second, I must know that my ideas are not in opposition to those of our best ally, England." Lord Clarendon rubbed his chin violently, but did not wear the air of a man astonished in the least. After a minute of silence he said to me: "You are perfectly right, you cannot do otherwise, only you must not say so." I rejoined, "You ought to see that I am neither a babbler nor imprudent. Also I think we ought to wait for an opportune moment. But also that we ought to have a definite goal, towards which to direct our political march. War does not frighten me. We shall decide to wage it *à outrance*, to the knife. Moreover, if only it lasts, you would be forced to help us." At this point Clarendon took his hand from his chin and exclaimed, "Certainly, certainly, with all our

hearts, and with the greatest energy." I finished by saying: "With La Marmora we will give the Austrians a deal of trouble. Yes, of that I am certain." Lord Clarendon afterwards denied that he had ever uttered these words, and maintained that whatever he may have said to Cavour, he had no intention of urging Piedmont to resort to war. If this assertion is true, we must only come to the conclusion that Cavour, carried away by his own optimism, which gave a colour to the opinions expressed by Lord Clarendon, placed an interpretation upon the English statesman's words, which they were not originally intended to convey.

On the 16th of April, Cavour wrote official notes to France and England intimating that the condition of Piedmont was becoming insupportable, and that if nothing were done to help her, she would have either to bend under the yoke or fight. 'Internally troubled by the action of revolutionary passions, instigated around her by a system of violent repression and by foreign occupation, menaced with a still greater extension of Austrian power, the King of Sardinia may from one moment to another be compelled, by an inevitable necessity, to adopt extreme measures, of which it is impossible to see the consequences.'

To D'Azeglio he wrote, and implored him to repeat to Lord Palmerston the sentence, which he intended should be reiterated throughout Europe: '*Que voulez-vous dans la position que le Congrès a faite à l'Italie? Les hommes modérés comme M. de Cavour n'espèrent plus que dans une guerre générale, et les hommes violents dans un cataclysme universel.*'

Cavour had worked himself up into a state of great excitement. He had, it must be remembered, for the first time officially announced the fact to Europe that

the existence of the free State of Sardinia was incompatible with the maintenance of the Austrian dominion in Italy. At last he had caught the attention of the whole Continent. But, throughout the sittings of the Congress, he had successfully held in check those feelings of anxiety and excitement that he must have experienced, and submitted wisely to the plain necessity of the case. He did not wish to pluck the fruit before it was ripe. Writing home to Turin he says: 'I trust that after reading this you will not imagine that I have brain fever, or that I have fallen into a state of delirium; on the contrary, the condition of my intellectual health is excellent. I have never felt more calm, I have even obtained a great reputation for moderation. Clarendon has often told me that Prince Napoleon accuses me of being wanting in energy, and even Walewski praises my behaviour; I am really persuaded, however, that boldness might not be unattended with success.'

Later he writes: 'I have seen the Emperor, and I said much the same thing to him as I said to Lord Clarendon, only putting it a little more mildly. He listened courteously, and said he hoped to bring Austria to a better view of things. He told me that, on the occasion of last Saturday's dinner, he had said to Count Buol that he deeply regretted to find himself in positive contradiction to the Emperor of Austria on the Italian question, upon which Count Buol immediately went to Walewski to tell him that Austria's greatest desire was to comply with the Emperor's wishes in every respect, that France was her only ally, and that it was therefore imperative that she should follow the same policy. The Emperor appeared pleased with this mark of friendship, and he repeated that he would take advantage of it to obtain concessions from Austria. I showed

myself incredulous: I insisted on the necessity for adopting a decided attitude, and I told him that, to begin with, I had prepared a protest which I would hand to Walewski the following day. The Emperor hesitated long, and finally said: 'Go to London, come to a clear understanding with Palmerston, and then come and see me.' The Emperor must have spoken to Buol, for he came to me with a thousand protestations about Austria's good feeling towards us, her desire to live peaceably with us, and to respect our institutions, &c., and more humbug of that sort. I replied that he had not given much evidence of such a wish when at Paris, and that I was leaving with a conviction that the understanding between us was worse instead of better. The conversation was a long and animated one, but always in a tone of urbanity and courtesy. At parting he shook my hand, saying: 'Allow me to hope that even politically we shall not be adversaries.' I conclude from these words that Buol is somewhat uneasy at the exhibitions of opinion in our favour, and possibly also at what the Emperor may have said to him. Orloff made a thousand protestations of friendship. He agreed with me that the condition of Italy was insupportable. Even the Prussian speaks ill of Austria. After all, if we have not gained anything practically in the eyes of the world, our victory is complete.'

When Cavour again visited England, he realised that in this country he would not soon be forgiven for having treated Russia tenderly, for having defended the independence of the Principalities, as he had done, for having, in fact, proved lukewarm in his support of the requirements of England. He discovered that it was the policy of the moment to find a pretext for



blaming him, and he perceived that the feelings of the British Cabinet had decidedly cooled towards Piedmont, and that only scanty sympathy had been at present aroused in the affairs of Italy. He was able to see but very little of Lord Palmerston, and was obliged to console himself with the reflection that if no other concession had been made to him, at least he had 'acquired the right to touch upon forbidden questions.'

On his return to Turin, he was naturally assailed with the question, 'What have you gained for us at the Congress?' It was a difficult question to answer to those who expected some visible, tangible result. Massimo D'Azeglio complained that Cavour had returned without even the smallest duchy in his pocket; but Cavour did not want a duchy, he wanted rather a united kingdom, and in this direction he had made a distinct advance. During his first speech, after his return, he showed that the result of the Paris negotiations had not been to improve their relations with Austria. 'We have not reached any very definite object, it is true, but we have secured two things. . . . In the first place the anomalous and unhappy situation of Italy has been laid before Europe, not by demagogues or hot-headed revolutionists, nor again by excited journalists, but by the representatives of the highest Powers of Europe, by statesmen who govern the greatest nations, and who are accustomed to take counsel of reason rather than emotion. In the second place these very Powers have declared that it was not only in the interest of Italy, but in that of Europe, that the ills of Italy should be remedied. I cannot believe that a judgment passed and a counsel given by such Powers as those of France and England can be barren of good results. The principles which have

guided us in these last years have enabled us to make a good advance. For the first time in the whole course of our history the Italian question has been broached and discussed in a European Congress, not as formerly at Laybach and Verona, with a view to aggravate the evils Italy had to bear and put new chains about her neck, but, on the contrary, with the openly avowed object of finding some remedy for her oppressed condition, and to exhibit the sympathies of great nations towards her. The Congress is ended, and now the cause of Italy is brought before the tribunal of public opinion. The action may be long and the shiftings many, but we wait the issue of it with entire confidence.' And his predictions were soon to be fulfilled. Already the republican and Mazzinian societies began to lose ground before the growing confidence in the House of Savoy, in its Minister, and in its army.

Here, then, was the object that he had attained. He had placed his cause before Europe, his persuasion seemed to have borne its fruit, and European Powers should now be his advocates. No more striking proof could be afforded of his success at the Congress than the subsequent change in the Italian policy of the Austrian Government. Up to this time the Austrian idea of ruling Northern Italy was to inflict upon its people a yoke worse than Egyptian bondage, but after Cavour's protestations to the Powers in Congress all this was changed. The Emperor Francis Joseph came to Milan to proclaim a general amnesty. The sequestered estates were restored to their respective owners. The government of the sword was declared at an end, and the Archduke Maximilian was sent into Italy in the vain hope of winning over the Italians to their former oppressors. The Piedmontese began to see

that, although he had not brought back the smallest of duchies in his pocket, Cavour had gained a great moral victory. For the first time he enjoyed unquestioned popularity. From all parts of Italy addresses were presented to him. Engravings, statuettes, and medals in his honour were distributed throughout the land. He had made it impossible that the political systems of Austria and Italy should co-exist in the peninsula, he had reinstated Piedmont as the champion of the great national cause, and he had made war inevitable. In the same year that saw the return of the Sardinian troops from the front King Victor Emmanuel laid the first stone of the monument erected by subscriptions from all Italy, in memory of those who had fallen in the Austrian campaign, the statue of a foot-soldier waving his sword towards the Austrian frontier.

Cavour now saw that a little delay was necessary to mature his schemes and to familiarise his countrymen with the new situation. He himself was at length supreme in a submissive Chamber. His opponents and detractors had retired to their proper subordination, and he was acknowledged by all Italians as the statesman destined for the accomplishment of his country's mission. Gradually he had arrived at an eminence on which he stood alone, at such an elevation above his colleagues that they seemed to serve no other purpose than that of recognising a power, henceforth beyond the reach of either their support or their attack, but in his triumph there was to be found no element of self-interest. Carlyle says that adversity is sometimes hard upon a man, but for one who can stand prosperity there are a hundred that will stand adversity. Cavour was as little injured by the one state as by the other. Neither despondent in adversity nor overbearing in

success, he was actuated by one motive alone, the good of his countrymen. In the plenitude of his power this was his only ambition. Whatever his critics may allege to the contrary, it was not so much his own personal aggrandisement that he sought in the field of Italian politics, although he doubtless recognised that it was incidental to the achievement of his ends, as the fulfilling of a patriotic duty that impelled his every action. They say that the full cup requires a steady hand. Cavour was so constituted that he would never allow his intelligence to be the dupe of personal vanity. It was because his ambition was of that order which Mr. Morley attributes to Gladstone, 'ambition in a better sense, the motion of a resolute and potent genius, to use strength for the purposes of strength, to clear the path, dash obstacles aside, force good causes forward.'

Cavour had now taken into his own hands the ministries of commerce, finance, foreign affairs, and the interior. It was not that he was greedy of power that he monopolised these offices, but it was rather because he was convinced, and the Italians shared his conviction, that he could manage State affairs better than any of his colleagues. As long as he attained his ends he cared but little by the aid of what colleagues or what party he realised his object. His rule, indeed, resembled a dictatorship, but he led as a dictator who was willing to accept all the conditions of a parliamentary life. He looked upon Parliament as a powerful lever for practical government. His aim was always to remain constitutional. 'I am what I am,' he said, 'because I am fortunate enough to be a constitutional Minister. A parliamentary Government has its drawbacks like any other, and yet, with all its drawbacks, it

is worth more than all the others. I may lose patience with the opposition I meet with, and resist it energetically, but then on reflection I am thankful for such opposition, since it compels me to make my views more intelligible and to renew my efforts to convince the majority. An absolute Minister commands; a constitutional Minister, in order to be obeyed, must persuade, and I mean to persuade the majority that I am right. Believe me, the most inferior Chamber of representatives is preferable to the most brilliant imperial anteroom.'

When he returned to Turin, he found himself once again face to face with two grave problems. In the first place the new elections were far from being entirely favourable to the new Ministry owing to the peace party, and in the second place the clerical problem was once again to the fore. 'The unfortunate side of the question,' he writes, 'is to be found in the part which religion has been made to play. Prelates urged on by Rome and Paris have organised a real conspiracy *more* Mazzini. Secret committees and numerous associations have been organised with the assistance of the bishops and curés throughout the kingdom. The "mot d'ordre," issued from the Central Committee, spreads with the rapidity of lightning throughout every "commune," after passing through the Episcopal Palace and the Presbytery. The Committee has decided upon employing every available spiritual weapon for the purpose of influencing the electors. The confessional has been converted into a professor's chair for the purpose of indoctrinating the faithful. Priests have been authorised to draw largely upon Paradise and hell. Rome has, for this purpose, opened them an unlimited credit on the next world.



The result is that the liberals are in a state of extreme irritation against the clergy, and that there will be as much difficulty in restraining them as in combating their adversaries. I do not despair of success, but I do not shut my eyes to the dangers to which the Government is exposed; the slightest false step, right or left, may upset the boat.'

In a letter dated the 26th of May 1856, Lord Clarendon wrote to Cavour intimating to him that her Majesty's Government saw some danger for the peace of Europe, and for the balance of power, in the irregular fact of the occupation of Rome by the French troops, for the support given by alien troops to the maladministration of a State fostered popular discontent, and developed revolutionary tendencies. The British Government had, after the peace, advised Cavour to disarm the opposition of Austria by depriving her of every plausible reason for combating the policy of Piedmont, but Cavour had merely replied that England was at liberty to renew her old alliance, but upon that ground he could not follow her. Two causes tended to prolong a coldness that was new in the intercourse of England and Piedmont. One was the frontier question of *Bolgrad*, and the other was what is called the '*Cagliari*' affair. The '*Cagliari*,' a Sardinian merchant ship, which carried the ill-fated expedition of *Pisacane* to *Sapri*, was captured by the Neapolitan Government, and the crew, two of whom were English, were taken in chains to *Salerno*. But Cavour, in spite of these obstacles, remained firm in the course he was determined to pursue to the end. He relied upon the English good sense, and now, having elevated Piedmont, he must do something to justify her elevation before the European Powers.

## CHAPTER VIII

### GARIBALDI

IN the month of August 1856, the first meeting between Garibaldi and Cavour took place.

The career of this famous adventurer is perhaps one of the most remarkable in history. Born in the year 1807 of seafaring parents, he had been brought up amid surroundings which would naturally influence a romantic temperament. The circumstances of his family not unfrequently obliged him in his early youth to find a living on the fishermen's crafts of the Riviera. In character, we are told, he was not as other boys. He kept more or less aloof from the games of his comrades; he loved rather to climb the lonely mountains around his home. He was by nature contemplative and fond of solitude. When quite young he went with his father to Rome, and it was there that, amid the distressing evidences of faded glory, a lively determination was first aroused within the breast of the youthful patriot, which subsequently decided the bent of his principles.

He was destined by his parents for a clerical career, but his innate love of freedom and adventure led him in the way of a seafaring life, and accordingly, at the age of twenty-one, he found himself second in command of the brig 'Cortese,' bound for the Black Sea. During his subsequent voyages in the East he was

constantly coming into collision with pirates, and was thus enabled to test his prowess, of which he had an ample store. His letters at this time show a kindling affection and craving for national liberty, which his intercourse with the despotic nations of the East served to develop and mature.

In the year 1834, Garibaldi threw in his lot with Mazzini, and in the rash affair of St. Julien discovered to his cost that the times were not yet ripe for revolution in Italy. Disguised as a peasant he succeeded in reaching Nice after numerous adventures and privations, and from thence he arrived at Marseilles, where for the first time he saw his name in print, on the list of those condemned to death for their complicity in Mazzini's enterprise. Realising the hopelessness of the cause he had championed, he then embarked on board a brig bound for Rio Janeiro, and there began life anew as a trader, apparently with indifferent success. 'Of myself,' he writes at the time, 'I can only say that as yet Fortune does not smile upon my endeavours. What chiefly afflicts me, however, is the consciousness that I am doing nothing towards furthering our cause. I am weary of dragging on an existence so useless to our country, while compelled to devote my energies to this paltry trade. Be assured we are destined for better things. We are out of our element here !' This letter, written as it was in exile, reveals that thus early he had conceived definite ideas for the future of his native land. After nine months of 'this paltry trade' he entered the service of Don Gonzales, President of Rio Grande, and as a privateer he took the command of a small ship, which he christened 'Mazzini,' with the purpose of carrying on a war against the Emperor of Brazil. In this capacity he met with a series of ad-

ventures, a detailed account of which would thoroughly appeal to the taste of a romantic-minded schoolboy, but need not here detain the reader. In a naval action he was severely wounded, was afterwards accommodated in a Spanish house on giving his parole not to escape, broke his parole and was recaptured, and underwent an ordeal worthy of the Spanish Inquisition. He was suspended by his wrists, so the story runs, for two hours, but flatly refused to breathe a word of information concerning the plans of his leader. For two months afterwards he was confined to prison, but the Governor set him at large on discovering that he was of no use as an informant.

Once free, he fought more battles under the standard of Gonzales, spending his whole time between wild hostilities and no less wild flirtations. He was an excellent shot and adroit swordsman, and as a gallant lover left nothing to be desired. But his luck was not all favourable, and in his fights he complains of the discouragements, before which he often felt inclined to succumb.

But one day, the romantic Anita appeared upon the scene. Garibaldi met his fate washing clothes at the riverside, a pastime which must have been foreign to her nature. We are told that she loved the battlefield; any scene of danger was but a pleasing excitement to her. There was but one fault in the eyes of Garibaldi: she was betrothed to another. But this seemed not to be an insurmountable difficulty to the adventurer. One day Anita escaped with Garibaldi, whose only regret was that two hearts so united should be the cause of sorrow to some poor innocent man.

They sailed away to a honeymoon of war. It was Anita who pointed the first gun in the subsequent

attack on the Brazilians and refused to go below, although the bullets were shrieking around her. 'If I do,' she said, 'it will be but to drive out those cowards who have sought concealment down there.' Such was the nature of Anita, a worthy companion to the future Italian leader.

This astounding bride gave birth to a son at the very moment of battle. Sooner than fall into the enemy's hand, only twelve days after his birth, she mounted her saddle, and with her babe across her lap took refuge in the woods during a pitiless storm, the while that Garibaldi risked pistol-shots, floods, and every form of personal danger to reach a distant town, where he could buy clothing for his firstborn.

After six years of adventurous service in the Republic of Rio Grande, he bought a drove of cattle and set out for Montevideo; but the cattle business failing, he set up as a schoolmaster and then—a commercial traveller, trading in Italian silks! Such monotonous occupations, however, were not to his taste, and the Montevideans being about to engage in a struggle with Rosas, Dictator of Buenos Ayres, he enlisted in their service, once again to embark upon a career of naval warfare. He was placed in command of an Italian legion, given a banner with a representation of Vesuvius in eruption depicted thereon, and, with an army of only one hundred and eighty-four troops and a handful of cavalry, held at bay an enemy fifteen hundred strong on the plains of St. Antonio, a victory certainly more worthy to be remembered than any he gained subsequently in Italy.

Garibaldi was made a general by the grateful Montevideans, but he refused any further emoluments, declaring that the Italians had taken up the cause



of Montevideo only in the interests of liberty, and not for any other species of advancement or gain. So far did he carry out this principle that for some time he went without a shirt, and retired to bed at sunset to save the price of a candle.

Every mail at this period brought news of the great national movement in Italy, and so much did it stir the patriotic sentiment of Garibaldi that he rallied the somewhat unresponsive Italians of Montevideo, and made preparations to embark on the 'Esperanza' for his native land. Hearing that Charles Albert had, on the 7th of February 1848, by royal proclamation made public his consent to the long-awaited 'Statuto,' he started on his journey. When in sight of his native shores, he set up aloft the Sardinian flag, constructed by the faithful Anita out of half a counterpane, a red shirt, and a piece of old green uniform, and thus sailed into Nice after an absence of fourteen years, destined now to astound the whole civilised world by his patriotic enthusiasm and temerity.

During the war between Sardinia and Austria, Garibaldi approached the Ministers in Turin, and then left in order to seek an interview with Charles Albert, who at that moment was busy wasting his forces and his hopes at the siege of Mantua. The King received him with a hearty shake of the hand, and complimented him on the name he had made for himself in South America. With becoming modesty, Garibaldi replied that he had done his duty, and that 'a heart was beating in him full of love for Italy, which craved for leave to act with his men for the honour of the King's name and the advantage of his country.' But Charles Albert could only reply that he was not in a position to offer him any assistance at present. Nothing daunted, he pro-

ceeded to Milan, where he was well received, and where he was empowered to raise volunteers, a task which he successfully accomplished to the amount of thirty thousand.

With these forces he managed to harass the advancing Austrians in the neighbourhood of the Lago Maggiore, and this desultory warfare established Garibaldi's prestige before the world. At the close of the campaign he was attacked with a fever which went near to putting an untimely end to his career. On recovering he proceeded to Genoa, and while there his services were recognised by Charles Albert, who repented him of having turned upon this useful patriot a cold shoulder. He was offered high rank in the Sardinian army, but by this time Garibaldi had determined to throw in his lot once again with the revolutionists, and he accordingly marched upon Rome, whence had fled Pius IX, whom Garibaldi could not forgive for deserting the principles of liberty.

It was during his manœuvring in and around the Eternal City that the futile republic declared the temporal sovereignty of the Pope at an end. The advance of the French and the subsequent events are best told in Garibaldi's curt address to the Roman crowd: 'People! Yesterday commenced the entrance of the French into Rome. They entered by the Porta San Pancrazio—as prisoners!'

To Garibaldi the laurels of victory were willingly assigned. Mazzini had, in the meantime, been inveigled into an armistice, but the French, reinforced by the orders of Louis Napoleon, laid siege to Rome. Garibaldi, recalled, made a brilliant defence, but was forced to retreat, pursued by the Austrians. On July 3, 1849, collecting his troops together in the

Piazza of St. Peter's, he addressed to them a farewell oration and then left the city in the company of Anita, now great with child, a wanderer on the face of the earth.

His escape across the Apennines to the shores of the Adriatic was not the least romantic episode in his strange and adventurous career. Making his way to Tuscany, constantly keeping up a guerilla warfare, he at length reached the borders of San Marino, where he left his troops and continued his journey with his ailing wife. On reaching the port of Cesenatico, he embarked in a fishing boat for Venice, but a great storm arose, and, on the following morning, Garibaldi bore his wife in his arms to the shore, a dying woman. With great difficulty she was conveyed to a cottage, where she expired in the arms of her heart-broken husband.

But Garibaldi could not wait to shed a tear over his wife's grave. The Austrians were in hot pursuit. He fled to Ravenna, from thence to Spezzia, and eventually arrived at Genoa, where he was politely requested to absent himself from Italy. Crossing to Sardinia he first made the acquaintance of the rocky island of Caprera, the romantic home of his later years, and subsequently his burial place. Leaving Sardinia he went to Gibraltar, where he was closely watched, and eventually ordered to withdraw by the Governor. Thence he crossed to Tangier, where he found a ship to take him to Liverpool, and from thence to New York, the asylum, at that time, of disappointed revolutionists. When he settled down in that city, instead of preparing insurrection for his fame, he prepared tallow candles for his livelihood. This occupation lasted him for eighteen months, at the

expiration of which he renewed his acquaintance with South America, becoming captain of a Pacific merchantman.

In the year 1854, Garibaldi quietly returned to Italy, where he found the political world much less agitated than when he had left it. The Piedmontese Government no longer looked upon him as a revolutionary firebrand, and he, in his turn, preached to his followers: 'Look to Piedmont as the hope and example of Italy.'

The foregoing pages constitute but the bare skeleton of a narrative which bristles with incident and romance, but it is sufficient to indicate the causes of Garibaldi's immense popularity and notoriety at the time of his second return.

Although many Italians must have already recognised in him a future leader, Garibaldi for the present settled down as a farmer in the little seagirt island of Caprera. Perhaps it would have been well for the Italian cause had he elected to stay in America, but the world loves a hero, and a hero, with such a romantic past behind him, was well suited to receive the adulation and applause of the more hysterical among Italian patriots. In such a personality there was all the material for a popular idol.

The next we hear of Garibaldi is his first meeting with Cavour on that August day, already referred to at the beginning of this chapter, in the year 1856. Cavour had always numbered himself among the General's admirers, and it was doubtless with much curiosity and interest that he first set eyes on the object of his admiration. Garibaldi's appearance was not one calculated to detract from any previous estimation formed. Bent, in his 'Life of Garibaldi,' furnishes

us with a lively description. 'Of middle stature, deep-chested and wide-shouldered, his frame was cast in an iron mould, combining agility with strength. There was something statuesque in the appearance of his head, with its broad brow, straight features, and long flowing hair, blending with a beard of the same golden hue. His countenance, expressive of resolution, gave character to his features, rather striking than handsome. . . . In his movements Garibaldi displayed ease and grace mingled with that sober and stately dignity acquired by those who had exercised influence over the descendants of the Spaniards in the Western World.'

Cavour complimented Garibaldi over his exploits at Montevideo and Rome, receiving him in every respect with flattering courtesy. Although at variance on many main points and side issues, Cavour and Garibaldi shared the more vital sympathies of Italian patriotism. It does not appear that any matters of importance or grave concern were discussed between them on this occasion, but it is evident that Cavour's object was now to get into touch with all those who would be likely to help in the work of regeneration without compromising the Sardinian Government.

It was with this very object that he also made the acquaintance of Giuseppe La Farina, a Sicilian exile, who belonged to a new party that wished to see Victor Emmanuel King of a United Italy. Cavour discussed the situation with him at clandestine interviews during the course of four years, without any of his colleagues being aware of the circumstance. These meetings took place before dawn, and La Farina was admitted to Cavour's room by a private staircase leading straight up from the street. The national society organised by La Farina helped him to gain



over to his side other ardent spirits, among whom may be especially mentioned Manin, an exile from Venice.

But it must not be imagined that Cavour was degenerating into a professional wire-puller. He still distrusted the utility of the revolutionists as much as ever. Speaking of the Mazzinians at this very time he says: 'I admire their devotion to an idea; I abhor their fanaticism.' Because he held interviews with these political fanatics, it did not follow that he meant to adopt their views. 'Our speeches and our policy are not intended to prompt and foster vain and foolish attempts at revolution in Italy. It is quite otherwise that we understand the regeneration of the country. We have ever followed a straightforward and loyal policy, and, as long as we shall be at peace with the other sovereigns of Italy, we shall never employ revolutionary means, nor promote disturbances. I repudiate them utterly and for Italy's own sake.' Little could Cavour have dreamed, at the time he gave vent to the above sentiments, to what Garibaldi would commit him in a few years' time.

## CHAPTER IX

### PAVING THE WAY

CAVOUR now realised that for the present it was his chief business to make Piedmont the object-lesson in constitutional monarchy, and it was for this reason, among others, that after the Congress of Paris he had taken so many offices into his own hands. It was his bounden duty to prove to the world that his economic theories were practicable. In his new series of reforms he exhibited all those qualities which had marked him out from the very beginning as the deliverer of his country. By means of intense and indefatigable application he united great strength of memory, quickness of apprehension, and a fertility of resource only to be looked for in a genius.

The first works that received his attention in the new session were the fortifications of Alessandria and La Spezzia, and the Mont Cenis Tunnel. Upon the former it is unnecessary to dilate, but the history of the latter will fill a large page in the annals of engineering, and therefore deserves some attention.

It is related that one day, on the Piazza d' Armi of Turin, pointing to the Alps, Cavour remarked to a friend 'If Louis XIV said the Pyrenees would be no more, I hope some day to say with more truth that the Alps are no more. People speak of the great obstacles in the way, and I admit them; they say also that we

are still too small a State to attempt an enterprise of such magnitude. I reply that as for the obstacles we shall surmount them, and in order to become great we must do this. The Alps must actually come down.'

Putting his theory into practice, Cavour worked with might and main, backed by the strong impetus of conviction, to further the great project, and forced Parliament to vote the supplies for the undertaking, which, in company with all such enterprises, was condemned by the majority as a certain failure. But Cavour in this work, as in all others that he undertook for the good of his country, carried his point with an indomitable energy, which had its mainspring in the enthusiasm of his convictions. The supplies were eventually voted, and the work began.

He finds time, during the undertaking of it, to write to Madame de Circourt. 'I have never had any doubt as to your taking an interest in our strife with Austria. Noble and generous hearts like yours must sympathise with the weak, who are offering a brave resistance to the unjust claims of the strong and powerful. I do not think that the actual quarrel will, for the present, pass out of the pacific sphere of diplomacy. We are fully decided to be energetic and firm, but in no way imprudent. Europe desires peace, we shall not be the first to disturb it, ready as we are for all sacrifices, if the honour and dignity of the nation require it. I venture to hope that you have succeeded in making the select circle, which surrounds you, share your feeling in our favour. Composed though it is of diverse elements, it numbers none but persons of intelligence who would not be able to sympathise with those who wish to accomplish the ruin of poor Italy. In any case I depend upon you to start a propaganda in our favour,

for we have a great need for the moral support of France, and, consequently, of finding in the salons of Paris defenders of such influence as are your friends of all shades. In spite of the threats of Austria, we are seriously considering the plan of piercing the Mont Cenis, and I hope that within a few months we shall undertake this gigantic work with the help of entirely new methods. You see that we are no less bold in industrial than in political matters.'

Cavour followed with the greatest interest and the deepest attention all the experiments of Sommeiller, the able Savoyard engineer, who first suggested the use of compressed air as a means of boring the tunnel, and with his interest his enthusiasm grew. 'It is for us a condition of existence,' he went so far as to tell the Chamber. 'On, or we perish! I firmly believe that you will complete your work by the greatest of modern enterprises—by voting for the tunnelling of the Mont Cenis.' This work, like all he undertook at this time, had only one object in view. The construction of vessels, the increase of artillery, additions to the army, the improvement of fortifications, and this great tunnel experiment were all undertaken to make war a necessity.

His opinion on the situation of Italy cannot be better expressed than in the oft-quoted passage from a letter which he wrote to Madame de Circourt dated the 21st of June 1857, a passage which must here be reproduced, as it fitly summarises the whole of his policy: 'Events have led Piedmont to take a clearly marked and decided position in Italy. That position is, I feel, not free from danger, and I am conscious of the full weight of responsibility which it lays on me. But it was imposed upon us both by honour and by duty. Since Providence has ordained that Piedmont alone in Italy

should be free and independent, Piedmont must use her freedom and independence to plead before Europe the cause of the unhappy peninsula. We shall not shrink back from this perilous task. The King and the country are determined to carry it out to the end. Our friends, the doctrinaires, those liberals who weep the loss of liberty in France, after having assisted to stifle her in Italy, will perhaps think our policy absurd and romantic. I am resigned to their hard words and censures, being certain that generous hearts, like yours, whatever judgment they may pass on my political principles, will sympathise with my efforts to recall to life a nation which for ages has been shut up in a hideous tomb. If I go down, you, I feel sure, will not cast me out, but will grant me an asylum amid the defeated men of distinction who cluster round you. Do not interpret this outburst as a sign that war is imminent. Nothing is further from my thoughts. Take it solely as a declaration that all my strength, all my life are consecrated to one task alone—the emancipation of my country.'

To this end, then, he left no stone unturned. Already his impassioned utterances had aroused no little sympathy beyond the Alps and in the other departments of Italy, and he wisely took every advantage of this attention by which he might benefit the cause.

Although he interviewed the revolutionists, he took care to keep on good terms with Government and tradition. No better example can be afforded of his attention to every detail in the advancement of Piedmont as a model constitution than that when, in the summer of 1857, Pius IX went to Bologna, Cavour, not considering himself free from those obligations



required by custom, sent a Piedmontese representative to meet the Pope.

There was one issue that Cavour held in view throughout his first administration. The Austrians must be driven out of Italy. That was the very hypothesis of his life's work, the cardinal and fundamental principle that underlay all his schemes, but he knew that this end could never be attained without the aid of foreign allies, and he knew that it was the first victory that must be won. In order to reconstitute Italy, the defeat and rout of the Austrians was an inevitable necessity. He was therefore not satisfied with merely announcing the approach of war, he led the country to wish for it ardently, and to make itself thoroughly prepared for this contingency, governing all the time while he quieted and disciplined the people with the prospect of coming battles and a sure deliverance from the oppressor. At the same time that he, as it were, gave Piedmont to the Italians as their country of to-day, he pointed out Italy to Piedmont as its country of to-morrow.

The insuperable hostility of interests that existed between Austria and Sardinia found expression in an official gazette containing these words: 'If the disappointments Sardinia's policy has met with at the end of the last century, and in more recent times, are not sufficient to teach her moderation, then, while there is yet time, it will be well to remind her of a possible future by quoting the warning which Guicciardini drew from the practical experience of ancient Venice: "In state affairs, it is the height of infamy when imprudence is accompanied by ruin. Let the punishment of whosoever offends you be such an example to others that they shall not dare to provoke you."''

This was an aggressive attitude to adopt, but Cavour, who wanted nothing better than a *casus belli*, preferred it to the conciliatory bearing of the Archduke Maximilian. War, then, if Cavour had anything to do with the direction of Italian affairs, must only be a question of time.

Soon after the Congress, Cavour's European allies seemed again at loggerheads, and this situation afforded a welcome opportunity for Cavour to act as a mediator. He desired, he said, to create an atmosphere favourable to Italy. He wished all to be interested in his cause, and accordingly, to use a well-known diplomatic phrase, he went round 'knocking at the door of every European chancery,' although he knew that active intervention on his behalf could only emanate from one of two countries, France or England.

His first attempts were employed to win over Russia. In reply to these overtures, Prince Gortchakoff said: 'Let me inform you that Russia and Piedmont are natural allies. We are very well pleased with your attitude towards us.' The Czar Alexander II, moreover, during the festivities of his coronation at Moscow, had spoken in most flattering terms to General Broglia, ambassador of Victor Emmanuel, purposely raising his voice in order to be overheard by the Austrian ambassador. Cavour, on his side, yielded to the Czar a permanent right of anchorage in the Mediterranean. Shortly afterwards, the Czarina, mother of Alexander, had spent the winter months of 1857 at Nice, where she had been treated with marked consideration and deference. Finally, a Russian diplomatist was heard to remark: 'If Piedmont can calmly await the great day, that day will come, and Russia will assist her in driving Austria out of Italy.'

There remained now only France and England to be seriously reckoned with.

England, for the present, was full of sound but irritating advice. Nations are like individuals in this respect. They are always ready with exhortations and admonitions, but not quite so prompt with material assistance. Bound traditionally by the treaties of 1857, she wanted no readjustment of territory in Italy, nor did she desire that France should interfere beyond the Alps. Lord Palmerston, who evidently entertained no intentions of coming forward on behalf of Piedmont, was heard at this time to remark: 'Really I did not expect Count Cavour to become Russian,' which, being faithfully reported to the victim of his sarcasm, received the reply: 'Tell Lord Palmerston that I am liberal enough to be Russian, and not too much so to be Austrian.'

In the beginning of the year 1857, Lord Palmerston accorded the Sardinian ambassador an interview in London. The English statesman commenced in the following vein: 'Your error lies in believing that, in order to promote the good of Italy, the best way is to be on bad terms with Austria. With the means of action that Austria has at command, she will turn the other Italian States against you, and will be an irreconcilable enemy to all your plans of reform. Would it not be better to disarm her opposition by taking from her every plausible pretext of contesting Piedmontese policy?' To this query the ambassador replied: 'But, my lord, we shall never see Austria concurring with us to ameliorate the situation of Italy. She has all the Governments on her side, we have the people. She says to the former, "Will you have my protection? I grant it you. Do not forget that

I represent absolutism, the reign of the sword and Catholic tolerance." But as for us, we say to the people: "Follow us, we have Italian blood in our veins, we uphold the flag of independence, religious toleration, free institutions, and moral and material progress." It remains to be proved which of these two policies England will be inclined to support.' Palmerston finished the interview with an evasive answer. It was evident that he had not yet guessed what lay beyond the political horizon.

Of the two great Western Powers, there is no doubt that Cavour would have preferred an alliance with England, for the very good reason that England had no special objects of her own to seek in Italy; but since he had obviously failed to extort any promise of practical assistance against Austria from the English Cabinet, there remained to him only one alternative. Cavour knew that there was now a last hope left to him, and that hope centred in the person of Louis Napoleon.

## CHAPTER X

### LOUIS NAPOLEON AND THE COMPACT OF PLOMBIÈRES

It had been at the instigation of Louis Napoleon, in consequence of a private conversation between himself and Count Villamarina at Compiègne, that the Cabinet of Italy had taken the initiative in the combination which settled the last conditions of the peace in a manner that proved favourable to Russia and acceptable to England. Louis Napoleon had regarded this as a service rendered to himself. In a communication between Walewski and Villamarina, the former writes: 'The Emperor has ordered me to testify his gratitude and satisfaction to Count Cavour as well as to yourself, and to tell you from him that all this will not be in vain—that he will never forget it.'

On the receipt of this welcome intelligence the Piedmontese ambassador in Paris wrote home: 'Napoleon wants time to insure the success of his favourable intentions towards Italy. Allow me therefore to express my earnest hope that the Italians will not, by any ill-timed movement, compromise the future which Sardinia has prepared for them by her sacrifices on the battlefield and by her success at the Paris Congress. For the present we must have patience and await the course of events. We must show great faith in the Emperor's personal policy, and not put any hindrance in his way.'



Napoleon and the times are in favour of our cause and Italy's. I maintain this assertion, even at the cost of being a mere enthusiast.'

Louis Napoleon's theories upon the Italian question can be conveniently codified in the following manner. His first ambition was to crown Victor Emmanuel with the iron diadem of the Lombards, making him lord of North Italy, and only claiming for himself Savoy. Secondly, he wished to place one of his Bonaparte cousins, who would have to marry Victor Emmanuel's daughter for this purpose, on the throne of Central Italy, including Tuscany, Parma, Modena, the Papal Legations, and the Marches. Thirdly, he would claim Naples and Sicily on behalf of the heir of Joachim Murat, thus constituting a league of the Three Italies under the shadow of French high protectorate, governed by a national diet, the presidency of which was to be given to the Pope, since he did not wish or, for that matter, deem it possible to deprive the Pope of his temporal sovereignty, although he contemplated reducing it. That which really influenced the Emperor most in his future attitude in Italian affairs was the consideration that the best way of carrying out his much vaunted principles of nationality would be to begin by driving Austria from Northern Italy.

And now Cavour wanted to win him over to work on behalf of the Italian cause. He knew full well that France was really in supreme difficulties at the present time, and that this imperial alliance might endanger the constitutional liberties of Turin, but at all cost he wanted the friendship of France at this crisis. 'When a nation,' he said in the Chamber, 'cannot command big squadrons of her own, she ought to try to supply her deficiency by gaining the support of those belonging

to her friends and allies.' He resolved, therefore, to endeavour to get a firm hold upon the vacillating Emperor.

His chance came sooner than might have been expected, and in a way that was not quite obvious at the outset. On the 14th of January, in the year 1858, Felice Orsini tried to assassinate Napoleon. That evening, as the Emperor and Empress approached the Opera House to witness a performance of '*Le Bal de Gustave*'—which, oddly enough, culminates in the assassination of Gustavus III of Sweden—Orsini and his accomplices cast hand grenades at the imperial carriage as it proceeded along the Rue Lepelletier, with disastrous consequences, but not with the precise effect which they were intended to produce. Although the Emperor received a slight wound on the face and the Empress a blow on the eye, they were both able to enter the Opera House and to remain to the end.

Soon after this startling event, the Emperor wrote to Queen Victoria: 'In the first moment of excitement the French are bent on finding accomplices in the crime everywhere, and I find it hard to resist all the extreme measures which people call on me to take. But this event will not make me deviate from my habitual calm; and, while seeking to strengthen the hands of the Government, I will not be guilty of an injustice.' But, for all his boasting, the Emperor was not able to maintain his 'habitual calm.' Monsieur Troplong, Monsieur de Morny, and others indulged in the most violent language against the countries that harboured conspirators and assassins. Orsini's attempt was described as the 'premeditated deed of revolutionary cosmopolitanism.' The language of expostulation was adopted towards England, and that of

menace was addressed to the smaller Powers—to Switzerland, Belgium, and Sardinia, not perhaps without some justification. The papal nuncio did not hesitate to tell the Emperor that ‘these were the fruits of revolutionary passions fostered by Count Cavour.’ The Austrian ambassador immediately asked whether the time had not yet come in which ‘to establish between France and Austria a mutual understanding in order to restrain Piedmont from protecting the machinations of the refugees and the licence of the press.’ General excitement prevailed in Europe. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Emperor of the French could not refrain from expressing publicly his displeasure.

At the first intelligence of the outrage, transmitted to him by telegram, Cavour exclaimed: ‘Provided only the assassins be not Italians!’ But on receiving the name of the criminal he recognised him as an emigrant of the Roman revolution. He remembered now that Orsini had written to him some months before the outrage, offering his services to whatever Italian Government, not the papacy, would place its army at the disposal of the national independence, and urging the Sardinian Ministers to take a daring course, in which they would find all Italy with them. Cavour had not answered the letter because, although he considered it was noble and energetic in tone, he thought it unbecoming for him to pay Orsini compliments. He was utterly dismayed by the news. The one man in all Europe that he wished to keep on good terms with was the Emperor, and it required all his ingenuity not to incur his open hostility at the very moment when he thought to have him in his power. Napoleon had immediately expressed his opinion that the action of the Sardinian Government was weak and dilatory, so

that all Cavour's efforts throughout the Congress of Paris seemed now irremediably compromised.

'The present time is full of perils and difficulties,' Cavour writes, 'daily on the increase. The fury of factions is unbridled, their perverseness adds to the forces of reactionists, who become daily more formidable. If the liberals get divided among themselves they will be lost, and the cause of Italian freedom and independence will fall with them. We will resolutely stand in the breach, but we shall assuredly fall unless our friends rally round us to help us against the attacks which are being made on all sides.'

Cavour, throughout this trying episode, stood firm to his principles. He utterly refused to sanction any arbitrary proceedings, such as the suppression of newspapers, which the Emperor of the French desired and demanded. Above all, he prudently abstained from all diplomatic controversy.

In the meantime, Victor Emmanuel sent General della Rocca to congratulate the Emperor on the failure of the assassin, and, if possible, to soften his heart. At the private audience, the Emperor replied to this formal message in the following terms: 'Do not believe that I wish to put any pressure upon your Government. In the many vicissitudes of my life, I have had occasion to esteem highly the dignified attitude preserved by small States, with regard to the demands of their more powerful neighbours. But these things that I ask are easily carried out, and might be agreed to by any allied Government, even by one which cared but to see justice done. Let us suppose that England refused to grant my legitimate demands: the intercourse between the Cabinets of Paris and London would soon cease, and the next step would be

a declaration of hostilities. If that should ensue, let us consider honestly what would be the condition of Sardinia. There are two alternatives: she would be for or against me; but you must not deceive yourselves. The realisation of your hopes and your future are in the French alliance, which alone can support you efficiently. Well, in order to be with me in that day, it is indispensable that you should accede to my present demands. If you refuse you set yourself against me, you will be with England, and what advantage can you derive from that? What good will you get from a few English warships at La Spezzia or at Genoa, if England cares to keep the treaties of 1815 in all their integrity? In that case, much against my will, I should be constrained to lean upon Austria, and once embarked in that policy, I should be forced to give up my most cherished day-dream, my dearest wish—I mean the Independence of Italy.’ These words, equally persuasive and menacing, the whole ambiguous, left Piedmont in a cruel dilemma.

Victor Emmanuel, notwithstanding, maintained a determined attitude. He wrote to the Emperor in terms of cordial friendship, but he also took care to write to della Rocca the following instructions: ‘Tell the Emperor, in the words you think best, that this is not the way to treat a faithful ally; that I have never tolerated violence from anyone; that I follow the path of honour, for which I have to answer to God and to my people; that we have carried our head high for eight hundred and fifty years, and that no one will make me bow it; and that, nevertheless, I desire to be nothing but his friend.’ It was this letter that Cavour, by a stroke of diplomatic genius, advised della Rocca to ‘commit the indiscretion of reading to the Emperor.’



Thus the more confidential diplomacy began to triumph over the official negotiation, and the situation became less tense. The Emperor regained his composure, his 'habitual calm,' and assured Cavour, who had been irritated by the recent negotiations, that he would ask of Sardinia only that which the most sensitive national honour could concede in the way of precautions. To Victor Emmanuel he wrote a letter which contained this sentence: 'It is only between good friends that questions could be treated with frankness. Let the King do what he can and not be uneasy.' Thus the friendship of the Emperor had been regained more securely than ever. It is very true that there is nothing so effective as a quarrel to produce eventual friendship, paradoxical as it may seem. The shaking hands after a battle is always the most genuine encounter. In this instance, it may fairly be said that if Orsini had not thrown the bomb, or if the Emperor had not at first crossed swords with Piedmont over the affair, France would never have come to the help of Italy. Thus had Cavour gained his end by means which a short while ago would have seemed incredible.

The French Ministry, in the meanwhile, were not quite so anxious as the Emperor to patch up the quarrel, and the threats to Turin were redoubled. Extreme pressure had been put by France upon Sardinia in demands for a stricter press censorship and for abolishing rights of asylum to anarchists. Although anxious to propitiate the Emperor, Cavour revolted against any demands fatal to the independence of Sardinia. Victor Emmanuel, in the meanwhile, had made it clear to the Emperor that there were certain things he could not enforce even to please him, and so firm an attitude did he adopt that the Emperor eventually told Victor

Emmanuel 'to do the best he could and not feel uneasy.' The climax was happily reached, however, when, on the Prince de Latour d'Auvergne reading a peremptory despatch from the French Cabinet, Cavour, after listening patiently, replied: 'But the affair is over, the King received yesterday a letter from the Emperor, which terminated it all,' and the Prince had to fold up his despatch and return to Paris. This episode forms one of the many instances where the Emperor acted without the advice, or even in spite of his own Ministers.

Cavour's policy was now to preserve the alliance with France, without sacrificing either the honour or the freedom of his country. With this object he brought forward a law which embodied two ambitions, the first to achieve the French alliance by a reliable proof of good will, the second to set Italy free from all dangerous secret societies. During the debates on these Bills he won the gratitude of Louis Napoleon by lifting up his voice against political assassination, against those senseless creatures who betray that their aspirations are revolutionary rather than patriotic, that they love the revolution better than they love Italy.

In the meantime Orsini, who was by no means the mere vulgar assassin, the hired villain, that his dastardly act warranted people in believing him to be, but a man of ancient and distinguished family, and of some character, was writing to the Emperor from his prison. 'Let your Majesty call to mind,' he prays, 'that the Italians, among whom was my father, shed their blood freely and joyfully for Napoleon the Great, that they continued faithful to him until his downfall. Let it not be forgotten that the peace of Europe, and that of your Majesty, will remain a mere chimera as long as

Italy is not free. If your Majesty will but deliver my country, the benedictions of twenty-five millions of men will resound from generation to generation.' At the last hour Orsini wrote again: 'In a few moments I shall have ceased to be, but before I breathe my last I wish to make it clear, nay, I would affirm it with all frankness and courage, which until now have failed me, that assassination, however it may disguise itself, is no principle of mine, although in a fatal moment of mental aberration I allowed myself to be drawn into organising the attempt of the 14th of January. Instead of having recourse to a system of assassination may my fellow-countrymen reject it far from them, may they learn that redemption can only be obtained by abnegation and by a constant union of efforts and sacrifices, without which Italy can never be made free. As for the victims of the 14th of January, I offer my life as my expiatory sacrifice, and I implore the Italians, when once they have become independent, to give some worthy compensation to those who have in any way suffered.' To the youth of Italy this exceptional individual also addressed an exhortation, calling upon them to prepare themselves for fighting out the liberty of their country by practising the virtues of citizens, which could alone free Italy and make it independent and worthy of its past greatness. These patriotic effusions produced a remarkable effect upon the Emperor. He despatched them to Cavour with a request for their publication in the 'Piedmontese Gazette.' This action was therefore the Emperor's endorsement of their contents, and the request brought home to Cavour, for the first time, the full effect of the Orsini episode upon the future of his plans. He warned the Emperor that the publication of these

letters would signify a direct attack upon Austria, not only by Piedmont, but by France. Nevertheless, Napoleon's laconic reply was a peremptory demand to have them published. The order was obeyed, and the publication produced exactly the sensation it was intended to create. Up to this point the Emperor, in alluding to Italian affairs, had been accustomed to entrench himself behind a veritable rampart of generalisations. Now it seemed as if at last he intended to play some definite *rôle* before the eyes of the world.

Cavour, already encouraged beyond his previous anticipations, now sent the Cavaliere Constantine di Nigra, his confidential secretary, to Paris. The proposals of an alliance between France and Sardinia, and the marriage of Victor Emmanuel's daughter with Prince Jerome Napoleon, had reached Cavour in a mysterious manner, and he hastened at once to explain the scheme to the King, who did not attach much credit to it. But Cavour's messenger to Paris discovered that the Emperor was perfectly prepared to act, and that a personal interview with the Italian Minister, which seemed a necessary preliminary, was desired. It had been reported to Cavour that the Emperor had remarked: '*Il me faut déborder,*' and wished Cavour to choose whether he should cross the Alps as a friend or as an enemy. It is superfluous to add that Cavour chose the former alternative. He could only see good in an alliance with the Emperor. To quote the words of Jerrold: 'Italy was most fortunate in inspiring the life-long devotion of the young patriot, who had fleshed his maiden sword against the Austrians at Forlì, who became the arbiter of the destinies of Europe, and who remained true to the dream of his

youth. It has pleased his opponents to declare that the bombs of Orsini drove the Emperor in fear to espouse the cause of Italian emancipation, and that his mind was overwhelmed by the letters that the unfortunate man addressed to him from the Conciergerie. His heart was touched, no doubt, for it was tender, and his imagination was possibly fired by the passionate appeals of the man who would have murdered him, since he could perceive in them the outpourings of an honest, although unbalanced, mind. But Napoleon's part in the emancipation of Italy is not to be disposed of in this way. Cavour knew better; La Marmora knew better; Victor Emmanuel knew better. The Emperor Napoleon and Cavour were already friends.'

Above all, it must be remembered that there were dynastic and historical reasons which prompted the Emperor to champion the cause of Italy. Whenever the French have risen to the summit of power, one of their leading objects has been the reconstruction of Italy as a nation. To this end Henry IV directed his genius by proposing to extend the sway of the House of Savoy over the territory held by Austria. This policy was favoured by Richelieu, and nearly accomplished by Louis XV a century later. The same idea directed the policy of the first Napoleon. 'My intention has always been to render the Italians free and independent,' he was wont to declare, and this intention he left as a legacy to his imperial nephew.

There now remained only the personal interview to be accomplished before the cementing of the new alliance. Accordingly, in the month of June, in the year 1858, Dr. Conneau, on the pretext of a tour for his health and his recreation, arrived at Turin. Interviews were accorded both by the King and Cavour



with the result that a meeting was arranged. Cavour, it was decided, should proceed to Plombières, whither Napoleon was on his way 'to take the waters'; but it was also decided that the *rencontre* should appear to the world to be an accident.

In the following month, Cavour left Turin quite quietly on his venturesome journey. On the way he rested for a short while at Geneva, where he was the object of a popular ovation, which was only another proof of the high esteem in which he was now held by all the world, another proof that he was looked to as the one man capable of accomplishing his nation's destiny. After this rest he continued his journey. As his passport did not bear his name, Prime Minister though he was, he might have been arrested on his arrival at Plombières by an officious gendarme, had not an imperial agent, who was luckily on the spot, extricated him from his difficulty.

He was by no means confident of the issue of his enterprise. To La Marmora, who was one of the few that had been admitted to the secret, he wrote: 'Pray Heaven that I do not commit some stupidity; in spite of my usual self-reliance I am not without grave uneasiness.'

Immediately upon his arrival, after breakfasting, the Emperor, on the pretext of showing him some works in progress, took him out into the country in a small chaise, driven by himself; and there is no doubt that during this strange *tête-à-tête*, which lasted for three or four hours, the course to be pursued was deliberately resolved on, and the future fate of Italy was sealed.

As to the details of this interview nothing is known exactly, but much may be gathered by inference.

Certain it is that Cavour at once wrote an account to the King, but this account is probably incomplete. Among his papers there is supposed to be one packet which relates to the visit to Plombières. There is one mystery that yet remains to be cleared up, and if an explanation no longer exists in writing, this secret is sealed up for ever in the mausoleums of Farnborough and Santena. But the broad issues of the compact are easy enough to determine clearly, namely—war with Austria, the marriage of Jerome Napoleon to the Princess Clotilde, the formation of an Italian kingdom, the cession of Nice and Savoy to France. As long ago as the year 1848, when it seemed probable that Lombardy and Venetia would be incorporated with the Sardinian kingdom, Lamartine, the French historian, had laid it down that, in the event of such a contingency, France ought to be compensated by Savoy. Louis Napoleon seized upon the suggestion with alacrity, for the obvious reason that an expansion of the French Empire in this direction was less dangerous than one in the direction of Belgium or the Rhine. At any rate, even at that time when the arrangement was a secret, certain conclusions were inferred from a remark let slip by Victor Emmanuel: ‘By next year I shall be either King of Italy or plain Monsieur de Savoie.’

On the whole it is not irrational to trust to the account given by Kossuth, which Jerrold in his ‘Life of Napoleon III’ maintains is the most reliable. Accordingly, the account taken from the above-mentioned work is here given for what it is worth: ‘The meeting at Plombières was the prologue to the drama of 1859. All the details are not yet known. The chroniclers of Italian diplomacy still speak of it with

reserve. They think, however, that they can go so far as to state that Napoleon made a decided offer to give Piedmont armed assistance in order to wrest the whole of Italy from the hands of Austria. But the question of fixing the time for commencing the war the Emperor reserved to himself. Meanwhile Piedmont was to prepare and to foster political agitation in Italy, was to prevent all revolutionary outbreaks, make no advance to Austria, yet refrain from provoking her too much. But she was to endeavour to make friends with Russia. A united Italy was not mentioned. It was settled that the temporal power of the Holy See was to be preserved, but within very narrow limits. Both parties spoke with the utmost caution as regarded Tuscany and Naples, but it was agreed that for the House of Savoy a kingdom of twelve million inhabitants in the North of Italy should be formed. As compensation for the promised military help Savoy was to be ceded to France. It was decided that the question with regard to Nice should be settled later when the war was over. Nothing passed in writing. An offensive and defensive treaty was signed after a lapse of six months only. From what I heard later through Pietri, Cavour, and still higher authorities, I feel justified in asserting that this account is authentic in its essential features.' It will be noticed that, in the above account, Kossuth asserts that the question of fixing the time for commencing the war the Emperor reserved to himself. He may be speaking with authority, but, nevertheless, this was the subject of long controversy. It is this point which still remains more or less doubtful. We know that the Emperor's bellicose speech the next year to the Austrian ambassador came as a surprise to Cavour. Whether or no

the time and place of the outbreak of hostilities were the subjects of the Emperor's choice or whether of Cavour's will always remain a mystery. But as far as history is concerned the main points of the secret compact of Plombières are now obvious.

Louis Napoleon, throughout his reign, was addicted to the same habit which characterised his uncle of repressing any premature manifestation of his intentions. To show how absolutely secret the Emperor had preserved this interview, even from his Ministers, it should be recorded that Walewski actually telegraphed to Napoleon with the object of apprising him of Cavour's arrival in Plombières, thinking his presence there was a coincidence! In Kossuth's 'Memoirs of My Exile' this subject is dwelt upon. 'It is an important fact,' he writes, 'and one that the historian of our times must always bear in mind, that the Emperor Napoleon's policy often differed from and was sometimes opposed to that pursued by his Ministers. They were often not even initiated into their master's policy, nor employed in carrying it out. . . . No French Minister had any knowledge of what passed at the meeting of Plombières or of the conditions of the offensive and defensive alliance in December 1858. . . . The Emperor's Ministers did not at all show a friendly feeling towards Piedmont. In fact, at times they evinced sentiments quite of an opposite kind, notably Walewski, who never stood on a cordial footing with Cavour. There was a certain coolness and stiffness between the two—perhaps it would not even be exaggeration to say hatred.'

Cavour stayed in Plombières only twenty-four hours. At the conclusion of his sojourn he left for Baden, to enhance the illusion that he was travelling

for a holiday, and here he met the Prince Regent of Prussia, afterwards the Emperor William I of Germany, who declared on meeting Cavour that the Italian statesman was not such a revolutionist as people made him out to be. From Baden he went to Switzerland, where he halted at a wayside inn, and it is supposed that in this seclusion he wrote out at length his conversation with Napoleon.

The secret treaty of alliance was carried out through the medium of the Cavaliere Nigra, who acted as a useful agent in these delicate negotiations between Cavour and the Emperor. In November, Vincenzo Salvagnuoli presented a memorial to Napoleon at Compiègne, in which the expulsion of Austria from Italy, with the assistance of France, was assumed as a question already agreed upon, and in which the redistribution of the soil of Italy was discussed. The Emperor is said to have listened to the proposals without speaking a word. In fact, his mind was already made up.

Louis Napoleon now entered into an alliance with Victor Emmanuel and Cavour, to be signed by Prince Jerome Napoleon on the eve of his nuptials with the Princess Clotilde. The provisions being, according to Bianchi, to the effect that Sardinia should receive Lombardy, Venice, Modena, Parma, Romagna, and the Papal Legations, and become Upper Italy; that the temporalities of the Pope should be restricted to 'Rome and a garden,' and that Savoy should be annexed to France. The Emperor also undertook to throw two hundred thousand troops into Italy and to command them in person, but he reserved to himself, apparently, the right of taking the initiative in any subsequent hostilities. Cavour, on hearing of these transactions



and conclusions, remarked with a smile: 'The Emperor means to go ahead, it appears.'

The news of the Emperor's 'going ahead' was not received without grave misgiving in England. Queen Victoria took the occasion to write to her Foreign Secretary: 'Whatever can be done to turn the Emperor's mind from such a project [as a war with Austria] ought to be done. He will not reflect, but sees only what he wishes. If he makes war in Italy it must, in all probability, lead to war with Germany, and if with Germany, will embrace Belgium, and if so must, according to our guarantees, draw us into the quarrel, or France may thus find the whole of Europe against her as in 1814 and 1815.' But Napoleon saw that the public of Europe was in the main with him, although the Governments were not. His hostility to Austria was well timed. Austria's only ally was the English Government, which could not assist her openly in the face of the generous English people, who were looking eagerly forward to the emancipation of the Italian nation from the grasp of the foreigner. At the same time, the Emperor was diplomatic enough to tell England that he would not help Sardinia if she first broke the peace—a promise of absolutely no value, seeing that Austria was so confident of victory that she was positively inviting a struggle.

'I am told,' said Napoleon to Lord Cowley in the course of an interview, 'that my policy is tortuous, that I am not understood. I am blamed for coquetting with Austria one day and with Russia the next, and it is inferred, therefore, that I am not to be depended on. But my policy is very simple. When I came to my present position I saw that France wanted peace, and I determined to maintain peace and to uphold the

treaties of 1815 so long as France was respected and held her own in the councils of Europe; but I was equally resolved, if I was forced into war, not to make peace until a better equilibrium was secured to Europe. I have no ambitious views like the first Emperor, but if other countries gain anything France must gain something also. Well, when driven into war with Russia, I thought that no peace would be satisfactory which did not resuscitate Poland, and I humoured Austria in the hope she would assist me in this great work. She failed me, and after peace was made I looked to the amelioration of Italy, and therefore drew more closely to Russia. This is the whole secret of my policy.'

The English Government, as a matter of fact, considered at the time that it was quite impossible that Austria should commit the blunder of declaring war. Lord Odo Russell, afterwards Lord Ampthill, the celebrated diplomatist, warned Cavour that Austria had only to adopt a Fabian policy of procrastination in order to wear out the resources of Piedmont; but the placid reply was returned that Italy would force Austria to take the initiative in declaring war.

And the crucial moment seemed near at hand. A close atmosphere, like that which heralds an approaching storm, had seemed of late to settle down upon the field of European politics. If there had been a period of calm, it was that suspicious calm which so often immediately precedes the hurricane.

## CHAPTER XI

### WAR

AT last the storm broke, the first warning being the unexpected convulsion which Hudson has designated 'that flash of lightning striking the treaties of 1815.'

On the 1st of January in the year 1859, the Emperor Napoleon, giving audience to the Diplomatic Corps, deplored publicly, in the hearing of Baron Hubner, the Austrian ambassador, the hostile spirit prevailing between Paris and Vienna. 'I regret that the relations between our two Governments are not more satisfactory, but I beg to assure the Emperor that they in no respect influence my feelings of friendship towards himself.' This, then, was the first explosion in the dangerously charged atmosphere, premonitory of the coming upheaval.

Such excitement was aroused in Europe on the publication of this utterance that Napoleon, not very much to his credit, protested that the meaning of his words had been contorted and exaggerated. He declared that the speech had no reference to the affairs of Italy. It would have been inconsistent with one whose 'empire is peace' to be the first to strike a blow at the fair fabric of European peace. But Victor Emmanuel's answer, and the subsequent marriage of Jerome put an end to all doubt with regard to the future conduct of France.

A few days later, at the opening of the Sardinian Chamber, the King, in the course of his address, said: 'Our horizon is not clear. Our country, small indeed territorially, has yet become influential in Europe, through the greatness of the ideas it represents and the sympathy it inspires. This situation is by no means without its dangers, for, while we would respect treaties, we cannot remain insensible to the cry of anguish which reaches us from so many parts of Italy.' It is perfectly clear that Victor Emmanuel could never have spoken in this strain, had he not previously extracted from Napoleon some very definite promise of assistance.

Now Cavour, it must be admitted, had adopted a very singular course in the preparation of this speech from the throne. He first sent a draft of the document to Napoleon for his perusal and opinion. The Emperor suggested certain amendments, which Cavour was careful to translate into the Italian language in such a way as to produce the effect which he anticipated and desired. The result had surpassed his expectations. As he stood by the throne, watching the impression which each phrase created, he was deeply moved by the rapturous applause which greeted the address.

The truth of the whole matter was that the cause of Italy had at last regained the attention of Europe, and such a consummation had been attained by the indomitable energy and perseverance of Cavour. The net result of his ten years' policy had been to isolate Austria within her contested dominions, to rally Italian patriotism around a national monarchy, to separate the question of independence from that of revolution, and to stir up the sympathy of foreign Ministers in his favour.

This result had already entailed herculean efforts, but there was yet much to be accomplished. The French alliance rested still only upon a secret unwritten agreement, which could easily be repudiated. Cavour knew that some step must now be taken to make it more binding, and unfortunately hit upon the expedient which had been suggested frequently throughout the negotiations. His action in this matter constitutes the one great blot upon a career otherwise peculiarly free from glaring moral delinquencies. It has been the custom among most of his biographers to gloss over this episode, but, as it seems to be the one great error of his life, it is proposed here to enter into a discussion of it in some detail. No man can be perfect, and in a record of his deeds the bad and the good should receive equal attention from the student. Biographers are too apt to shrink from unpalatable truths if derogatory to their subjects.

In this case it must be admitted that, of the many charges alleged against Cavour, the charge of having brought about the marriage in question, though one least dwelt upon, seems the hardest to palliate.

There can be very little doubt that Cavour either suggested the marriage to the Emperor during the interview at Plombières, or, if he was not the first to raise the question, was at least among the first to give it countenance. A letter of his exists, dated January 1859, and since published to the world, that proves this conclusively, and also that the marriage was one entirely of *convenience*. It is addressed to D'Azeglio: 'I have not spoken to you of Prince Jerome's matrimonial prospects with Princess Clotilde, because it was a secret which should have been revealed only at the last



moment. I do not know what indiscreet person published it broadcast, fifteen days too early.'

A connexion which would unite the French imperial family with one of the oldest royal houses in Europe flattered the Emperor's vanity, and it did not require a consummate knowledge of the arts of persuasion to induce his consent. Prince Jerome, too, saw the advantages which his approaching nuptials would confer upon himself. It must be remembered that only the Prince Imperial stood between himself and the throne, and, consequently, such a marriage would considerably strengthen his position and prestige at Court. But it was the very reason which made the project attractive to the Emperor and his cousin that made it so distasteful to Victor Emmanuel. Apart from considerations of his beloved daughter's happiness, which of course in this instance carried great weight, he was always at heart a king, with the pride of race, although he was regarded throughout Europe as the champion of the revolutionary cause, and, being the lineal representative of a long generation of kings and princes, he looked upon a marriage with a Bonaparte as a *més-alliance*. His aversion to the proposed match became even more definite when he reflected upon the evident transitory character of the French imperial dynasty.

Again, there was the equally evident fact that Jerome was not a very estimable character, with whom to entrust his favourite daughter's future happiness, and, although Victor Emmanuel was not above reproach himself, this was no reason why he should desire a son-in-law who was addicted to the same failings as himself. Jerome had the reputation, whether justifiable or not, of being very immoral, and he was not even credited with that personal courage which often

redeems, in some measure, a life of self-indulgence. Victor Emmanuel, moreover, whatever else may be said with regard to his domestic relations, was a kind and affectionate father. The Princess Clotilde was barely sixteen years of age at this period. The early loss of her mother, we are told, had strengthened and developed a character of great natural force and vigour, and, when nothing more than a child herself, she had become a second parent to her younger brothers and sisters, who looked upon her as the guardian angel of the widowed household.

Cavour then found it a difficult task to induce Victor Emmanuel to regard the proposal from the same point of observation from which he himself viewed it. Upon first hearing of the proposed match, the King absolutely refused his consent, but in the end he was obliged to capitulate to the alleged necessities of the occasion. The help of France, Cavour urged, was essential not only to the liberation of Italy, but to the actual preservation of the Sardinian kingdom. His view was, one perhaps commonplace enough, that a princess was expected to give her hand whenever and wherever the political occasion demanded. But to the end of the argument Victor Emmanuel declared that he would never allow the marriage unless the Princess consented of her own free will.

As a matter of fact, the Princess conducted herself in this matter, as in all else, with exemplary courage and resignation, which could be expected only from her good character and high breeding. When, a little later, Prince Jerome Napoleon arrived in Turin, she said: 'The marriage is desired by my father. I know therefore in his opinion this union must be useful to my family and my country, and therefore I have no

hesitation in giving my consent.' It is said that both Victor Emmanuel and Cavour were affected to tears by this dutiful answer, as well they might be.

The marriage took place a little over a fortnight after the Prince's arrival in Turin, and upon the top of this incongruous union was set the seal of the Franco-Sardinian alliance. France was to assist Sardinia against Austria, and was to agree to the annexation of the Lombardo-Venetian provinces and of the Legations. Sardinia was to cede Nice and Savoy on the conclusion of the war. If this was not a *mariage de convenance* of the old-fashioned style worthy of the Middle Ages, it is difficult to conceive what that appropriate French expression signifies. No wonder that a cry of indignation arose in Europe not only from politicians but from moralists. Here was a young and religious-minded girl being sacrificed to a man old enough to be her father, and whose private character was more than doubtful, for political motives which were at present but little comprehended by the outside world.

At the end of January, the young bride sailed from Genoa to France in company with her husband. There is no reason to suppose that this marriage proved more or less happy than such marriages are wont to prove, but this circumstance is doubtless chiefly to be attributed to the strong character of the Princess.

It is narrated that, as the imperial squadron which escorted the bridal procession over the water entered Marseilles, the captain of the vessel expressed a hope that the Princess would not be alarmed by the salutes with which her arrival was greeted. 'Sir,' was the proud answer, 'the ladies of my House have been

taught not to be afraid at the sound of the cannon.' As brave as her father, she thus faced life's difficulties which had been imposed upon her by the dictates of political mechanicians, and it is known that she fulfilled her duties as wife and mother in a manner that left no room for reproach.

The Emperor Napoleon, addressing the assembled Deputies and Senators subsequently to the marriage, said: 'The happy union of our well-beloved cousin Prince Napoleon with the daughter of King Victor Emmanuel is not one of those strange facts for which some hidden cause must be sought, but the natural consequence of the community of interests of the two countries, and of the friendship of the two sovereigns.' Certainly this is all that can be said for it. The most charitable interpretation is that Cavour was always ready to and did sacrifice himself for one great object, and he consequently expected other people, especially Victor Emmanuel, to do the same. This deflection from the right course was not really in accordance with Cavour's character, for he was a man of principle; and it must be affirmed that in this he set an example which statesmen should not be anxious to follow. No doubt in the negotiation of the French alliance the weight of his responsibilities left Cavour no residue of consideration to apply to moral scruples. Moreover, it is often asserted that political action should be settled by political needs. But political expediency cannot, in spite of Machiavelli, always outweigh the claims of private morality, and in this instance no equitable doubt can be entertained as to the evil of the course that he adopted.

Cavour, during the past few months, had played a dangerous game. While professing outwardly a desire

for peace, although he had secretly to place every hindrance in the way of a peaceful solution, he was obliged to conceal the mailed fist beneath the velvet glove. A tactician of the first order, he was careful to arrange that no popular demonstration, that no political disturbance of any kind, was to take place until after the declaration of hostilities. Had Austrian statesmen been capable of greater pliability, they might easily have simplified the question at issue to the utter confusion of their enemies, but they were too precipitate and too confident. In Vienna it was believed, perhaps with some justification, that Napoleon was merely seeking to gain time, and that a conflict was inevitable, but, in trying to anticipate him, the Austrian Government placed itself undoubtedly in a false position. Cavour had only to remind Europe that he had agreed and submitted to the general disarmament while Austria was commencing preparations for war early in January. Innumerable army corps had, in that month, been despatched into Italy to take up a position on the banks of the river Ticino, over against Piedmont. The Austrian officers at mess talked of nothing less than a march upon Turin, which was to be the first stage of a march upon Paris. It was not discerned on the Austrian side that, by this precipitancy, everything would be compromised, and an obvious pretext was being supplied to Piedmont to enter upon the course so long and so eagerly anticipated. The Italians had at once replied to the Austrian armaments with their own armaments, and their compatriots all over the world united in the purchase of cannon for the fortresses of Alessandria, which was now being put in a state of defence. When Cavour had repeated his demand for more money, Parliament with alacrity had



voted a loan of two millions sterling, ostensibly necessitated by the 'provocation of Austria.'

Thus had Cavour made Austria appear to the world the aggressor. This was the first condition precedent to the outbreak of hostilities. But there was more to be done. Austria's friends must be weaned from her. England still held to her traditional alliance with the foe of Italy, and Lord Derby in the House was busy maintaining that the Austrian was the best of good governments, seeking only to improve her Italian provinces.

Cavour, meanwhile, was telling the Chamber that the English alliance he would value more than any other—a surprising statement enough on the face of it, but taken to mean by the provident that he looked forward to the help of England to eject the French from Italy, if they should gain too firm a footing in the peninsula after the war was concluded.

Austria, however, unwisely refused to take advantage of England's friendship. Lord Derby made every effort to induce the Cabinet of Vienna to refrain from hostilities. Lord Cowley was sent as ambassador extraordinary to Vienna to ask that the Papal States should be evacuated by both Austrian and French troops, that Austria should abandon the treaties which gave her a virtual protectorate over Modena and Parma, and that she should consent to the introduction of reforms in all the Italian Governments, but the only answer received was: 'It is not here that you should come with your entreaties and your counsels. Go to Paris and Turin, and speak your mind out plainly there. Let the Emperor Napoleon learn that, if his army crosses the Alps, England will not look on quietly; let the King of Piedmont know that England

sanctions no plundering of the Austrian possessions in Italy. If the Queen's Ministers hold a resolute language we shall have no war. Italy is not in want of reconstruction; let them cease to stir her up, and we shall hear no more of it.' But applying to Turin was not to much purpose. Cavour was hardly in the mood for offering any assistance to aid Austrian diplomacy. If the Austrians wanted war, let them have it. When the English Cabinet applied to him, he referred them back again to Vienna.

In other directions England was not more successful in her mission of peace. The Emperor Napoleon congratulated her on her desire for a pacific solution, at the same time disavowing the barest idea of aggressiveness on his part. The Russian Government merely informed England that they had no friendly feelings towards the Austrian Court.

It was Cavour's policy meanwhile to gain his end without too much separating himself from Europe, and without injuring his alliance with Napoleon. At home he received every encouragement. D'Azeglio wrote generously to tell him that it was no longer the hour for the discussion of politics, that there was nothing now to be done but to succeed; 'make what use you will of me.'

But the most astounding manifestation of the nation's approval took the shape of an ever-increasing enlistment in the army. The thrilling battle fever had attacked all ranks of society in Italy. The ardent fire of patriotism burst forth and blazed with a fierceness which could not be controlled. From Lombardy as from Tuscany, from the Romagna and from Modena, streamed in countless hosts of young, able-bodied men, eager to be enrolled under the banner of Victor

Emmanuel. 'They may throw me into the river,' Cavour exclaimed in ecstasy at this visible proof of his countrymen's enthusiasm, 'but I will not stop it.'

This ready response to the call to arms was peculiarly gratifying to Cavour, both because he did not wish the French to appropriate all the *kudos* of future success, and also because he did not wish to find himself too much in the Frenchmen's debt. To La Marmora he wrote:—'In order that the war may come to a fortunate issue, we must prepare for greater efforts. Woe to us if we triumph solely by aid of the French!' He did not wish freedom to be offered to his country as a gift, for which she would be bound to be eternally grateful to the giver.

It was on the strength of these considerations then that, even at the risk of true diplomacy, Cavour instituted the famous 'Chasseurs of the Alps.' The story of their formation is fraught with deepest interest, for it was to Garibaldi that Cavour entrusted these raw battalions.

One winter's morning, before the break of day, Cavour's valet, in sore alarm, burst into his master's room and announced the arrival of an unknown visitor. 'Who is the man?' asked Cavour of his servant. 'He has a broad hat,' was the reply, 'a big stick in his hand, and he will not deliver his name; he says that your Excellency expects him.' The mysterious stranger, of course, was no other than Garibaldi himself, who had come under cover of the deepest secrecy, at the summons of Cavour, to place himself at the disposal of Victor Emmanuel.

'Let this poor devil in; he probably has some petition to ask of me,' said Cavour, and then in the half-light of dawn took place an interview which was

pregnant with such momentous consequences to the careers of both the statesman and the soldier. The conversation was apparently most amicable. Garibaldi thanked Cavour for the almost unexpected honour that had been placed within his grasp, namely that of being once again permitted to fight for his beloved native land. At the same time he expressed his strong disapproval of the French alliance, and his distrust in the Emperor's policy. No doubt the appointment which Cavour, in reply, offered Garibaldi was a great risk, but he saw in this venture the means of reuniting all the opposing forces of the country, leaving aside only his inveterate enemies, the disciples of Mazzini, to whom he had not hesitated to declare that, if they stirred one step, he would shatter them with grape as pitilessly as he would the Austrians. If it seems a matter for surprise that Cavour should call Garibaldi to his assistance, it must be remembered that, even if Napoleon liberated Northern Italy, he would probably be opposed to any further extension of the influence of Victor Emmanuel, and accordingly Cavour had to devise an expedient by which the Emperor should be rendered impotent to stem the tide of Italian aspirations. He intended now to make use of the revolutionary party with that object. It was a dangerous game, for Garibaldi, as a revolutionary, was obnoxious to Napoleon, and Cavour was obliged to conceal from Garibaldi that the price of Napoleon's aid was the cession of Nice, which was Garibaldi's birthplace. But Cavour had two very convincing motives to plead in inviting the co-operation of Garibaldi. In the first place Garibaldi would be certain to carry with him the majority of the republicans of Italy, and Cavour was anxious that all the living forces of the country, even those opposed

to his policy, should be made to contribute their efforts to the national work. In the second place, the services of so able and so brave a soldier ought not to be despised. Moreover, besides these two main considerations, Cavour set great store by that special sort of warfare of which Garibaldi was a master. 'We must be the first in the field,' he said, 'we must fire our first shot before the French arrive,' and he believed that these irregular bodies were the most eligible for first taking the field in firing line.

The manner in which the Chasseurs were enlisted was ingenious. Various committees were formed with a central office at Turin. Their agents, perambulating the country in the capacity of hawkers, and other guises, gave patriotic and enthusiastic youths, who were willing to serve, scraps of paper, which acted as a kind of pass for them when they crossed the frontier. These young men formed themselves into bands of twenty or thirty at a fixed date and at a fixed locality, and were placed under efficient guides, who conducted them over the mountains to Turin or Genoa, whence they were drafted into the regular army or formed volunteer bands, such as the *Carabinieri* of Genoa, distinguished by their familiar grey coats with green facings. The arrangement of these troops was given to Garibaldi, who in a short time found himself in command of no less than three fine regiments of infantry.

Cavour, in February, proposed a measure to Parliament, passing a vote for fifty million francs. In the course of his speech he explained his motives: 'Our policy, gentlemen, was never provocative or revolutionary, but it was always liberal, national, and Italian. We have never, in the past, believed that we had the right to stir up war, nor do we claim it now; but



we have ever cherished the conviction that it was our duty not only to develop within our own borders the principles on which the institutions granted by Charles Albert to his people are based, the principles of liberty and nationality, but also to constitute ourselves, in the face of all Europe, interpreters of the needs, the grievances, and the hopes of Italy. This programme we have always loudly proclaimed, and we have done so not only in the presence of the nation in the sessions of Parliament, but in European councils and diplomatic congresses. Never, in the past, has our policy been impeached as either foolhardy or provocative: rather has it been sealed with the explicit approbation of the best statesmen in Europe. . . . It is true that, after the Paris Congress, we deemed it necessary to provide for the country's defence in the most practical and efficient manner possible, and that we have begun to erect fortifications at Alessandria. But if this has been done, it is because what happened in Paris had convinced us that the difficulties of the Italian question would never be solved by pacific and diplomatic means. Nevertheless, in regard to this we have not overstepped our rightful prerogative, nor have we been guilty of a genuine act of provocation. . . . While calling upon you now for the means of resistance, we have no intention of changing our attitude, nor of proceeding to direct acts of defiance; but, on the other hand, we do not intend to be intimidated by Austrian threats, especially when Austrian men and arms have been despatched to our frontier. These principles, frankly and faithfully proclaimed, will, I trust, receive the approbation not only of Parliament, but of all right-feeling men throughout Europe.'

In the midst of Cavour's preparations came the news, like a thunderbolt, of a congress proposed from St. Petersburg. Cavour was dismayed, for he realised that Napoleon's Italian policy was not popular in France, and that he would no doubt seize on the slightest pretext to withdraw from the position he had taken up. The effect, therefore, of such a proposal was calculated to render all his schemes nugatory, and make them inoperative. The Empress Eugénie, whose Ultramontane predilections caused her to look with disfavour on the Italian movement, would undoubtedly throw the weight of her influence, which was considerable, into the opposite scale; Guizot, Lamartine, and Prudhon had all of them declared against a united Italy. What was more likely, then, than that the Emperor would recant at the eleventh hour?

This was an anxious moment for Cavour. Besides his misgivings with regard to France, England was always urging upon him peaceful methods. On the whole he remained patient, but on one occasion he replied boldly to an English diplomatist, who informed him that public opinion in London accused him of imperilling the peace of Europe by his Italian policy: 'Admirable! And I, on the contrary, think that the most serious responsibility for the troubled position of Italy rests with England, her parliamentary orators, her diplomatists, and her writers, who have been labouring for years to excite political passions in our peninsula. Is it not England that has encouraged Sardinia in her propaganda of moral influences, opposed to the lawless preponderance of Austria in Italy?'

But it must not be supposed, in spite of this lapse from his usual diplomatic bearing, that he did not try in every way to propitiate England. He addressed,

evidently, his speeches in Parliament to the English people. He reminded them that every just cause—emancipation in Ireland, negro emancipation, *exempli gratia*—had finished by triumphing. ‘Can it be that the cause of Italy is less holy than that of the Irish, or that of the blacks? And she also, Italy, will vindicate herself before English public opinion. I can never believe that a man so distinguished as Lord Derby, presiding over the councils of England, will, after having affixed to the great act of negro emancipation the name transmitted by history, conclude his noble career by complicity with those that would condemn the Italians to eternal servitude.’

The astute Minister was graciously according his hospitality to many Englishmen at this very time, and it is of more than passing interest to note that, among those whom he succeeded in enlisting in his sympathy was Mr. Gladstone himself. Of this memorable meeting Mr. John Morley has published an account. ‘At Turin, on his way home from the Ionian Islands, in the spring of 1859, Mr. Gladstone saw the statesman who was destined to make Italy. Sir James Hudson, our ambassador at the Court of Piedmont, had sounded Cavour as to his disposition to receive the returning traveller. Cavour replied: “I hope you will do all you can to bring such a proceeding about. I set the highest value on the visit of a statesman so distinguished, and such a friend of Italy as Mr. Gladstone.” Hudson added to this: “I can only say I think your counsels may be very useful to this Government, and that I look to your coming here as a means possibly of composing differences, which may, if not handled by some such calm, unprejudiced statesman as yourself, lead to very serious disturbances in the European body politic.”

Mr. Gladstone accordingly found himself at Cavour's table in the foreign office, and Cavour thus had the chance of speaking with "one of the sincerest and most important friends that Italy had." To Mr. Gladstone, who had seen the Austrian forces in Venetia and in Lombardy, he said: "You behold for yourself that it is Austria who menaces us. Here we are tranquil, the country is calm; we will do our duty. England is wrong in identifying peace with the continuance of Austrian domination."

Nor was it only Gladstone that Cavour tried to propitiate. To all the English visitors he exhibited the same urbanity, and he neglected nothing in indicating to his guests that England was mistaken when she identified Austrian rule with peace. If Cavour would not have England for a friend, at least he would not have her as an enemy. For this very reason he had sent D' Azeglio as an ambassador extraordinary to London, describing him thus: 'There is the father of the Italian question; he is a moderate, they will not be suspicious of him. His presence in London should be of first-rate service among all who are not of pure Austrian blood.'

The chief obstacle that Cavour had to encounter, during the period preceding the war, was the reluctance of the French Ministry to conform to Napoleon's Italian policy. Cavour knew well that Count Walewski, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, was not in favour of striking a blow for Italy; in fact, Walewski looked upon Cavour with a suspicion that amounted almost to hostility. The Emperor was obliged at this time to keep England calm, therefore he saw that his best course, for the present, was to preserve a discreet silence, a silence which allowed the clamours of French

opposition to be heard the more distinctly, much to Cavour's detriment.

When the subject of a European Congress was first mooted, Cavour wrote to Villamarina, the Sardinian Minister in Paris, informing him that Walewski had made a communication to the French Minister at Turin which might render desperate measures inevitable. The consequence was that Villamarina had a stormy interview with Walewski. 'What do you want?' queried the French Minister; 'the Emperor surely will not, must not, carry on a war for no other purpose than that of satisfying the ambition of Sardinia! The matter must be settled peaceably at a Congress, and Sardinia has not an atom of right to participate in such a Congress.' To this insult Villamarina replied, that Sardinia would not submit to such an affront, that she would attack her enemies alone, and that if need were she would set fire to the four quarters of Europe. Cavour, in the meanwhile, having heard of this interview, instructed Count Nigra to speak energetically to the Emperor. The order being complied with, the Emperor replied: 'Let Count Cavour come hither to Paris without further delay.'

On the 25th of March, in the year 1859, Cavour accordingly found himself once again in Paris. He made haste to apprise his old friend, Madame de Circourt, of his presence in the French capital. 'Although I am at Paris for only a very short time, I should like to come and shake hands with you. But I dread finding in your drawing-room some frantic partisans of peace, to whom my presence would be supremely displeasing. Seeing therefore that, in spite of my bellicose humour, I do not at all care to make war on your friends, I will not call upon you unless you can promise to see me alone,



or in the presence of such persons as will not tear out my eyes for love of peace.'

It was on no peaceful mission that Cavour had now embarked.

Two days before his arrival, the Emperor Napoleon had given an audience to Lord Cowley, at which the English ambassador had endeavoured to persuade him to require Sardinia to disarm at the forthcoming Congress. 'His Majesty admitted,' Lord Cowley reported to Lord Malmesbury, 'that it ought to be done, but he said that his accounts from Turin were of such a nature that he was convinced the King would abdicate, and Cavour resign, if the disarmament were forced upon him, or else, in a fit of despair, they would throw themselves upon the Austrians. Finally he said that he would see what he could do with Cavour, and that he would meet me again in a couple of days.' But it was clear from this interview that the Emperor could not promise to support England in demanding a step that would probably lead to the annihilation of Sardinia.

Walewski's reception of Cavour was courteous, but cold. The French Foreign Minister informed him that the Emperor had resolved to interfere in Italian affairs only by peaceful means. The receipt of this damping intelligence well-nigh determined Cavour to depart without seeing Napoleon. According to Sir Theodore Martin, on the authority of information supplied to the Prince Consort from a quarter which places its authority beyond dispute, Cavour talked of his own resignation, of the King's abdication, and of his determination to retire to America, where he would publish documents in his possession which would prove that the Emperor had promised to assist Sardinia by force of arms against Austria.

Cavour, however, eventually held frequent interviews with the Emperor, who was always cordial, but he, on his side, utterly refused to disarm, and the Emperor, on his side, influenced no doubt by his Ministers and by the financial panic that had followed upon his New Year address to the Austrian ambassador, insisted on regarding war as a last resource. At the same time, in Cavour's presence he seems to have regained some assurance, or to have been made to feel that it was not altogether wise to provoke his confidant of Plombières. But Cowley's attitude was equally uncompromising, and Cavour was thrown into a state akin to blank despair.

A short while previously to his departure from the French capital, Cavour composed a letter to the Emperor, which reveals in every sentence the state of deep anxiety under which he had been labouring. The following is the text of that famous document, dated Paris, the 30th of March 1859: 'The sentiment of the terrible responsibility which weighs upon me, and the confidence which your Majesty's goodness inspires in me, prompt me to unburden my mind without reserve to your Majesty. The last conversation which I held yesterday with Count Walewski, in the presence of your Majesty, has broken my heart. It has transformed my doubts into assurances, and I have acquired the gloomy conviction that Count Walewski is decided to desert us, to force the King to abdicate, to compel me to resign, to precipitate Piedmont into an abyss. It seems that there exists in Italy a moderate liberal party in a position to modify the line of conduct which the King and his Government have hitherto adopted, in accord with your Majesty, in making him accept some illusory concessions as satisfaction sufficient for

the hopes which the words of your Majesty and the attitude of Sardinia have fostered during three months. Count Walewski makes a mistake. Whatever may be the issue of the Congress, we would have much trouble indeed to persuade the Italians to be satisfied; but it must follow from facts less important than those which your Majesty has wished to indicate in the letter which you have deigned to send me, there will follow a terrible catastrophe. The King will find himself in a dilemma, placed between a folly and a cowardice. There will remain to him but one resource—to descend from his throne, and to go and die in exile like his father. The Ministry, myself especially if not exclusively, will become the object of popular indignation, and the least harm that can happen to us is to go and hide our heads in an obscure retreat, battered with the reproaches of our unhappy citizens. This catastrophe is inevitable if Count Walewski is enabled to realise his object. In fact, has he not declared before your Majesty, that the demand for the demolition of the defences of Plaisance was hardly bearable, that all that the Powers could establish was the principle of a confederation constructed upon a liberal basis? But if Count Walewski goes to the Congress with these ideas, we are lost beyond recall. These ideas cannot be welcomed by the generous spirit of your Majesty. Surely your Majesty cannot desire to see the most faithful, or rather the only ally, which your Majesty has in Europe, fall a victim to diplomacy, after having in a way placed in your Majesty's hand his crown, his life, and his family. May your Majesty deign to remember what happened a year ago, and you will see how little the King of Piedmont merits the sort of thing that Walewski is meditating. At

the first call, which your Majesty made to him, my King answered with the utmost confidence. Without troubling about the dangers to which he was exposing himself, he accepted without reserve the propositions which your Majesty made to him. All that your Majesty had wished to indicate to me at Plombières has been sanctioned by him, and, since my return, all his acts and all those of his Government have been concerted beforehand with your Majesty. The King wishes earnestly to continue in perfect accord with your Majesty. All he asks is that he may not be placed in such a position where he will be, in a way, forced to sanction the ruin of his country, and the triumph in Italy of Austria and the Revolution. Circumstances, unlucky and unforeseen, have decided your Majesty in your high wisdom to modify your original plans without altering the end which you have the intention to attain. I have not hesitated to recognise the propriety of this determination. I appreciate in all their fulness the huge difficulties which your Majesty has met *en route*. Also I consider it as a pressing duty for Sardinia to do all in her power which could help your Majesty to surmount them. But, as a matter of conscience, I feel I ought to declare that the course proposed by Count Walewski, while "doing for" Sardinia, will not save France. It is necessary to avoid a common hatred that the outcome of the Congress will be either a war or a treaty which Italy can accept. What will France gain by the fall of Sardinia, by the complete disorganisation of the national party in the Peninsula, which is now completely devoted to your Majesty? She would transform Italy into a mortal foe, without regaining the friendship of England, or diminishing the hatred of Austria. The

Powers have penetrated sufficiently the designs of your Majesty to be able in good faith to adopt again their former attitude towards yourself. A reciprocated defiance will always exist between them, and this defiance will necessarily entail war in circumstances much less favourable than the present. Much better would war be in two or three months with the devoted concurrence of the Italians, than a peace or a treaty which will diminish the immense prestige which surrounds the name of your Majesty. From what I have just confessed your Majesty will understand how great are my apprehensions. I trust that your Majesty will deign to dissipate them before my departure in determining precisely and absolutely the memorandum which you will present to Austria. Without this I should not know indeed how I can show myself to the King, who is tormented and exasperated by the uncertainty of his position. Your Majesty can count, with regard to this, on the most complete secrecy. I give my word of honour. It only remains for me to ask your Majesty to forgive any language which may have seemed too sharp. Your Majesty will be indulgent if you consider that I have kept to myself only the secret of the negotiations which have taken place with your Majesty. I feel the huge weight of the responsibility which rests upon my shoulders: a responsibility which would not frighten me if my position and my life were alone involved, but which becomes crushing when I think that it renders me to blame before God and man for the disasters that threaten my King and my native land.'

That the Emperor did deign to dissipate Cavour's apprehensions before his departure may be inferred from Cavour's declaration on his return from a final



conference, to the effect that war would begin in two months.

It was understood in Turin that Cavour had brought back from Paris a positive promise of immediate co-operation, and when he returned, on the 1st of April, he was welcomed by the assemblage of a vast multitude in front of the Palazzo, where he resided with his brother. It is narrated that on the following morning he went to give the King an account of the demonstration, but Victor Emmanuel interrupted him, saying: 'There is no need for you to tell me anything, for while you were standing on the balcony, I was standing amid the crowd below, shouting "Hurrah for Cavour!" with the best of them.'

It soon became clear that Austria was determined to refuse Sardinia admittance to the Congress. But Cavour was not the man to consent that Piedmont, after three years joining in all the deliberations of Europe, and even shedding her blood in a European war, should be so treated by her perpetual enemy. Piedmont should not be 'left at the door.' The Congress, he knew, would have a disastrous effect upon Italy if Sardinia were excluded. 'We will not disarm,' he told Napoleon; 'better fall vanquished, sword in hand, than perish miserably in a state of anarchy, or see ourselves degraded to maintain public tranquillity with violence, like the King of Naples. To-day we have a moral force worth an army; if we abandon it, nothing will give it us back.'

Cavour knew, moreover, that he had set Europe an intricate puzzle to solve: if Piedmont was refused a seat at the Congress, it was difficult to insist on her disarming. If she was asked to disarm, it appeared only justice to invite her to the Congress. Out of this

*impasse* came a suggestion from England, probably shaped by France, that there should be a general disarmament, and that Piedmont should be represented at the Congress. But Cavour knew that if Austria consented to this plan the game was up, and consequently, when the official proposition to disarm came, it is not surprising that he was seized with violent emotion.

Towards midnight, on the 18th of April, a secretary of the French Legation brought him a peremptory message from Napoleon demanding instant acceptance, and concluding in these words: 'Accept immediately the preliminary conditions of the Congress, and answer by telegraph.' The conditions were, the disbanding of the volunteers, and the cessation of all warlike preparations. To the bearer he at once exclaimed: 'There is nothing for me to do but to blow out my brains.' He fancied that, at the eleventh hour, Napoleon had deserted him. It seemed as if his political designs, so long prepared, would be anathematised in their most prospering hour. It has been said that his natural elasticity, which 'never gave him time to blow out his brains,' soon reasserted itself, thanks to his recuperative energy, not, however, before he had endured many hours of distraction and misery. It is believed that he even contemplated suicide. Certain it is that, on the day following the reception of the fatal message, he shut himself up in his room and gave orders that no one should be admitted. What course of action he was then meditating, had he not been interrupted, it is impossible to conjecture. Fortunately his privacy was invaded by one of his most tried and faithful friends, Castelli by name, who, fearing the worst, hastened to Cavour's house, pushed aside the expostulating servant,

and precipitated himself into the Minister's room. 'Must I believe,' Castelli exclaimed, bursting into tears, 'that Count Cavour will desert the camp on the eve of battle, that he will abandon us all?' Thus appealed to, Cavour, who had hitherto remained motionless, suddenly embraced his questioner, and reassured him with the words: 'Be tranquil, we will face it all together.'

From that moment the tide seemed to turn. Cavour received reassuring telegrams from Paris and London. 'It is true,' he said, reviewing the situation in a calmer frame of mind, 'that we are unhurt on the score of our personal pride. England first stipulated for a preliminary disarmament, and we replied in the negative. She then asked us to subscribe to the principle of disarmament, and this we likewise declined. To-day, if we adhere to a proposition to disarm on the condition of being admitted to the Congress, we submit to a demand addressed to us by Europe. Our honour is safe. We resisted as long as we could. Nevertheless our situation is grave; not desperate, but grave.' He realised that although Piedmont had been obliged to submit, that submission was of no importance if Austria declined to do the same; in fact it would rather redound to the credit of Victor Emmanuel. At this point, however, Austria played a false card, and Cavour had practically won the game.

On the 19th of April, a few hours after Cavour had replied to the Emperor's message, Count Buol sent off a contemptuous rejoinder to the English proposals. On the 21st of April, an ultimatum was despatched from Vienna to Turin, summoning the subjects of Victor Emmanuel to disarm, and demanding the disbandment of the volunteers. Three days were to be allowed for

a reply, and a refusal was to be tantamount to a declaration of war. Now Cavour had already let the Emperor know plainly that in Italy there was no intention of disarming under any circumstances. In a conversation, quoted above, he had told Napoleon, in unequivocal language, that, rather than see his countrymen a prey to anarchy or suppressed by the violent methods of the King of Naples, it would be infinitely better that they should be defeated in battle with arms in their hands. On the 23rd of April while Cavour was seated in the Chamber of Deputies, in the Carignano Palace, a friend handed to him a scrap of paper, on which were inscribed the ominous words: 'They are here, I have seen them.' This mystic phrase was the first notification to Cavour of the arrival of Baron Kellersberg and his suite, who were the bearers of the Austrian ultimatum. Cavour at once rose, amid deafening shouts of 'Long live the King!' As he left the building he turned to a friend, and delivered himself of that famous prophecy: 'I am leaving the last sitting of the last Piedmontese Chamber.'

At half-past five on the same day, he received from the Austrian envoy the command to disarm. Three days later, being the term of the delay allowed in the ultimatum, at the same hour, he delivered, with what delight it can well be imagined, his reply to Baron Kellersberg, whose hand he courteously pressed in assuring him of the happiness he would have to see him again, under more favourable auspices. He gave his written reply at the same time, which contained the following sentence: 'May the responsibility rest upon those who were the first to arm, and who substituted threats for fair proposals for a peaceful settlement.' Then giving his final orders to Colonel Govone,

deputed to accompany the Austrian officer to the frontier, he turned to the assembled company and, with radiant joy suffusing his countenance, exclaimed: 'It is done; *alea jacta est*! We have made history, and now to dinner!'

As a matter of fact, Austria could not have chosen a moment less propitious to adopt an offensive attitude. By her precipitate action she turned the whole of Europe against her, at the very time when Piedmont had at last propitiated the Powers by submission to their dictates. Cavour now held the strongest position in the eyes of Europe. He had given his acceptance to the proposals made by England with the approval of France, Prussia, and Russia. It was their obvious duty in return to support him against Austria's act of aggression. Above all, the ultimatum forced Napoleon's hand. He was now a tool in Cavour's power, reduced to a plastic condition of acquiescence. He had, to use Mr. Gladstone's words, entangled himself with a stronger and better-informed intellect than his own, and now discovered, too late to break free, that the leading rein was in the hand of the Italian statesman.

England was the first to acknowledge that Piedmont was in the right. In the course of a speech at the Mansion House, Lord Derby remarked that there was nothing, in his judgment, to justify the hasty, the precipitate, and, because involving the horrors of war, the criminal step which had been taken by Austria. Sir James Hudson wrote to Mr. Gladstone from Turin: 'Piedmont cannot separate the question of constitutional liberty (in Piedmont) if she would. Misgovernment in Central Italy, heavy taxation and dearth in Lombardy, misgovernment in Modena, vacillation in Tuscany, cruelty in Naples, constitute the famous "*grido di*



dolore." The Congress of Paris wedded Piedmont to the redress of grievances.' The 'Times' a little later observed that the Italians were confronting a fearful danger, and panting for a glorious consummation. 'We trust,' ran the phrasing of the article, 'the event may be favourable, for England desires nothing better than that Italy should be independent and prosperous.' In April, Mr. Gladstone, speaking in the House of Commons upon the situation, expressed his firm conviction that no plan of peace could be durable which failed to effect some mitigation of the sore evils afflicting the Italian peninsula.

When Cavour's conspicuous success became apparent to the world, it is not to be wondered at that there were the usual insignificant detractors ready to come forward and express their ill-timed disapproval. The note of dissension in Italy was struck by the followers of Mazzini, who accused Cavour of ambition, and maintained that the French alliance might easily have been dispensed with. Now it is absurd to suppose that Cavour was not keenly alive to the disadvantages, and even dangers, of the French alliance. He had been faced with a choice of evils, and he had selected that which seemed to entail least risk for the ambitions of his countrymen. But the revolutionists were not satisfied, and continued to insist that Italy could have fought out her battles alone. This delusion was further enhanced by the subsequent amazing success of Garibaldi's troops, a performance that strengthened considerably the force of their argument. But the real truth was that undisciplined levies could never alone have accomplished the desired end, and it must further be insisted that the followers of Mazzini had not taken into account the event of Germany consolidating, and

coming to the help of Austria. When Victor Emmanuel was consulted on this very subject by one of his generals he replied conclusively: 'You may depend upon it that, if I had believed Mazzini had had it in his power to make Italy independent, I should long ago have been a Mazzinian.' This sentence, perhaps, is the most powerful and convincing argument that can be adduced on Cavour's side.

At this point, the Emperor for the first time laid aside the ideas of peaceful conquests, which he had proclaimed with such intrepidity in 1851. Before leaving Paris for the scene of action, he addressed his people in a proclamation: 'Austria has brought things to such a pass that she must lord it up to the Alps, or else Italy must be free up to the Adriatic: for in that country every nook of earth holding independence is a danger to the power of Austria. . . . The object of this war is to restore Italy to herself, not to make her change masters. We shall have on our frontiers a friendly people, who will owe to us their independence. We are entering Italy, not to foment disorder, nor to shake the power of the Holy Father, whom we have replaced on his throne, but to free him from that foreign pressure which weighs upon the whole peninsula, and to help to establish order there upon the satisfaction of legitimate interests.' It certainly required all the resources of Napoleon's ingenuity to convince his countrymen of the necessity for, or even the expediency of, a war; the reasons for which and the advantages to be gained therefrom were not altogether intelligible. He was doing all this against the sentiments of his own subjects, even against the sentiments, it was whispered, of his own wife. There is one admission that certainly must be made on his behalf which in some measure exonerates

him from the full blame. It had been in the past his earnest desire to smooth the differences which existed between the Cabinet of Turin and the Court of the Vatican, but in every instance that incontrovertible answer, 'Non possumus,' had been returned. Pius IX behaved as improvidently in his dealings with Napoleon as he had done with Victor Emmanuel. He should have known that Napoleon had strong Italian predilections. When the Emperor crossed the Alps to liberate Italy, he could not venture on a declaration of war against the Pope. From the very commencement of the hostile attempt against the Temporal Power, the Emperor had guaranteed to the Pope the integrity of his territory, but the northern part of it, in the general confusion, had soon been lost. Subsequently he offered the Presidency of the Diet to Pius, on the condition that he should introduce reforms into the government of the Vatican. Finally, in an autograph letter to the Pope, he advised him to cede Romagna to Piedmont. After some deliberation the Pope decided to send Antonelli to the Congress of Paris, but his journey had been put off, owing to the appearance of a pamphlet entitled 'Le Pape et le Congrès,' ascribed to Napoleon, in which it was asserted that the Pope ought to have his authority circumscribed within the walls of Rome.

Meanwhile, active preparations for war were set on foot in Piedmont. The battlefield was a source of delight to Victor Emmanuel's restless, fearless nature. When asked not to risk his person at the head of his troops, he gallantly replied: 'I am going to send some thousands of men to death, and how could I ask them to die for Italy, if I was not prepared to show them by my own example that the cause was one worth dying for?' No wonder that men were eager to be enrolled

beneath the banner of such a leader, and the enthusiasm which followed the call to arms was a source of admiration and surprise to the whole of Europe. Cavour daily added fuel to the already lively flame of national pride, and the evident eagerness to serve was to him a constant source of reassurance and gratification. But more wonderful even than the readiness of individuals to enlist was the readiness of Italian principalities to dissolve themselves and to amalgamate with Piedmont. In the last days of April, Florence had brought about her revolution, letting her Grand Duke find an asylum in the camp of the Austrians. The governments of Modena and Parma had melted away. Later on in June, when the Austrians quitted the Papal territory, Ancona and Bologna, which they had occupied for ten years, joined in the national movement. All this amazing change was wrought without a struggle, the grandest tribute to Cavour's providence and statesmanship. The 'Times' even bore witness to the marvel of this political phenomenon. 'There is another and a still more singular feature,' the writer of the article asserts. 'We are told that these successive uprisings of civic communities have been accomplished with remarkable order, that the revolution which has transferred a whole district from the authority of a regular government to the hands of an excited population has been completed without the least disturbance, and that the organisation of society works as safely and smoothly in Northern Lombardy as it did twelve months ago under an established rule.' The explanation that the 'Times' sought can be found in the policy of Cavour.

In the ensuing conflict, everything pointed to the advantage of the Austrians. They had chosen their own time for commencing hostilities. A feeble enemy

confronted them. The French could only approach by way of the Alps, or the mountain range above Genoa, and Turin could be taken before they arrived. Turin would then be a good base to strike at the French army as they arrived. Yet, after crossing the Ticino, the Austrians quite unaccountably delayed under their incompetent leader Giulay.

War was actually declared on the 27th of April, but until the landing of Louis Napoleon on Italian soil, the Sardinian troops were obliged virtually to remain on the defensive. Under these circumstances they must have grown impatient, eager as they were to obey the summons of their King, which had taken the form of an inspiring address to the troops, couched in the following words:—‘March, then, confident of success, and wreath with fresh laurels that standard which, rallying from all quarters the flower of Italian youth to its threefold colours, points out your task of accomplishing that righteous and sacred enterprise—the independence of Italy, wherein we find our war-cry.’

Turin was left well-nigh to the protection of the citizens alone. The dykes, with which the whole valley of the Po is intersected, were cut, and the plain was thus placed under water to retard the advance of the Austrians as far as possible. Cavour, energetic as ever, although the most important part of his task was accomplished, on hearing that the Piedmontese Government had only arranged to feed the French up to a certain day, and that beyond that day the French would be at a total loss to procure the necessities of life, had at once put in motion the whole body of mayors of the communes within reach of the railway, giving them orders to requisition all the meal they could lay hands on, heat the bakeries and make as much bread as they



could, then, without the loss of a minute, to cart it to the nearest stations. This is only one instance typical of his foresight at the outbreak of war. Throughout the campaign his solicitude was extended to the most minute particulars. A very real picture of Cavour at this time is painted by his friend and biographer De la Rive, which the writer takes the liberty of quoting : ‘Cavour was everywhere working day and night, superintending the enrolment of the various corps of volunteers, attending to the provisioning of the army, organising every branch of the public service for every contingency, inspecting Casale and Alessandria, giving precise orders to the agents of the Home Office, and written instructions to those of the Foreign Department, and sending off numerous and long despatches, all in his own handwriting ; at the same time watching with anxiety every change in the politics of Europe, every turn and oscillation in public opinion, attentive to the slightest rumours and to the smallest incidents, reading the English newspapers, treasuring up some expressions emanating from Berlin, informing himself of what was passing at Florence, at Bologna, at Parma, uneasy as to the attitude of parties in France ; his faith, on one occasion, but on one only, shaken in the Emperor himself. To all this a thousand minor details have to be added : conferences with the English Minister, who advises and protests ; with the French Minister, who advises and dissuades ; with some traveller fresh from Paris ; interviews with great and small, with envoys on the eve of departure, with intendants, with volunteer leaders, with Tuscans, with Lombards who entreat to be allowed to serve in the ranks ; in a word with all the world. At all hours of the night couriers and telegraphic messages. Hardly in bed when he has to get

up again, to unravel long documents in cipher and to reply to them. What enormous fatigue, how many causes for weariness of mind, for discouragement and irresolution! . . . On setting off to take command of the army, General La Marmora had left his department in the hands of Cavour, who thus became Minister of War, in addition to the other offices which he had already filled. . . . Cavour performed his new duties with the ease and vigour, the care and success, which always attended his own direct and personal superintendence. He was at length able to arm, pay, and feed the volunteers as he liked, and that without prejudice to the army, whose wants of all kinds were supplied with the greatest regularity. While Cavour was taking care that there was no deficiency in the supplies, that the arsenals were amply provided, that the railroads were at the disposal of the Government, and in an efficient state, that blanks in the army were filled up by new levies, and hospitals in readiness, he had also to attend to the organisation of the provinces annexed to Piedmont by the victories of the allies, to bring them at once under the institutions of the old territory, to set them in the right way, to carry on their administration, to constitute and unite them.' This paragraph gives some idea of what Cavour was undergoing.

On the 30th of April, the first French columns appeared in the Piazza Castello of Turin. Cavour stood and watched them on the balcony of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. What thoughts must have passed through his mind as he watched those forces, at last allied through his ceaseless efforts, and confronting a common foe!

A few days later, the Emperor himself disembarked

at Genoa, where Cavour met him. 'You ought to be satisfied, your aims are being realised,' were the first words that he addressed to the Italian Minister as he stepped ashore.

The war opened with a series of brilliant successes for the allied forces. While the Austrians remained inactive Napoleon's plan of campaign was to outflank the Austrians from the north, and so to gain Milan. While, therefore, the Piedmontese troops maintained their positions in the front, the French from Genoa marched northwards behind them, crossed the Po, and reached Vercelli before the Austrians had grasped the situation.

The victories of Montebello, Palestro, and Magenta will stand for all time to the credit of the French and Italian arms. It was in the second of these battles that the Sardinian army, led by Victor Emmanuel in person, achieved its greatest triumph. As a matter of history, it was the only engagement in which the Sardinian troops were in a position to take and keep the lead. The King charged with the Bersaglieri, and distinguished himself by his intrepid bearing and courageous enthusiasm.

But it was the victory of Magenta that laid Milan open to the invading force, and compelled the Austrians to seek the protection of the Quadrilateral—that stretch of country so often the theatre of war, pegged out, as it were, by the four fortresses of Peschiera and Mantua on the Mincio, and Verona and Legnano on the Adige. This battle was fought on the 4th of June, and in it nearly the whole of the Austrian army engaged with the French troops. It was, like those that had preceded it, a desperate fight, and remarkable for the prodigies of valour performed by both sides. The Austrians, driven

back into Magenta itself, maintained so stout a resistance that they had to be dislodged by hand-to-hand fighting. The two sovereigns entered Milan in triumph on the 8th of June, early in the morning. The Emperor of the French was conducted to the Villa Buonaparte, which Napoleon I had once occupied, and where he himself had stayed when a child. The enthusiasm of the Milanese surpassed all bounds when the famous proclamation, full of bombast and interlarded with the usual commonplaces, addressed to the Italians by Napoleon, was posted in the streets. 'Providence sometimes favours a people,' it ran, 'by giving them the opportunity to spring to life at a blow, but it is on condition that they shall know how to profit by it. Profit, then, by the good fortune offered to you! Unite in a common aim—the deliverance of your country. Give yourselves military organisation. Fly to the banner of Victor Emmanuel, who has so nobly shown you the path of honour. Remember that without discipline there is no army. Animated by the sacred fire of patriotism be but soldiers to-day; to-morrow you will be citizens of a great country.'

The stay of the Emperor and of the King in Milan was one unbroken *fête*. By day the Milanese filled the streets, laughing, singing, and cheering; at night their city was illuminated, and processions bearing lamps moved like swarms of fireflies to the Villa Buonaparte. The illustrious names of Montebello, Frassinetto, Palestro, and Magenta were everywhere displayed woven in flowers. Men even went mad with joy. It is related that an old officer of the Napoleonic wars, showing the remnant of a time-worn tricolour flag, fell on his knees raving, and died a few days afterwards! The Lombard nobility even joined with the people in

doing the Emperor honour. The crowd bore his *fantassins* into their cafés and restaurants and feasted them.

But amid all this hubbub and din, the Italians knew to whom they owed the approach of their salvation. Cavour, although his part during the actual hostilities was less apparent than that of the generals, could congratulate himself that the realisation of his ambitions was in sight, and that to him it was due that this consummation had been brought about.

And yet the immediate future seemed rather to indicate that he had been a little premature in his self-congratulation.

Throughout the opening of the campaign, he had exhibited a colossal energy in the various departments over which he held control. The duties attaching to the offices of Foreign Affairs, Ministry of the Interior, War, and Marine all came within the scope of his authority, and alone would have required the energy and ability of no ordinary man; but apart from the conduct of the hostilities he was obliged to keep well in touch with the various revolutionary movements that were steadily taking place on all sides. Everywhere it was desired that Victor Emmanuel should assume the dictatorship, but the King and Cavour were both wise enough to avoid any engagement of this kind that might offend Europe. Instead therefore of adopting this dangerous course, commissioners were appointed to enrol troops for the common war against Austria and to conduct the necessary work of administration in those districts. Accordingly, Cavour had sent his most trusted colleagues in all directions, with the significant message ringing in their ears: 'Repression in the cause of order, activity on behalf of the



war; what remains leave to the future'; Count Pallieri to Parma, Farini to Modena, Boncompagni to Florence, Massimo d'Azeglio to Bologna. His lieutenants were everywhere, even in the camp of Garibaldi. He wanted no agitation, no declamation. To Signor Vigliani, a Piedmontese magistrate whom he had made governor of Milan, he sent these instructions: 'We are not in 1848; we permit of no discussion. Take no notice of the excitement of those who surround you. The smallest act of weakness wrecks the Government.' As a Minister of War he was indefatigable.

While the French Emperor and Victor Emmanuel were gaining victories, the fame of which was resounding through Europe, Garibaldi's guerilla warfare at the foot of the Alps had proved an unqualified success. It was an ingenious idea of Cavour's to call the great adventurer thus to his aid. The enlistment of the Chasseurs of the Alps up to the very outbreak of the war had continued unabated. A single town of some forty thousand inhabitants had given no fewer than three thousand willing and eager volunteers. Garibaldi had been thrown into that part of the country best prepared for his reception and best calculated to provide him with what he needed. Cavour's scheme had turned the patriotism of the Italians to the best account and encouraged the spirit of nationality.

But Garibaldi had not received the best of treatment from La Marmora and the older generals, who regarded him as a 'quack,' and were naturally jealous of his achievements. They had placed obstacles everywhere in his way, and his supplies were not forwarded. Even Napoleon had been made aware of how badly the volunteers had been treated, and offered to supply them with clothes, arms, or any other necessities. It was

therefore with unfeigned delight that, on remonstrating, he received the order from Victor Emmanuel: 'Go where you like; do what you like; I feel only one regret—that I am not able to follow you.' This permission exactly suited Garibaldi's purpose. Placing himself at once at the head of his men he kept up continued skirmishes night and day, in the mountains and in the plains, with the result that this brilliant guerilla warfare began to tell heavily upon his enemies. His biographer has well said that, although the glories of Palestro, Magenta, and Solferino have cast all the Garibaldian victories into the shade, yet in the Italian eyes nothing can do away with the romance of 'the red-shirts,' and the light guerilla warfare they carried into the heart of the enemy's country.

Up to this point Lombardy had alone been won. The allied armies now advanced to the positions held by the Austrians to the west of the Mincio, and on the 24th of June was fought one of the bloodiest battles of modern times. The allied armies met the Austrians at the village of Solferino. The combatants numbered some three hundred thousand men. The fighting lasted from early morning until close on sunset. The fortunes of the day were at one time doubtful. The main attack was made by the French forces at the village of Solferino, and therefore to them is chiefly due the honour of victory. The Sardinian army's part, however, was to make a successful diverting movement at San Martino. Upon this village, with Victor Emmanuel in command, they made a violent assault. Four times in succession did they take it, only to lose it again, but the fifth time they finally captured the fortification.

By six o'clock in the evening, the Austrians were in full retreat. A violent hurricane, attended by clouds

of dust and torrents of rain, burst over the battlefield, and thus favoured their flight, not, however, before the losses had attained appalling numbers. The allies lost nine hundred and thirty-six officers, and seventeen thousand, three hundred and five men. The Austrian army lost six hundred and thirty officers, and nineteen thousand, three hundred and eleven men. At the end of the day, the allied armies held the positions occupied by the enemy in the morning, so that the victory might be classified as decisive. Jerrold, although he gives the credit of success quite justifiably to Napoleon, does not forget to pay a tribute to the hope of Italian patriotism. 'Let it not be forgotten,' he writes, 'that on this the most glorious day of Napoleon III's life, Victor Emmanuel bore his part nobly in the great struggle for his country's freedom.'

On the morrow of the great battle, the allied armies looked forward to an immediate advance on the Quadrilateral.

As it proved, however, no sooner had the smoke of battle cleared away, than various influences were brought to bear upon the French Emperor, which led him to change any preconceived plans of an advance. The motive of this sudden change has been much speculated upon by historians. The origin of human actions, says Froude, is to be looked for not only in mysterious properties of the mind, but in influences which are palpable and ponderable. In this case, it seems to the writer, we have not far to seek for the very obvious motives that determined the Emperor to stay his hand. It must be remembered that, although Napoleon desired Italy to be free from the Alps to the Adriatic, he did not at first look forward to Italian unity. That was a contingency at present beyond the

range of his conception. He looked rather for the formation of a confederacy wherein France should make her influence felt. That was not Cavour's idea when he summoned French arms to his aid, and Napoleon realised this when once he had set foot in Italy. Napoleon did not approve of the desire, which was so rapidly gaining ground in the various States of the peninsula, for annexation to Piedmont. Moreover, the military movements in Italy, threatening, as they had done, the dominions of the Pope, awakened the suspicions of the Ultramontane party in France, and resuscitated animosity against what was stigmatised as 'Piedmontese ambition.' These feelings had found their way to Paris, where strong influence was accordingly being brought to bear upon the Emperor against continuing the war. These warnings, moreover, could not be disregarded by a sovereign who already felt the foundations of his throne unstable. If we eliminate every other motive, this consideration alone would have proved sufficient to explain his sudden change of front. He had by this time discovered that the part which he had undertaken to play was no easy one to sustain. He now found himself between the hammer and the anvil. Immediately after the battle of Solferino, he received news from Paris inducing him to dread the appearance of Germany upon the scene. Added to these doubts and fears, the Emperor, inexperienced hitherto in the horrors of war, had been nauseated by the carnage on the field, heightened as it was by the effects of an overpowering summer heat. 'I have lost ten thousand men,' he said, with the tone of a man upon whom a grave and enduring impression had been made. Lastly, the condition of the French army, as it was later to be proved in the war with

Prussia, was probably far different from that represented in official reports. Well might he hesitate.

Victor Emmanuel now summoned Cavour to the Mincio, especially to tranquillise the Emperor's mind concerning what was passing in the Legations. Consequently, two days after the battle, Cavour, accompanied by Commendatore Constantino Nigra, had a long interview with Napoleon. According to Count Charles Arrivabene, 'they had found Louis Napoleon exceedingly disgusted with the quarrels of his generals, deeply impressed by the horrible scenes of war he had just witnessed for the first time in his life, but, above all, proud and delighted that the military glory of France, and the superiority of her army over the Austrians, had been once more splendidly asserted.' It was generally reported at the Sardinian headquarters, after the interview, that the Emperor, far from intimating that it was his intention to make proposals of peace, hinted to Cavour, that, to ensure the total defeat of the enemy, he had made up his mind to help the Hungarians. When Cavour, therefore, had left the Emperor's headquarters he was in high spirits. Count Arrivabene breakfasted with him on the day of his return to Milan, and he seemed full of frolic and gaiety, bidding the Count to be prepared to rejoin his family at Mantua by the beginning of August. On the 6th of July, Cavour wrote to the Sardinian ambassador at St. Petersburg : 'A mediation at present could bring nothing but bad consequences. Austrian influence must entirely disappear from Italy before we can have a solid and durable peace.'

On the 7th of July, Napoleon despatched General Fleury as the bearer of a proposition of an armistice to the Austrian camp at Verona. The Emperors met on



the 11th day of the month at Villafranca, in a house in Contrada Cappucini. The interview lasted for less than an hour. It is related that, in the course of conversation, Napoleon plucked some of the flowers from a vase upon the table, and mechanically scattered the petals about the floor as if in deep reflection. When they went forth together at the close of the interview, the Emperor Francis was pale and embarrassed, while Napoleon appeared gay and at his ease. Nothing was apparently committed to paper relative to their historic conversation, but on his return to Valeggio, the Emperor of the French despatched his cousin Prince Napoleon to Verona in order to settle the preliminaries of that peace which was finally adjusted after many days at Zurich. On the departure of the Prince, the Emperor remarked to his disappointed ally, Victor Emmanuel, that if the preliminaries, of which his cousin was the bearer, were accepted, the signature of a peace would be the inevitable consequence. Victor Emmanuel replied gravely and coldly, 'Whatever may be the decision of your Majesty, I shall feel eternal gratitude for what you have done for the independence of Italy, and I beg you to believe that, under all circumstances, you may reckon on my complete fidelity.'

Briefly set out, the terms of the peace were as follows:—The cession of Lombardy to Victor Emmanuel, the creation of an Italian confederation under the 'honorary presidency of the Pope,' the ultimate return of the Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Grand Duke of Modena to the principalities, Venetia to remain 'under the crown of the Emperor of Austria.'

This then is a summary of what has been termed a 'perplexed and precarious peace, leaving the per-

manent interests of France unconsidered, and the hopes of Italy disappointed.'

On the 8th of July, Cavour had received a despatch from General La Marmora with the news of a suspension of arms. Accordingly he started at once for the camp. On the road to Victor Emmanuel's headquarters, he heard at the village of Desenzano that Napoleon was on his way to Verona to see the Austrian Emperor. Entering a café on the Piazza, while waiting for horses, he found the assembled company rating Napoleon soundly. One denounced him as a traitor, another pointed out that Mazzini had predicted such an end of the war, a third cursed the would-be liberator of his country. Cavour listened, and not only became convinced that his suspicions were realised, but also learnt that this was the spirit in which it would be received by the mass of his countrymen.

Post haste he arrived at Pozzolengo, the King's headquarters, and it was there that the terms of the peace were communicated to him, on the 11th of July. The King arrived the same day from the imperial camp at Valeggio.

The interview between the sovereign and the Minister was a dramatic one. Throwing off his uniform with a weary expression, Victor Emmanuel seated himself in his usual soldierly attitude, and commanded one of the four persons present to read the preliminaries aloud. What followed can only be elucidated from a number of authorities, none, perhaps, too trustworthy. Cavour, asserting that the fruits of his political labours had at one blow been recklessly destroyed, flew into a rage, and the King had some difficulty in calming him. He called upon the King peremptorily to reject the terms of peace, withdraw his army from Lombardy, leaving

the Emperor to his own devices, and thus throw upon him the whole responsibility of deserting Italy. It is believed that he even suggested abdication. Certain it is that he seemed to forget the respect due to his sovereign, and in consequence was dismissed summarily from the royal presence. He hastily retreated from the Villa Melchiori on learning that Napoleon and his cousin were coming to dinner. As his carriage was leaving, Nigra whispered to Count Charles Arrivabene: 'You may write to England that the Count is no longer the adviser of the Crown, and that Ratazzi will be asked to form a new Ministry.'

Whatever may be the correct version, undoubtedly there is an air of mystery that hangs about this episode in Cavour's career. Some writers have deliberately asserted that the whole scene was an elaborate piece of play-acting, and that Cavour and Napoleon were hand-in-glove throughout the whole transaction. There appears to be little doubt among reliable historians that Cavour was not taken quite so much by surprise as he protested, by the negotiations at Villafranca. So much has his conduct been called in question that the matter demands a scrupulous examination, although doubtless it will never be known for certain how far Cavour was cognisant of, or even approved of, the personal and political considerations that dictated the peace.

Now, although little is known, much may be inferred. In the first place, it is difficult to understand why Cavour, who knew Napoleon so well, should have been so surprised at the suspension of hostilities. Cavour must have known that Napoleon never contemplated all the annexations to Sardinia, when he undertook the war. As the successes of the allied armies increased,

a new element developed, the existence of which Cavour had long been aware of, but which Louis Napoleon had not taken into account. This was the growing tendency of the other Italian States towards unification. Napoleon was not jealous, but as sovereign of France he was obliged to consider the feelings of the French nation. He depended for the security of his dynasty to some extent upon the clerical party, and the war might, of course, at any moment, assume the character of a direct attack upon the Holy See. He had, moreover, re-established the military ascendancy of France, and to turn Austria out of Italy would not have increased his power in this direction. In fact, such a proceeding might have the opposite effect to that intended, and decide Germany to help Austria, a course of action which had already been suggested in Prussian military circles. Thus, every consideration of prudence dictated to Napoleon the expediency of an early termination of the war, and it is quite impossible, even if we do not accuse him of knowing the Emperor's plans, to believe that Cavour was in ignorance of Napoleon's dilemma. De la Rive, however, asserts that he never heard Cavour attribute the sudden veering round of the Emperor to any secret arrangements, or to any interested views. 'He yielded,' Cavour said, according to the same authority, 'to the pressure of certain persons around him, who were impatient to return to Paris; to the fear which the heat of the climate made him entertain for the health of his army, and to the repulsion he felt at the sight of the battle-fields—these were the motives which decided him. He gave me excellent reasons for not making war, but not one good one for making peace.'

It was, of course, essential to his future influence

that Cavour should appear outwardly surprised and annoyed. Perhaps it can be conceded that he experienced surprise and annoyance, but it must also be acknowledged that he naturally saw the advantage of making his surprise and annoyance as much public as possible. It has been asserted that Cavour may have dissembled, but that 'if so, the dissimulation was carried to a point which almost approached genius,' and we feel disposed to agree with this verdict. On a fair estimate of the whole facts, it is perhaps unjust to impute to him Machiavelism, but no historian can blind himself to the fact that Cavour was enabled, by means of this rupture with Victor Emmanuel, to relieve himself of the accusation of having purchased the French alliance at too dear a price. At any rate let us close the examination of his conduct in this episode with the reflection that the success of Cavour's subsequent policy obliterates entirely the suspicions which, at this point in the story, we are justified in entertaining.

The affairs of Italy were now creating no small stir in England. The 'Times' of the 14th of July contained the following sentences, which afford us a fair estimate of the opinion held in this country: 'The peace followed upon the heels of the armistice quicker than we could have anticipated. The great conjuror of the age fought three battles, and had an hour's conversation with vanquished Austria, and lo! at the end of this short conference, Lombardy is at once ceded to Piedmont, and Italy becomes a confederation under the presidency of the Pope. . . . Such are the consequences of people not being in accord as to the sense of the words they use. The man of all men, who should have understood the Emperor Napoleon, the man who of



all men understands the cause of Italy, the man whom, of all men, Italy hailed as her statesman as she hailed his master as her champion—Count Cavour was, like ourselves, deceived. The free Italy that he imagined was very unlike that which the two Emperors have devised, and in disgust he has retired from the high position he has so long filled, unable to meet the reproaches of those whose hopes he had excited, and whose indignation he has so much cause to dread.' From this paragraph it will be gathered what was the general impression that had been created in England by the Emperor's action. On the following day appeared a continuation of those comments in the same journal: 'It is notoriously very difficult to get at the meaning of Louis Napoleon. He is the great modern sphinx, and his very existence depends upon his not being found out. But of all the riddles he has proposed to Europe, none is more puzzling and intricate than the Treaty of Villafranca, the sense of which we have attempted to read in the description he has himself given. It is usual when we doubt as to the authorship of an act to ask for whose benefit was it done? Here, however, we ask this question in vain. The treasure is spent and the blood is shed, the war is ended and the peace is made, but no one, so far as we can see, is the better for the fight. Sardinia is not quite happy in her new possessions, and even Victor Emmanuel will find in Lombardy a poor substitute for the enthusiastic affection of all Italy. France has gained no accession to her territory, and no friendship from the oppressed populations of the earth. She has gained nothing but the knowledge that the Emperor is able to manœuvre an army. She has not, even at this moment, the conviction that his sparing Austria was

an act of unmixed generosity. The Emperor now says that he stayed his hand under an apprehension that the struggle was likely to assume larger proportions than he desired. It is not a very chivalrous reason to give to an army, which had just fought a campaign, and lost thousands of its comrades for no result which any of them would have desired. These soldiers want work, and glory, and promotion. To tell them he had made peace for fear the war would spread could only be to set them guessing who it was who had thus stayed them in their full march of conquest. The sane men of the age . . . recognise in this new settlement nothing but an universal and irresistible despotism. . . . Cavour was an earnest man. He believed in Italian independence as a future work of Napoleon III. . . . He was credulous and impatient, and he became the tool of crafty selfishness.' It is injudicious, perhaps, to exhume these contemporary speculations, produced in a daily newspaper; but it is interesting, in that it demonstrates how much Napoleon had mystified Europe. Since those days we have found out many secrets of State, not all no doubt, and in the cold bare light of subsequent events we are not disposed to take quite such an uncharitable view of Napoleon's actions. The sane men of our age recognise that, far from being the settlement of an universal and irresistible despotism, it was a proof that he was not the master of his own actions. He had too many contending forces to grapple with in his own dominions to aid, unhindered, other nations in trouble.

If the 'Times' article, quoted above, proves nothing else, it shows that Napoleon had created an unfavourable impression in England. Other proofs of this circumstance are not wanting. It was at this very time

that Mr. Gladstone was writing to Poerio: 'I little thought to have lived to see the day when the conclusion of a peace should, in my own mind, cause disgust, rather than impart relief. But that day has come. I appreciate all the difficulties of the position, both of the King of Sardinia and of Count Cavour. It is hardly possible for me to pass a judgment on his resignation as a political step; but I think few will doubt that the moral character of the act is high. The duties of England in respect to the Italian question are limited by her powers, and these are greatly confined. But her sentiments cannot change, because they are founded upon a regard to the deepest among those principles which regulate the intercourse of men, and their formation into political societies.' Mr. Gladstone was quite ready to admit that Napoleon showed a genuine feeling for the Italians, which is of course now generally admitted, and that the freedom of Italy would have remained an empty hope if Napoleon III had not unsheathed his sword, another fact now sufficiently patent to the least discerning mind.

Meanwhile Cavour had sent in his resignation. There was no doubt that his grief was now genuine, whatever his previous tactics may have been. He had rolled the stone well-nigh to the top of the hill and, like Sisyphus, had only done so to see it fall to the foot again, but through the gloom of his disappointment there pierced an optimistic ray of sunshine: 'I will take Solaro de Margherita by one hand,' he said, 'and Mazzini by the other; I will become a conspirator, a revolutionist, but this treaty shall not be carried into execution.' The Peace of Villafranca, he now believed, had done no further harm to the cause than to postpone the day of account.

On his retirement from office he left for Turin. As he was passing through Milan, many persons, among whom was the Governor Vigliani, were congregated at the station, impatient to catch a glimpse of, and if possible to have a word with, the man who had staked so much for his country's salvation. His mental weariness, and the long tension had told upon his frame, and he lay in the carriage overcome with sleep. The people considerably forbore to awaken him. It was the first time he had closed his eyes since he had arrived at the camp on the previous morning.

While passing through Turin on his way back to France, Napoleon asked to see Cavour. The Emperor thus showed a better disposition than his cousin, Prince Jerome, who, a short while before, had replied rudely to Cavour's reproaches: '*Mais enfin*, do you want us to sacrifice France and our dynasty to you?'

This solicitude on the part of the Emperor touched a tender chord, and Cavour was much mollified. That same evening, he proceeded to the Palace with a friend, who accompanied him through the most deserted streets of the city. On his way, he turned to the friend, and said, 'I have been invited to a Court dinner, but I refused—I am not in a state of mind to accept invitations. To think that I had done so much for the union of the Italians, and that to-day all may be compromised. I shall be reproached for not having consented to sign the peace. I was unable, absolutely, and I cannot sign it!'

Not long after his resignation of office, he wrote a vindication of his conduct at Villafranca and the motives of his action during the time that had elapsed since the peace had been signed. 'This resolution,' he affirmed, 'has not been dictated by anger or by discouragement.

I have full faith in the triumph of the cause for which I have striven till now, and I am still ready to devote to it what little of life and power may yet be granted to me. But I am profoundly convinced that, at this moment, any participation of mine in public affairs would be hurtful to my country. The destinies of Italy have been transferred into the hands of diplomacy. I am in bad odour with the diplomatic world, while my resignation is so acceptable that its effect will be to render diplomatists more favourably disposed towards the unhappy nations of Central Italy, whose destinies they are about to decide on. There are some circumstances in which a statesman cannot put himself too prominently forward. There are others, in which the welfare of the very cause he serves requires him to retire from notice. This is the demand that the present condition of affairs makes upon me. A man of action, I retire from public life for the good of my country.' This theme he further elaborated in a letter to D'Azeglio, which is given here in full: 'I am about to bid you farewell before leaving office; Count Arese having accepted the offer to form a new Cabinet, it is probable that I shall have retired into private life before this letter reaches you. I think you will have understood the peremptory reasons that dictated my resignation. I was not influenced in my decision by any personal motive. If I had thought that, by remaining in power, I could render my sovereign and my country any service, I would have, without any hesitation, sacrificed my own convenience and the little popularity which I may have gained. But my retirement was necessary to decrease the troublesome consequences of the peace, which has just been signed. You know that the actual policy of the Cabinet has always been frankly national,



that it had not in view the territorial aggrandisement of Piedmont, but the emancipation of Italy, the establishment in the whole peninsula of a system wisely liberal. The actual peace, if it entails a return to the former *régime* in Central Italy, will do more harm than good to the national cause. I could not assume the responsibility for it. I had, moreover, not one single motive to make it, for it was negotiated and treated of without my knowledge. The King was obliged to submit to it in the same way that he was obliged to submit to the hard stipulation that he was not to summon his Minister to his side, while the Emperor was treating directly with our enemies. You will tell me, perhaps, that if I have the incontestable right to withdraw on the constitutional point of view, my duty is to sacrifice my right to the interests of the country. You would be perfectly right if my presence in the Government would serve the Italian cause. But at this moment it would be quite otherwise. The preliminaries of peace have only established one or two points of a general nature; a crowd of questions remain to be decided, either directly with Austria, or by means of a European Congress. Moreover, before a diplomatic tribunal the cause of Italy would lose by being advocated by me. I am the *bête noire* of diplomacy. You ought to have convinced yourself during your last sojourn in Paris that Walewski hates me for a thousand reasons, and chiefly on account of the sarcasms and *quodlibets* which we concocted with Clarendon on the occasion of the Treaty of Paris. Cowley has the fidgets when he catches sight of me. I think I should give the nightmare to the Austrian plenipotentiaries. Briefly, I am the man least fitted to obtain concessions from diplomatists. These gentlemen would refuse the man

what they would concede perhaps to the country ; provided that it was represented by a personage congenial to them.'

Arriving, therefore, at these definite conclusions, Cavour left La Marmora to form a Ministry with Ratazzi as best they might, and then retired to Switzerland, where, amid the society of his friends and the family circle, he sought the solace and the rest, of which he was sore in need.

It will not be unfitting at this point to make a slight digression for the benefit of those who are interested in the workaday life of the subject of this biography. The writer draws his information on this score from one who was long the intimate and trusted friend of the great Minister. Cavour carried into his public life the active habits of his private life. He was up at four o'clock in the morning, or at the latest five. The first part of the day was devoted to official or personal correspondence. He worked with great facility, and was singularly ready in passing from one subject to another. With the exception of important despatches, circulars, and documents intended for publication, which were usually dictated, all was in his own handwriting. His style was simple, well adapted to the necessities of the case. He was prompt to reply to his correspondents. Thus, after breakfasting at nine or ten o'clock on simple fare, when he arrived at his office, he had already ploughed through a large amount of work, without the intervention of any indolent or incompetent subordinate. The advantage of this was, of course, inestimable both to himself and the public. Having accomplished a great part of his duties at an hour when most people are only commencing their daily round, he was able to bestow upon the various responsibilities of his official

position, the leisure hours which his morning's labour had placed at his disposal. To enter into further detail, after breakfast he would go to his office, walking fast, and every now and then on his way greeting a passer-by with a friendly nod, or a timely joke, bowed to by all the streetfarers. After going through his despatches at the office, he repaired to the King, the Cabinet, the Senate, or the Chamber of Deputies, and then, when his day's work was over, returned home, stopping on his way at the house of his niece, the Countess Alfieri, in whose congenial society he delighted to throw off the cares of office. At six o'clock, he dined with his brother, and then retired to his private room, where, surrounded by a pile of pamphlets, newspapers, and letters, he either sought an armchair, and with a cigarette in his mouth dozed for a few minutes, or on warm summer nights he would lounge for a while on the balcony which overlooked the street. He then returned once more to his work. He never went into society unless his presence there was absolutely required, although he was ready at times to pass an hour or two at the theatre. Except on rare occasions, which towards the conclusion of his life unfortunately became frequent, he went to bed as a rule before midnight.

It is necessary, at this point, to break the main thread of our story and follow Napoleon back to France. When the Emperor left Italy to return to his own capital, he is reported to have said: 'Your Government will pay me the cost of the war, and we shall think no more about Nice and Savoy. Now we shall see what the Italians can do by themselves.' On his arrival in France, he thought good, at an audience in the Palace of St. Cloud, to explain the policy, which produced the Peace of Villafranca, to the

assembled senators, deputies and councillors of State. The scene of this confession was a singular one. To the adulation of courtiers, comparing him to Scipio and lauding the prodigy of a will that could so control itself, the Emperor replied in the nervous tone of a man who had to defend himself for having, in very weariness and disgust, abandoned the noble cause he had genuinely wished to serve. 'If I have stopped,' he said in the course of his address, 'it was neither through weakness nor exhaustion, nor through abandoning the noble cause which I desired to assist, but for the interests of France. I felt great reluctance to put reins upon the ardour of our soldiers, to retrench from my programme the territory from the Mincio to the Adriatic, and to see vanish from honest hearts noble illusions and patriotic hopes. In order to serve the independence of Italy I made war against the mind of Europe, and as soon as the destinies of my country appeared to be endangered I concluded peace. Our efforts and our sacrifices, have they been merely losses? No; we have a right to be proud of this campaign. We have vanquished an army, numerous, brave and well organised. Piedmont has been delivered from invasion, her frontiers have been extended to the Mincio. The idea of Italian nationality has now been admitted by those who combated it most. All the sovereigns of the peninsula comprehend the imperious want of salutary reforms.' This speech has been aptly described as a vain flourish in the face of cringing courtiers, barely disguising the truth. It was sufficiently obvious that the peace which had been improvised in a little village of the Mincio between the two Emperors had nothing stable nor settled in its composition. But we must pause ere we attach unqualified blame to

the chief instigator. It is always a difficult matter to measure the exact amount of praise or condemnation that Napoleon deserved in each individual case. Let us at least remember that, after the peace, he undoubtedly left Italy free to work out her own emancipation, and he gave Cavour a free hand. This attitude of forbearance was not only passive, it entailed friction with other countries; and therefore, although apparently Napoleon had deserted the Italian national cause at an acute crisis, he had begun the work for Piedmont, and if Piedmont could not continue it by herself, her failure could not altogether be placed to Napoleon's account.

The peace had seemed at first to deal a mortal blow to the dawning hopes of the Italian people, but as a matter of fact by the stipulation, at first withheld from public knowledge, that no coercion would be employed by the Emperor of the French to enforce its offensive terms, it inaugurated in Italy the principle of popular sovereignty, and served, better than any other conceivable expedient, to forward the great scheme of Italian unity.



## CHAPTER XII

### THE CESSION OF NICE AND SAVOY

THE newly formed Cabinet at Turin at once found itself under the obligation of disengaging Piedmont from Central Italy. Consequently the various Sardinian representatives were recalled: Farini from Modena, Boncompagni from Florence, D'Azeglio from Bologna. But ere long a military league for the common defence was established between those States which had been abandoned to their fate, and envoys were despatched to plead the national cause at Turin, Paris, and London. 'Austria in the Quadrilateral,' writes D'Azeglio, 'has Italy at her mercy whenever she pleases. Italy sees nothing else—she has but this one desire—that of constituting, no matter how, a group of States able to offer some serious opposition to a Power that has lost nothing of her strength, and is twice as evilly disposed to us as she was. How are we to be thinking of our historic traditions and particular clock-tower interests? But for this peace they might have been without their influence. In our actual position we think solely of creating fresh forces. That has been marvellously well understood by the good sense of all Italy. Hence we have this unanimous movement towards Sardinia, hence the casting away of egotistical traditions, the deepest

rooted of our instincts, the dearest to Italian municipalism.'

Now two causes had wrought this change. The first was a national necessity, the second was the influence of Piedmontese policy, founded and directed by Cavour in the course of ten arduous years. The work had been Cavour's, and it was indeed an absurdity to imagine that any other could carry it out to completion but the man who had first conceived the idea.

Although Cavour, after the Peace of Villafranca, had, like Cincinnatus of old, retired into private life, he still watched the progress of political events as anxiously as he had ever done during those stirring moments when the flag of Victor Emmanuel was being carried forward to victory. He wished, however, to keep away from diplomatists for a while, and to come to the front after they had had their say.

To quote the 'Times' again: 'War having had its period of action, the turn of diplomacy has come. A different class of actors now claim to occupy the scene. When we ask the question, so exciting to the curiosity of all, and so important to the personal interests of many, whether it is to be peace or war after the 15th of August, we must ask it not of men of the sword, but of the hereditary possessors of clouded canes and diamond-mounted snuff-boxes. Immediately, while the conditions of the armistice are yet scarcely known, the idea of a Congress arises in every diplomatic mind. A European Congress is a grand commemoration of treaty-makers, a great pitched battle of diplomatists. It is an encounter of wits sharper than steel can be sharpened, wherein great victories may be neutralised, and a thousand deeds of heroism

rendered unavailing after all the fighting is over. It is these men who balance with calm calculation the profit and loss in the balance-sheet of blood. It is they who fix the gains to be received and the contributions to be made up according to the successes or reverses of the combatants. Having made their award, they separate with a thousand courtesies, and amid a shower of ribands and crosses, which adhere to them for ever afterwards. To the professors of this craft a Congress is what a great battle is to a soldier. Of course the whole profession declares this to be the only possible next move. It is almost certain that Europe is now about to enter upon the ceremonial of a great Congress.'

But Cavour saw into the future clearer than the writers of leading articles, or the deliberators seated round the board of an international congress. 'Before Villafranca,' he said, 'the union of Italy was a possibility, since Villafranca it is a necessity.' In England a Liberal majority had just been returned, composed of men who were advocates of Italian unity, with Palmerston at their head. England now showered her sympathies and encouragements upon her new allies. Lord Palmerston promised 'all possible moral support,' his design being to counteract French ascendancy, and Lord John Russell, now head of the Foreign Office, gave himself up to this propaganda. Thus with England openly friendly, and France ready to allow Italy to work out her own salvation, the realisation of his hopes could not be far distant. His mind was made up, he would occupy himself with the affairs of Naples next. The populations of Central Italy desired Victor Emmanuel for their King. After the Peace of Villafranca, declarations signed by countless

thousands, the votes of representative bodies, and popular demonstrations throughout Central Italy, had given evident proof of this national desire. Cavour's original idea had been the foundation of a kingdom of Upper Italy, composed of Piedmont and the Austrian Provinces. Since the Treaty of Villafranca, he had modified his scheme by the annexation of Central Italy. There was nothing further from his thoughts than the annexation of the South. Time and peace were wanted for the permanent consolidation of the Sardinian kingdom.

One of the chief movers in Central Italy was Farini, who had been Victor Emmanuel's representative at Modena. He thoroughly shared Cavour's opinions. 'I will not be driven from my place,' he had said, 'though it cost me my life.' Recalled by the Piedmontese Cabinet, he remained at Modena, the elected chief of a provisional government, declaring from the ducal palace that 'Italy had not countersigned the Peace of Villafranca,' and he had received the following message from Cavour: 'The Ministry is dead; your friend applauds your resolve.' Farini, therefore, checked the restoration of the Duke, while he extended his own governorship as far as Bologna. 'The stroke is done,' he writes, 'there is now only one Government. In the coming year, from Piacenza to the Cattolica, laws, orders, down to the very names of them, shall be Piedmontese. I shall see to the fortifications of Bologna, good soldiers and good guns against those who are for combating the annexation—there you have my policy.' Farini was aided by Baron Ricasoli, through whose instrumentality Tuscany became irrevocably pledged to the scheme of unification. This noble enthusiast had declared that he would give

his last drop of blood to maintain his political programme in its integrity, but both he and Farini were for carrying it out in an orderly manner. Ricasoli once said that, if ever he caught Mazzini, he would lock him up in his Castle of Brolio till such time as the definitive Constitution of Italy was proclaimed. He had checked Garibaldi himself from invading the Marches and Umbria. Thus the Central Provinces were ready in an orderly manner to bring about the unification of Italy. 'Who would have thought it possible,' exclaimed D'Azeglio, 'we should see the Romagnoles gentle and wise, the Tuscans energetic, and all the age-old grudges crumbling to pieces with so entire a concordance in every Italian city?' Of this phenomenon Mr. Morley writes: 'For eight months after Villafranca it seemed as if the deep and politic temper that built up the old Roman Commonwealth were again alive in Bologna, Parma, Modena, and Florence. When we think of the pitfalls that lay on every side, how easily France might have been irritated or estranged, what unseasonable questions might not unnaturally have been forced forward, what mischief the voice and the spirit of the demagogue might have stirred up, there can surely be no more wonderful case in history of strong and sagacious leaders, Cavour, Farini, Ricasoli, and the Piedmontese King guiding a people through the ferments of revolt with discipline, energy, legality, order, self-control, to the achievement of a constructive revolution. Without the sword of France the work could not have been begun, but it was the people and statesmen of Northern Italy who in these eight months made the consummation possible.' Fyffe has well said that it was not the least of Cavour's merits that he had gathered about



him a body of men who, when his own hand was for a while withdrawn, could pursue his policy with the sagacity that was shown by the national leaders in Central Italy.

Cavour, in the meanwhile, would wait in retirement until he saw his opportunity. To Madame de Circourt he writes a letter from his seclusion, dated the 22nd of July 1859: 'My position makes it my duty to keep as quiet as possible; it is the only service that I am for the moment able to render my country. To this end I was on my way to Switzerland, that hospital for wounded politicians, but as the announcement of the Congress of Zurich might have given a suspicious air to my innocent plan I shall beat a retreat upon Savoy, and go and settle myself at the foot of Mont Blanc, there to forget, amid the wonders of nature, the pettiness of the affairs managed by men. As soon as the hot weather is over I shall go back to Leri, to wait till an opportunity offers of working at the task of regeneration which my friends and I are far from having abandoned. I have undergone a stunning defeat, and it will be long before I can return to the field as commander-in-chief; but I am quite decided to fight as a private under new commanders who will, I hope, be more fortunate than I was. What you tell me as to the return of my old friends entirely consoles me. I ought to regard my fall as a lucky event, if it has made me regain the esteem of that select circle which surrounds you, and from which my policy, not rightly understood, had in some sort excluded me. My bitterest enemy the "Times" said the other day: "Poor Cavour! He was honest and zealous." I ask no other testimony or panegyric. The two qualities which the journal, that has so violently opposed me, has attri-

buted to myself, are enough to assure me of a good welcome from all those whose welcome I value.'

From various sources we get stray glimpses of him in his retirement. We are told by those who saw him that he was not in a state of dejection, but rather of revolt; absent, preoccupied, moody, apparently turning over in his mind his ruined projects, recurring to his previous combinations which were at an end. It is related that one morning, towards the end of July, Cavour had disembarked at Hermance, on the Lake of Geneva, and finding no other means to reach Pressinge, he hired a farm cart in which the owner offered him a lift. Cavour talked with the honest countryman on the journey of the harvests, and of the value of the land in those parts. At Pressinge, there was no one to receive him, so he walked, his coat on his arm, under a broiling sun to another house belonging to the De la Rive family, where he was greeted with a welcome not the less sincere because his arrival was not expected. None would have said of him as he then appeared that he was the man who, only a few days before, set the whole of Europe in a blaze. As if forgetting his public career altogether, he passed some days in this family circle, happy in the quiet, wholesome life that formed so sharp a contrast to the previous months' labour, conversing freely with his friends, fishing in the lake, and indulging in those calm country pursuits that act as balm to a troubled spirit.

Gradually, under these invigorating influences, and aided by his recuperative energy, he recovered his former equanimity. 'It is useless to look back,' he said, 'now let us look ahead. We have been following one track; it is cut; well then, now let us follow another. It will cost us twenty years to do what

might have been done in so many months. What is there for us? Besides, England has not yet done anything for Italy; to-day is her turn.'

To his friend Castelli, at that time living in Turin, he writes: 'I have not abandoned politics. I should, if Italy were free—then my work would be finished; but so long as the Austrians are on our side of the Alps, it is my duty to dedicate what remains to me of life and energy, to realise the hopes I have laboured to make my countrymen conceive. I have resolved to waste no time in vain and sterile agitations, but I shall not be deaf to the call of my country.'

While Cavour was indulging in these sentiments in a rural retreat, the peace negotiations continued, and, while these negotiations were hanging fire, important events were taking place round the person of Victor Emmanuel. Soon after the armistice, Mazzini approached the King and proposed to overthrow the Neapolitan Government by means of an expedition headed by Garibaldi, and to unite Sicily and Naples to the Sardinian Kingdom. But he imposed conditions, to which the King could not in justice to himself accede, and Mazzini, once again disappointed in the House of Savoy, turned to Garibaldi, who declared himself ready to march on Rome. But Napoleon had already warned Victor Emmanuel against the annexation even of the Romagna. In this critical hour the King appealed to Garibaldi's better feelings, and the hand of the adventurer was stayed for the time.

Meanwhile, Napoleon had made a proposal to the British Cabinet that they should intervene between the belligerents, and propose an armistice upon terms which were laid before them by the French ambassador; but this suggestion had been met in England by an

uncompromising refusal. 'If the French Emperor,' wrote Lord Palmerston to Lord John Russell on the 6th of July, 'is tired of his war, and finds the job tougher than he expected, let him make what proposals he pleases, and to whomsoever he pleases, but let them be made as from himself formally and officially, and let him not ask us to father his suggestions and make ourselves answerable for them.' Lord Palmerston seems now to have abandoned his former favourite, and to have transferred his political affections to the Italian Minister. He expressed it as his conviction that the end Cavour had in view, be the means good or bad, was the salvation of Italy. He believed that if now the Italians were left to themselves, as Napoleon had virtually promised so to leave them, all would go well. Time was to show that Lord Palmerston's predictions were correct. He believed at last in the Italian cause, and when the French showed an evident leaning towards Austria during the negotiations at Zurich, he sarcastically remarked: '*L'Italie vendue à elle-même*' was being turned into '*l'Italie vendue à l'Autriche*.'

The Ratazzi Ministry had no settled policy, and no programme to offer. Thus, not knowing what was best to be done, it accomplished nothing. During this interval, the populations of Central Italy were clamouring to be incorporated under the monarchy of Victor Emmanuel. But Napoleon had already declared that he would not allow the union of Tuscany with Piedmont. Walewski was openly opposed to the development of Italian unity. He had said one day to the Sardinian Minister: 'These populations must be taught that it is inevitable that the Pope should return to the Legations. . . . If the annexations are persisted in, fresh evils will be raised in Europe, and Piedmont

will have to bear the merited punishment for them.' Opposed, however, to this opinion was Napoleon's former exhortation to the Italians to follow Victor Emmanuel, which the Emperor could not now go back upon. Forsaking his ambiguous attitude, he had promised that no violence should be done to the Italians, and he had informed Prince Metternich at Compiègne that, if Austria crossed the Po, the inevitable result would be instant war with France. Again he had said: 'Let the populations vote, and when it shall be shown that the terms of Villafranca can only be executed in contempt of those principles of popular rights from which I draw my power, I may change my mind.' On the other hand, Persigny in London had said: 'Everywhere the Emperor now perceived that he had been mistaken in Italian affairs, that he insisted no further, and that an evasion of the obligations of Villafranca depended on the firmness and wisdom of the Italians.' Thus everything now was in a hopeless confusion, and the situation required the policy of bolder counsels than could emanate from Ratazzi and his satellites. The Peace of Zurich, signed on the 10th of November, had merely referred the settlement of the Italian question to a Congress. This course was too perilous for a Ministry that had so far achieved nothing. The situation called for action, not stagnation. The inevitable then occurred. With one heart and voice the Italian people clamoured for Cavour's return to power. It was the only solution, the only chance for Italy.

As late as the month of November, Cavour was still, to all appearances, averting his gaze from the great events that were taking place in the political world, and adhering to his attitude of masterly inactivity. 'For some months,' he writes complacently, 'I have



been leading a perfectly rural life. I am diligently occupied with my fields and my cows. Thank Heaven, politics have not made me too rusty. I am still a very tolerable agriculturist, one who does not ruin himself improving his property. I find my old occupation so agreeable that if the Italian question had received a solution, which would permit me honourably to drop politics, I should consecrate the remainder of my days to it.'

Unfortunately for his peace of mind, the doings of the Ratazzi Ministry did not look as if they would allow him to drop politics for long. The feeble action of the present Ministry compared but ill with the achievements of Cavour, and Ratazzi complained bitterly that Cavour in the hour of need, by declining all participation in public affairs, refused even to give the authority of his name to his successors in office—a confession of weakness on Ratazzi's part. The charge was perhaps not altogether unfounded. But it must be remembered by those who accuse him of deserting his countrymen that at Turin, in the Chambers and in the King's closet, he had enemies who were raising their heads, accusing him of being inordinately ambitious, of having encouraged revolution, and thus indisposed Napoleon towards Italy. So long as these influences were paramount, there was no reason why Cavour should lend a hand to the Ministry; in fact, every reason why he should stay away and maintain his self-elimination.

When the Congress was at last definitely announced, the popular demand for the appointment of Cavour as Sardinian plenipotentiary was acceded to, somewhat reluctantly, by the King; and Cavour, who, on his part, did not like the idea of serving under Ratazzi, agreed to accept the post. Thus noble sacrifices for the Italian

cause were being made by all concerned: by Victor Emmanuel, who had not quite forgiven Cavour for his behaviour during the peace negotiations; by Ratazzi, who had been deserted by Cavour; and, finally, by Cavour himself, who could not have appreciated a coalition with the new Ministry.

At this point, the stubborn attitude adopted by the Vatican at length induced the French Emperor to abandon his wavering policy, and to give way to the demands of the Italian people. On the last day of the year 1859, Napoleon, who already was credited with asking nothing better than that he should have his hand forced to spoil the effects of the Treaty of Villafranca, addressed a letter to the Vatican in which he proposed to the Pope that the Legations should be placed under the vice-gerency of Victor Emmanuel, a plan that of course had small chance of recommending itself to the Ultramontane party. By his Encyclical, dated the 8th of January 1860, in reply to the Emperor's letter, the Pope finally satisfied Napoleon, Cavour, Victor Emmanuel, and the whole political world that nothing would induce him to sanction the dismemberment of his State, to which he applied the general title of St. Peter's patrimony. His boast was that he could dispose of the swords of two hundred millions of Catholics, although at that very moment he had the French garrison in Rome, and Austria in that part of his dominion known as the Legations failing him in his sorest need. During the year 1859, D'Azeglio had interviewed Pius IX. 'Well, Sir Knight,' the Pontiff had exclaimed, 'I hear you are still one of the most ardent patriots,' to which D'Azeglio had replied: 'Holy Father, I am still what we all were at your accession.' The pith of the whole matter was contained in those

three words—‘at your accession.’ But since his accession the Pope had systematically rejected the advances of Piedmont, and, worse still, had been throwing in his lot with the Bourbon King of Naples. Napoleon’s advances, moreover, had been equally rejected. At no time did the Emperor love the Papacy. He had less cause now than ever to be friendly with the Vatican.

A letter written by Cavour on the 9th of January, in the year 1860, well describes the attitude of the Emperor and himself towards the Pope. It is addressed to Madame de Circourt: ‘The only fault with which I have to charge the famous pamphlet (“*Le Pape et le Congrès*”) is that it has prevented me from coming to shake hands with you; in other respects I think it has rendered a great service not only to Italy, but to the whole world, by bringing out a fact which everyone knows here, although they seem to be ignorant of it elsewhere—namely, that the Temporal Power, whatever be its advantages or its merits, has the immense drawback of being no longer alive, of being in very truth a corpse. There is no longer any question of knowing whether the Pope is to be sovereign of the Romagna, the Marches, and Umbria, but whether these provinces are to be independent, or governed in the name of the Pope by Austrian, French, or Spanish generals. Put thus, the question can admit of no doubt, even for an ardent Catholic, if he be honest. The singular expedient to which Antonelli has resorted, of hiring the biggest scamps in Europe at the dirtiest street corners of Switzerland and Germany, in order to prop the throne of St. Peter’s successor, even if it might have succeeded in the fourteenth century, after the popes had left Avignon, is no longer presentable at this date. Even if, thanks to these new Landsknechts,

the Cardinal were to succeed in looting ten Perugias, he would not add any solidity to the edifice which is crumbling on all sides. Moreover, if we wish to convince honourable and religious men of the effect which the limiting of the Temporal Power will produce on religion, there is a very simple method. It needs only to ascertain the actual state of the Legations, and it will be recognised that, strange to say, since the overthrow of clerical government, priests are infinitely more respected, churches better filled, the precepts of the Church better kept. If by chance any of your friends wishes to establish the truth of this fact, I will furnish him with the means of doing so, by giving him a letter to my cousin Rora. If the most Catholic of your friends does not return from a journey to Ravenna converted to the cause of the abolition of the Temporal Power, I will vote in Congress for its maintenance.'

Napoleon followed up his proposition by a veritable *coup de théâtre* in the dismissal of Walewski and the substitution of Thouvenel at the War Office. M. Thouvenel was not hampered by sympathy for the Papal supremacy, nor chilled by the antagonism which had long subsisted between Walewski and Cavour. It became clearer every day that the Emperor would not appreciate the annexation of Tuscany to the Sardinian kingdom, unless his consent could be bought. The price of that consent Cavour well knew was the cession of Nice and Savoy to France. He saw that it was now an act of necessity. Napoleon was not to be defied. Moreover, Cavour perceived that the French nation as a whole was really opposed to the Italian cause, and it was well therefore to conciliate, as far as was conformable with his aims, a national prejudice.

Cavour at length returned to the seat of government

full of renewed fire and energy. The moment for a supreme effort had arrived. His reappearance in the political arena marks the transition from conception to decisive execution.

‘I shall take my way back to Turin,’ he wrote, as he issued from his retirement, ‘to go into a corner and there give advice if I am asked for it, or be silent if there is no need of me.’ This, of course, was a programme somewhat unlikely to be strictly carried out. The Italian people would not suffer him to maintain silence. ‘My presence in Turin,’ he continues, ‘is of use to none, and is a burden to many. I am well disposed to support the Ministry, composed of honourable men and animated by the best intentions; but I cannot stir without giving it a shock. And, again, I should injure it if I took to hiding in my rice-fields. They would say I was sulking, and I should look absurd. I have the option of travelling, but whither? Italy is interdicted by policy, and it would not be becoming to visit France or England. I have not the heart to encounter the cold and heavy atmosphere of Germany, and I am too much the victim of sea-sickness to attempt a transatlantic trip. So I am compelled to cast about for what I should do without reading the riddle. It is probable that as I can find nothing good to do I shall do nothing, and let fortune direct me.’

But the nation, having once for all learnt to identify him with the great movement to unity, desired to consult him as the director of her destiny. Thus he became the very centre of activity and the mainspring of advice.

A curious incident now hastened his return to ostensible power. La Marmora discovered that a draft of Cavour’s acceptance of the post of plenipotentiary at the Congress existed in Sir James Hudson’s hand-



writing, and, indignantly declaring, on the strength of this discovery, that it pointed to the existence of foreign pressure and interference, sent in his resignation, which was accepted. Moreover, two other factors played an important part in consummating Cavour's ascendancy: the disappearance of Walewski, which helped his return, and the friendship of the Emperor, which Cavour had jealously retained through good and evil report.

One day, at this period, he took occasion to write to Prince Jerome: 'The consequences of the Peace of Villafranca have developed splendidly. The military and political campaign following that treaty has done more for Italy than the military campaign preceding it. It works higher claims to the gratitude in the hearts of the Italians to the Emperor Napoleon than the battles of Magenta and Solferino. How often in the solitude of Leri have I cried out: "Blessed be the Peace of Villafranca!"'

Meanwhile, the Turin Cabinet had proved itself well intentioned, honest, but distinctly mediocre. Ratazzi was quite insufficient for the occasion, and Cavour, who was often admitted, before the fall of the Ministry, to their councils, made up his mind that their wavering policy must cease. At the end of 1859, Lord Russell had already pointed Cavour to the seat of power in expressing a wish for a conference with him. Victor Emmanuel, seeing that Cavour was the right man at the helm after all, agreed to overlook former transgressions, and thus in January of the year 1860, all obstacles being at length swept away, the great patriot again took the reins of government into his own hands. 'Now we shall go ahead,' wrote the generous D'Azeglio, 'I have the full assurance that we shall; a firm hand directs the Government.'

Victor Emmanuel's admirers never cease to lay stress on his magnanimity and patriotism in recalling Cavour to power at this juncture. The King, it is true, looked upon Cavour with mixed feelings, resenting his independence of judgment, the masterfulness of his disposition, and the frankness of his utterance. No sovereign appreciates playing second fiddle to his Minister, and in this case the breach had been widened between the two by Victor Emmanuel's love affairs, in particular the King's partiality for Rosina, so-called Countess Mirafiore, who, according to rumour, had started life as a flower-girl. Victor Emmanuel, it was reported, at one time contemplated actual marriage to legitimise his relations with her. These rumours were rife at the very moment when Cavour returned to power, and it is not therefore surprising that he was bitterly opposed to such a *mésalliance* for the future King of Italy.

Cavour's first determination was to call Parliament together, and to settle without delay the annexation of Central Italy, whatever the cost might be. 'We must treat France and England,' he told a friend, 'with all the consideration compatible with our dignity, and the definitive success of our aims. I do not expect the Emperor to pronounce in favour of annexation. I fancy he will hardly do it, and in truth his Villafranca engagements render it impossible for him; but I think it necessary to assure myself that his opposition will not be very positive. We have to study him, sound his mind, observe his bearing towards us at every step that we take. At all events, I mean to admit the deputies of Central Italy to our Parliament.' This concession, it must be noted, had been the *sine qua non* of his attending the European Congress as representative of Italy.

Four days after his return to office, the Sardinian Constitution was proclaimed in the Duchies and in the Romagna. Cavour sent a note to all the Powers, in which he asserted it to be now impossible for Piedmont to offer any resistance to the inevitable course of events. He hoped that Napoleon, who had mounted the imperial throne on the strength of a plebiscite, would respect the same force in Italy. Soon afterwards France agreed to recognise the annexation of Tuscany and Emilia on condition of the question being submitted to universal suffrage in the States whose annexation was proposed, and the result of the vote being enormously favourable, Central Italy was officially annexed to Sardinia.

Cavour in all these transactions had counted on two conditions—Napoleon's respect for popular rights, and the cession of Savoy to France.

‘The knot of the question,’ he wrote to Count Pepoli, ‘appears to me to be no longer in the Romagna and Tuscany, but in Savoy. Although I have not received any communication from Paris, I have seen that we were on the wrong road, and I have taken another direction.’ The new course that he had taken was to bring him face to face with one of the most momentous episodes in his eventful career.

On the 20th of March in the year 1860, having signed the treaty of cession, M. Benedetti left Paris for Turin. On his arrival, it appears that he informed Cavour that, if the secret treaty ceding Savoy to France were not signed, the Emperor would withdraw his troops from Lombardy. ‘The sooner they go the better,’ Cavour is supposed to have answered; on which Benedetti (still only according to rumour) rejoined, ‘Well, I have an order to withdraw the troops, but not to France;

they will occupy Bologna and Florence.' This story, be it true or false, well illustrates Cavour's dilemma. Although no treaty existed that entitled France to claim the cession, for the Austrians still held Venetia, nevertheless the French troops were still in Milan, and by a march southward they could damage the Italian cause. The worst aspect of the situation was that there seemed to be no alternative to the French alliance, or otherwise Cavour, we may be sure, would have seized upon it.

Signor Artom, a frequent assistant at private deliberations of State, relates that this transaction was the only one of Cavour's political life to which he did not bring the kind of heroic serenity he usually displayed in the gravest predicaments. It was as bitter a wrench to Cavour as it was to the King. Although Savoy had often been hostile to his policy, he loved it as part and parcel of his native land. To the feelings he entertained on his side D'Azeglio's words give fair expression: 'It would be unbecoming us to show ourselves indifferent to a separation that bids us say adieu to brothers in arms of eight centuries. My personal sentiment—shared, I believe, by everyone—is to regret sincerely the severance from a population full of rare and eminent qualities, counterbalanced by some few insignificant defects, who have always faithfully followed us in our Italian struggles, have filled our armies, councils, and diplomacy with devoted, gifted, energetic men. Once let the Savoyards have said, "We will be annexed to France," we shall be like a father who lets his daughter marry according to her desire, embraces her with a sorrowful heart, wishes her full happiness, and says adieu to her.'

When, therefore, it came to the point of action it is

not surprising that Cavour's spirits fell. As he listened to the reading out of the treaty by the French negotiators, he paced up and down his cabinet thoughtfully and with grave mien. His signature was affixed to the deed in silence, and then, recovering his habitual sprightliness, he approached Baron de Talleyrand, and said to him with a significant smile: 'Now we have you for accomplices.'

The worst accusation that in this transaction Cavour had to face was, not so much that he had sold part of his native land to France, as that he had sold his honour in so doing—that, in fact, he had broken his word and sacrificed principle to expediency. True it is that he had once declared that there was no intention of ceding Nice and Savoy. This categorical denial was made to his best and most trusted friend, Sir James Hudson. 'I declare to you,' were the words he used, 'that at this moment no engagement of any sort or kind exists between us for the cession of Savoy. If the Savoyards by a great numerical majority petition Parliament for separation, the question will be treated parliamenterarily. But I tell you frankly that the best way to meet this question is openly and frankly, and in no other way will I ever consent to meet it. I agree with Lord John Russell that the King would be disgraced were he to "*céder, troquer, ou vendre la Savoie.*"' Now there is no doubt that the above assertion lags very far behind the truth. Perhaps an enthusiastic admirer of Cavour could draw up for his own satisfaction a species of syllogism somewhat on the following lines: A contract had undoubtedly been entered into between Cavour and Napoleon during the secret interview at Plombières, to the effect that if Napoleon would cede all the Austrian dominions in Italy to Sardinia,



then Sardinia would cede Nice and Savoy to France. By making the Peace of Villafranca, Napoleon released Cavour from his contract. Now, however, another contract had, as it were, been made between Napoleon and Sardinia, quite separate from the former contract of Plombières. By annexing Central Italy, Sardinia incurred the obligation of ceding Nice and Savoy to France. But instead of taking refuge in such an explanation it would have been far better, as Sir Theodore Martin points out in his 'Life of the Prince Consort,' had Cavour at once avowed the existence of the arrangement, and justified it on the grounds on which he was obliged to justify it in the end.

With regard to the expediency of making this sacrifice, it is easy to prove fairly conclusively that the cession was natural rather than unnatural. By geography and language Savoy belonged to France and not to Italy. The connexion between Savoy and Piedmont was a dynastic not a national one, and from the time that Sardinia became a constitutional country at the head of the Italian movement all community of feeling had practically ceased between the two countries. The increase of the Sardinian dominions to the south of the Alps injured rather than benefited Savoy. The sympathies of Savoy, where the influence of the priests remained all-powerful, were with the Pope against the Government of Piedmont. The aristocratic, anti-national party in the Chambers was recruited almost entirely from the Savoy members. Cavour insisted that Savoy was a doubtful asset to the Italian kingdom. The views of the transalpine province were inconsistent with, if not openly antagonistic to, those of the sub-alpine kingdom. Alien in race, opposed to progress, and devoted to the Holy See, the Savoyard representa-

tives in an Italian Parliament would have probably formed a separatist clique, like the Irish National Party in the English House of Commons.

With regard to Nice, perhaps the circumstances are slightly different, but even in this case it must be admitted that the suffrage was in favour of annexation, and its surrender to France was, after all, necessary for the interests of a united Italy. 'If it was a sin, Italy has freely forgiven the sin, which was sinned for her sake alone.' Above all, it must be remembered in reviewing the whole transaction, that it lay within the power of France to place an absolute veto upon the annexation of Central Italy.

Cavour knew that his action would raise a storm, when the world heard of it, but he stood resigned to encounter the approaching hurricane of popular denunciation. He knew that his action could not fail to shock the prejudices of those who did not rightly appreciate the grand aim of his policy. The world, however, was not informed at once.

Greville, in the usual haphazard fashion of political gossips, who, knowing part of the truth, if any at all, write it down as the whole truth, expressed his opinions on the subject as early as the 18th of March : 'The affair of Savoy has been summarily settled by the will of the Emperor and the connivance of Cavour. The whole affair now appears to have been a concerted villainy between these worthies, which, as the plot had been developed, excites here the most intense disgust and indignation. . . . That the Emperor and Cavour have been plotting together seems now quite certain, but we are still ignorant, and may perhaps remain so, of the details of their delusive operations.' It is not, fortunately, incumbent upon us to attach any importance

to this hazardous opinion, scribbled down off-hand, but the following letter from Lord Russell to Sir James Hudson evidences the strong feeling that really did exist in England at the time: 'In speaking to Count Cavour of the rumours relating to the cession of Savoy, you will not disguise from him that it will be a blot on the escutcheon of Savoy to cede to France the cradle of the illustrious House reigning in Sardinia.'

Cavour, however, still maintained strict silence, although he had earnestly tried to induce Napoleon to let the treaty be submitted to Parliament before it was signed; but the Emperor was determined to carry the whole affair by a *coup de main*, and publish it only as an accomplished fact, not as a proposition to be argued over in the sittings of Chambers, at the risk of its completion being defeated. In this he acted in accordance with Napoleon I's maxim: 'A thing must be accomplished before one admits having thought of it.' He wished to win the gratitude of France, to bring something back to his people as a recompense for their forbearance. Time brought disappointments to the Emperor in this respect, but to enlarge upon this subject would be mere digression. The point is that he enjoined silence on Cavour, with the consequence that the Italian Minister was obliged to indulge in what his enemies afterwards termed falsehoods. But Cavour always qualified his denials by adding that if the people of Savoy had any proposition to make for the amelioration of their condition, the proposition would be examined in the usual parliamentary manner, and justice would be done to it as Parliament would decide.

As a matter of fact he was perfectly ready to bring before Parliament the responsibility of an act in which he saw a pledge of national policy, by which alone

the union of the Central Provinces of Italy with Piedmont could be secured. In his opinion such claims were paramount. He could never regret what he was about to accomplish, he could only regret the necessity of doing it.

Events moved apace, when once the die was cast. On the 20th of January, in the year 1860, Cavour had taken over the reins of power. On the 11th of March, the voting in the Central Provinces took place. On the 18th of March, a decree established the result by pronouncing the annexation to be confirmed. On the 24th of March, the Treaty of the Cession of Savoy was signed and sealed. On the 25th of March, election lists were opened for the chambers in all the provinces of the new kingdom, indication thus being given that it was no longer to be before a Piedmontese, but before the first National Italian Parliament that the policy of Cavour was to be discussed. On the 31st of March, Tuscany, Parma, Modena, and the Romagna were definitely declared part of the dominions of the House of Savoy.

With regard to the feasibility of a Congress Cavour had in February expressed a very decided opinion: 'In Italy matters will, for the moment, arrange themselves without a Congress. Sooner or later the supreme tribunal of Europe will give a definite sanction to what is going to happen, but from that moment we are still very far. The blindness of Austria and the obstinacy of the Holy Father will make me dread many a crisis before diplomatists round a green tablecloth will be able to regulate the destinies of Italy in a stable fashion.' The Pope had, in fact, already issued the major excommunication against the authors, abettors, and agents in this political transaction.

It remained now for Cavour to demand parliamentary

sanction of the Treaty of Cession. At this point he was met by the dangerous opposition of Ratazzi, who, since his fall, had ceased to have any personal intercourse with him.

Parliament met on the 2nd of April. Ratazzi took the occasion to deliver himself of a speech which, under an outward appearance of moderation, amounted to an impeachment. He actually alluded to Cavour's retirement as 'an excellent method of escape from a dilemma no doubt, but of small use in solving difficulties.' But Ratazzi might give vent to as much sarcasm as he pleased, Cavour's arguments carried great weight. Ratazzi, it is true, might claim the credit of having dragged Piedmont through the Peace of Zurich without loss of territory, but the Italians admired Cavour for taking upon himself the responsibility for a measure which must raise a storm of opposition against himself. When Guerrazzi rose and compared Cavour with Clarendon, 'severe to the King, scornful of Parliament, and believing in his pride that there would be no check to his authority,' thus warning the Italian Minister of a similar fate, Cavour replied: 'If Lord Clarendon, to defend his conduct from violent accusations, could have pointed to several millions of Englishmen delivered by him from a foreign yoke, several counties added to the dominions of his master, it may be that the Parliament would not have been so pitiless, and perhaps Charles II would not have been so ungrateful towards the faithfullest of his servants. Since the honourable deputy Guerrazzi has thought proper to give me an historical lesson he should have given it complete. After telling me what Lord Clarendon did, he should have told us who were his enemies, what sort of men his accusers, who shared the spoil they had torn from



him. He should have told us that these enemies formed the famous coterie of men possessed of no antecedents in common, no community of principles, no ideas, and who were actuated by nothing but the most impudent egotism, men fallen away from every party, professing all opinions—Puritans, Presbyterians, Anglican Churchmen, and Papists, each in turn; to-day Republicans, Royalists to-morrow; demagogues in the street, courtiers in the Palace; Radicals in Parliament, reactionaries in the councils of the King; men, in short, whose coming together produced the ministry stigmatised in history as that of the Cabal. So much being said, I leave it to the Chamber and the country to consider what may be thought of the present case.'

Coming to the actual point of the controversy, he said: 'The true ground for it is that the treaty is an integral part of our policy, the logical and inevitable consequence of a past policy, and an absolute necessity for the carrying on of this policy in the future.'

'I tell you,' he continued, 'under a profound conviction of the truth, that the cession of Nice and Savoy was indispensable to keep the French people friendly towards Italy. Right or wrong I will not debate on it. They believe that these provinces belong naturally to France. It may be an error, but whoever is acquainted with France must acknowledge frankly that it is a fixed idea. Now this cession being once demanded of us, if we had replied with a refusal, the minds of Frenchmen would not have taken into consideration the difficulties that a matter of the kind would encounter in Italy. We should have been charged with ingratitude and injustice. We should have been told that we declined to apply, on one side of the Alps, principles which we invoked on the other, and for which France

spent her blood and treasure. In presence of these facts, was not the Ministry bound to accede to the Emperor's demand? A demand made—yes, I can say it—not solely in the name of French interests, but in the name of the alliance of France with Italy. For my part I hold it a great honour to have yielded to it, for it behoved us to consolidate the French alliance necessary to us. The true, the only advantage for us is the consolidation of the alliance, not so much of two governments as of two peoples. You, then, who are the Italian people, forbear to put yourselves in opposition to French interests. If there must be chafings and disputes, let them all be borne by the Government. If there is something odious in it, I counsel that it should fall upon us. We are as fond of popularity as others are, and often have my colleagues and I drunk of that intoxicating cup, but we know how to waive it away at the bidding of duty. When signing, we were aware what unpopularity awaited us, but we knew likewise that we laboured for Italy, for that Italy which is not the sound body a certain member has spoken of. Italy has still big wounds in her body. Look towards the Mincio, look on the other side of Tuscany, and say whether Italy is out of danger.'

The annexation of Nice and Savoy was viewed with displeasure and suspicion by the majority of the great European Powers, by England in particular, for if regarded as an indication that Napoleon intended to discard the obligations imposed upon him by the treaties of 1815, this new acquisition of territory could be construed as a living danger. But in Italy itself little opposition of any real importance was offered to Cavour's policy of cession. It was known that in Savoy the Papacy had acquired a strong influence,

which influence would undoubtedly be thrown into the balance in opposition to a United Italy, and therefore it was well that the power of the Savoyard Church and *noblesse* should be removed from the Italian Parliament.

Cavour gained a majority of two hundred and twenty-nine in favour of the treaty. To Cavour himself the handing over of Nice and Savoy to France was a great wrench, but he was consoled with the reflection that a large advance had been made in the realisation of his hopes for Italy. His most devoted friends in Paris had written to him when the negotiations of the treaty were pending: 'For the love of Heaven sign, for the love of Italy sign, if you wish to have the French alliance, for if you hesitate, your country will lose all sympathy in France.' To Victor Emmanuel the blow was an acute one. It must not be forgotten that his heart was always really in his mountain home. Savoy was the original residence of his race. Nevertheless, in the end, he proved himself tractable. 'After giving my daughter to France,' he said, 'they may as well take the cradle.' But there was another besides the King, to be reckoned with in the transaction, and it was this other, who, for the next few months, was to attract to himself the attention of the whole of Europe—nay, of the whole civilised world.

## CHAPTER XIII

### GARIBALDI'S RETURN

WHEN Garibaldi first heard of the cession of Nice and Savoy he exclaimed : 'I have been made a stranger in my own country.'

He had been returned as member for Nice just one week before the annexation was signed. He came accordingly to Turin in April to take part in the great discussion. After sitting some hours unmoved in his seat, he shouted, with a fierce glance at Cavour, the usual *domando la parola*, but the formality of his question being voted against by the House, he was obliged to resume his seat in silence. On the 12th of April, he again rose and read the fifth Article of the Constitution, which laid down that, 'no sale or barter of any part of the State can take place without the consent of Parliament,' but Cavour's majority had silenced all objections. On the morning after the vote had been taken, he left for Nice to take leave of it, as he said, for he refused to become a French subject. 'I have nothing to do with men or political parties ; my country and nothing but my country is my object.'

In the meanwhile, Cavour accompanied the King, after his arduous fight in the House, to visit some of the recently united provinces. During this expedition, he went to Milan to participate in the winter *fêtes*,

then to Tuscany and the Romagna, visiting Florence for the first time, oddly enough, in his life. One morning, at Pisa, waking at break of day in the silence of the still sleeping city, he had, with Signor Artom, betaken himself to the Campo Santo. He remained speechless there a moment, then the words escaped him: 'How pleasant it would be to repose here!' Signor Artom observed laughingly that he would find himself on holy ground, for that this earth which they trod had been brought from Palestine in the period of the Crusades; and Cavour answered gaily, 'Are you sure that they will not one day canonise me?' On his return from these visits to the various great monuments of Italian architecture, Cavour declared that he had discovered in himself a sense which he did not know he possessed, that of art.

On the 5th of May, while the Parliament in Turin was still discussing the cession of Nice and Savoy, Garibaldi, followed by the famous 'Thousand,' to the amazement of the whole world, quitted his villa near Genoa to cross the Mediterranean with the direct intention of raising Sicily and Naples to the cry of 'Italy and Victor Emmanuel!' His soldiers were lining the shore on the previous day from Genoa as far as Nervi, some in small boats, some encamping on the rocks in their red shirts, and all with meagre kits. The General, wishing to waste no time, put out into the harbour of Genoa, and seized upon two of the Rubattino steamers, the 'Piemonte' and the 'Lombardo' — significant names. It is said that many of those who came to bid their friends farewell were so carried away by the general enthusiasm that they, too, insisted on being taken on board. So hasty was the departure, however, that forty men were left behind.



Doubtless it was patent to all that, when once the provinces of Central Italy had become annexed to Sardinia, the fate of the Two Sicilies was sealed. Since the campaign of 1859, the old desire of the Sicilian liberals for the independence of their island from Neapolitan tyranny had given place to a very earnest desire for Italian union. In fact, some of the Sicilian exiles had already declared that, if Garibaldi would not come to their assistance, they would risk a revolutionary enterprise without him. As has been said, there was not room in the peninsula for two independent Italian kingdoms, but in the beginning of the year it seems certain that nothing was further from Cavour's thoughts than the annexation of Southern Italy. He was not the least anxious to precipitate a crisis, for he perceived that Garibaldi's plan, if followed out to its logical conclusion, would bring in the end certain defeat, involve Sardinia in a war with Austria, break up the French alliance, cause the abandonment by the Powers of their non-intervention policy as yet maintained, and, worst of all, sacrifice the conquests already achieved. But up to this moment a pacific victory had been won, so there were many reasons for keeping clear of bloodshed.

The Court of Naples, however, still clung tenaciously to the Austrian alliance, and set itself in direct opposition to the national movement. In the year 1859, Ferdinand II, 'King Bomba,' of evil memory, died, leaving the crown to his ignorant and bigoted son Francis II, at that time only twenty-three years of age. Under these circumstances, Victor Emmanuel, whom we can credit with a perfectly sincere desire that the young King of Naples should reform his government, after renewing diplomatic intercourse

which had been previously withdrawn, addressed a letter, on the 15th of April, to Francis, in which he asked him to restore the Constitution, send his troops to join forces with those of Piedmont in the war being carried on with Austria, and agree that the Kings of Sardinia and Naples should divide Italy between them, and enjoin the Pope to govern on the same liberal basis as they should agree to adopt. This letter was not so much in the nature of fatherly advice as of solemn warning. But neither the advice nor the warning was accepted. Francis allied himself with Pius IX, who was at that time occupying himself in quelling the revolts in Umbria and the Marches, and, had not Neapolitan affairs monopolised his attention, would have aided the Pontiff in wresting Romagna from Victor Emmanuel. After Villafranca, the Neapolitan Court had thrown itself into schemes for the restoration of the fallen Italian despotic governments and the overthrow of Piedmontese authority in the Romagna by means of a coalition with Austria and Spain.

It cannot be insisted too often that Cavour, before the departure of Garibaldi, did not contemplate a raid on the Two Sicilies. The instinct of Garibaldi, it is said, outstripped Cavour's process of gradual absorption. But, when once Garibaldi had taken the initiative, Cavour knew he was powerless to stop the adventurer on his wild career, and very prudently refrained from the attempt. When once the risk had begun, he very wisely saw that it was to his interest, and to the interest of his country, to represent Garibaldi as a principal and not an agent, for France was always to be reckoned with in any attack upon the South. He was averse to an open rupture with Garibaldi, who was backed and encouraged by national hysteria, while at the same

time he was quite disposed to admit into his own political combinations the eventual fall of the Neapolitan monarchy. Therefore, there was every excuse for his subsequent behaviour during Garibaldi's expedition.

It was while Cavour was acting in attendance on Victor Emmanuel during his visit to Tuscany, that he first received the news of an insurrection in Sicily, the commencement of that act in the great drama which Mr. Morley designates as the 'most romantic, most picturesque of all, an incomparable union of heroism with policy, at double play with all the shifts of circumstances.' Cavour found himself in a grave dilemma. Sardinia could do nothing to aid the insurgents. No war against the Neapolitan dynasty could be undertaken, as France would certainly not countenance it. He was powerless to put down volunteer expeditions in aid of the Sicilian insurgents. The sympathy of his countrymen, who had just freed themselves from Austrian misrule, was in favour of the Sicilians, who were now endeavouring to free themselves from a worse tyranny than the Austrian yoke. Therefore, the only way to escape from this dilemma, and to turn circumstances to his own advantage and that of his country, was to allow others to do what the Government was unable to do. This course he pursued with the most consummate skill.

It is recorded that when Garibaldi's expedition started, Cavour sent Admiral Persano after it, with an ostensible portfolio, to capture the General and bring him home, but with a secret one to watch him closely, and if possible to assist his undertaking. 'The Ministry decides for the arrest,' ran the wording of Cavour's telegram. 'I have understood,' replied the cunning

Admiral, perceiving that Cavour did not agree with the Ministry.

In the meanwhile, Garibaldi had arrived with his vessels, the 'Piemonte' and 'Lombardo,' and had landed at Marsala. Still enraged at the cession of Nice, before starting, he let fly at Cavour in a letter to Victor Emmanuel: 'I know that I embark on a perilous enterprise. If we fail I trust that Italy and liberal Europe will not forget that it was undertaken from motives pure of all egotism and entirely patriotic. If we achieve it I shall be proud to add to your Majesty's crown a new and perhaps more brilliant jewel, always on condition that your Majesty will stand opposed to councillors who would cede this province to the foreigner, as has been done with the city of my birth.'

The famous 'Thousand'—to be more accurate, one thousand and sixty-seven—who flocked to Garibaldi's standard had been chiefly chosen from the *cacciatori*, four hundred and twenty of whom were sons of gentlemen. Of the appearance of his troops there is an extract from Dandolo given in Bent's biography, which I may be allowed the liberty of quoting: 'Picture to yourself an incongruous assemblage of individuals of all descriptions—boys of twelve or fourteen, veteran soldiers, attracted by the fame of the celebrated chief-tain of Montevideo, some stimulated by ambition, others seeking for impunity and license in the confusion of war, yet so restrained by the inflexible severity of their leader that courage and daring could alone find a vent, whilst more lawless passions were curbed beneath his will. The General and his staff all rode on American saddles, wore scarlet blouses, with hats of every possible form, without distinction of any kind, or pretension to military ornament.'

When out in the open Mediterranean, it is said that Garibaldi had delivered a thrilling address to his little army, but the weather had been so unfavourable that some of the band were in no state to be impressed with eloquence or patriotic utterances.

On disembarkation, Garibaldi issued two proclamations. The first was addressed to the people of Sicily, and was couched in the following terms: 'Sicilians, I have brought you a body of brave men, who have hastened to reply to the heroic cry of Sicily. We, the survivors of the battles of Lombardy, are with you. All we ask is the freedom of our land. If we are united, the work will be short and easy. To arms then; he who does not snatch up a weapon is a traitor to his country; want of arms is no excuse; we shall get muskets, but for the present any weapon will do in the hands of a brave man. The municipalities will provide for the children, women, and old men, deprived of your support. To arms, all of you! Sicily shall once more teach the world how a country can be freed from its oppressors by the powerful will of an united people.' The other, addressed to the Neapolitan army, in phrases no less exaggerated and bombastic than the above, is worth reprinting: 'Foreign insolence reigns over Italian ground in consequence of Italian discord. But on that day when the sons of the Samnites and Martii, united with the brethren of Sicily, shall join with the Italians of the North—on that day our nation, of which you form the finest part, shall reassert its ancient position as pre-eminent among the nations of Europe. I, an Italian soldier, only aspire to see you drawn up side by side with those soldiers of Varese and San Martino in order jointly to fight against the enemies of Italy.'



‘At last,’ he wrote, ‘I shall be back in my element—action placed at the service of a great idea.’

But while Garibaldi, with all the courage and boast of a dashing adventurer, was busy getting back into his element, Cavour was advancing to a contest requiring far more energy and resource than any insurrectionary campaign. When once Garibaldi had started on his wild career, the European Powers, almost with one voice, denounced the descent upon Sicily in no measured terms. It must be remembered that the Cabinets of Europe were the natural champions of dynastic interests as opposed to revolution. Cavour, with surpassing ingenuity, appealed to their conservative instincts by representing that an effort on their part to put down Garibaldi’s movement by force of arms would cause a revolution throughout the whole peninsula, and endanger the existence of monarchical institutions. In this manner Cavour saved the expedition from the armed intervention of the Powers.

It remained now for Cavour to fight and win the great diplomatic battle which, in the annals of his native land, far surpasses in importance any of Garibaldi’s skirmishes. To quote again Gladstone’s biographer: ‘The share of Cavour as an accomplice in the adventure is still obscure. Whether he ever really desired the acquisition of the Neapolitan kingdom, or would have preferred, as indeed he attempted, a federation between a Northern kingdom and a Southern, is not established. How far he had made certain of the abstention of Louis Napoleon, how far he had realised the weakness of Austria, we do not authentically know. He was at least alive to all the risks to which Garibaldi’s enterprise must instantly expose him in every

quarter of the horizon—from Austria, deeming her hold upon Venetia at stake ; from the French Emperor, with hostile critics in France to face ; from the whole army of Catholics all over the world ; and not the least from the triumphant Mazzinians, his personal foes, in whose inspirations he had no faith, whose success might easily roll him and his policy into mire and ruin. Now, as always, with consummate suppleness, he confronted the necessities of a situation that he had never sought, and assuredly had neither invented nor hurried. The politician, he used to tell his friends, must above all things have the tact of the possible.'

When the news of Garibaldi's arrival at Marsala spread throughout Europe, Austria at once pleaded her own cause in Paris and in London. At Berlin, there was a talk of the alliance of the Northern Courts to protect public rights against Piedmontese ambition. At St. Petersburg, Gortchakoff made himself exceedingly unpleasant, and throughout the episode the Governments of Naples and Rome filled the Courts of Europe with their outcries. But Cavour, inwardly distracted, preserved diplomatic outward calm. He had not openly encouraged Garibaldi, but for the present he let the hero have a slack rein, and he meant that the General should win. Not doubting his sincerity, but dreading his rashness, Cavour abstained from hindering the enterprise, and he 'covered it with a protection that expanded and grew in the ratio with its success. He managed, through it all, to keep on fair terms with the popular hero, and at the same time avoided compromising his position and that of his Government before the European Powers. In the English Minister, Hudson, he found a firm friend,

and with this advantage in his favour he set about trying to gain the weight of England's influence on his side. To D'Azeglio, then in London, he writes on the 8th of May: 'Whatever may be the different points of view which have manifested themselves on this occasion between the Ministers of Her Britannic Majesty, differences which I regret deeply, it seems to me incontrovertible that England and Sardinia with regard to Sicily have one and the same interest. In fact (you will have the occasion often to repeat it to Lord John Russell) we have no other end in view than to render Italy to the Italians, to found in a lasting and real manner the independence of the Peninsula, to deliver her from all moral as well as material subjection. We have only ceded Savoy and Nice because, for good or for ill, we are convinced that these countries do not form a part of national Italy. But we shall not yield an inch of Italian territory, whatever would be the advantages of the barter proposed.'

To Sir James Hudson he explained his predicament in the following manner: 'On what ground is Sardinia charged with the crime of not having hindered the landing of this hardy adventurer in Sicily, when the whole Neapolitan fleet was incapable of doing it? The Austrians and Irish embark at their ease to go to the assistance of the Pope; how then can the Sardinian Government, supposing it cognisant of the expedition, stay the Sicilian exiles from running to succour their brethren in a struggle with their tyrants? The flower of the youth of all Italy flies to the banner of Garibaldi. Were the Sardinian Government to attempt to check this national movement, the monarchy of Savoy would destroy its own prestige and therewith its own future, and we should soon have anarchy in the Peninsula and

new troubles in Europe. To stem the tide of revolutionary ideas, the Italian constitutional monarchy must preserve the moral power it has won by its resolution to make the country independent. This is a beneficent treasure, which would be lost if the Government of the King stood against the enterprise of Garibaldi. The Government of the King deplores the enterprise, but cannot stop it, does not aid, but is unable to use force to put it down.'

Thus Cavour managed gradually to prevent the European Powers from passing to more decisive acts than mere protestations, and even to enlist a certain degree of moral support. Lord Russell had thus charged Loftus at Vienna: 'If tyranny and injustice are the characteristic features of the Government of Southern Italy, liberty and justice are the features of the Government of Northern Italy. This being so, sooner or later the people of Southern Italy will come to a political union with their Northern brethren, and will insist on being governed by the same sovereign.' Cavour had to reassure England by signing an agreement 'not to cede to France any portion of territory beyond and in addition to that which had been ceded by the Treaty of the 24th of March.' He found Napoleon as enigmatical and as difficult to comprehend as ever. 'What is to be done,' exclaimed the Emperor, 'with a Government like that of Naples, which refuses to listen to advice of any kind? . . . The force of opinion is irresistible. In one way or another the national idea of Italy must triumph.' But in spite of this assertion Napoleon, Cavour knew, was in an awkward situation. 'What a calamity,' Mr. Gladstone exclaims, referring to the Emperor's predicament, 'for a man to think, or find himself forced to be double-faced, even when he

is not double-minded. And this is the best supposition.'

In the meanwhile Garibaldi had succeeded in organising a corps of Sicilians, numbering twelve hundred men, who assisted his advance in the capacity of scouts. The march of Garibaldi's army from Marsala to Salemi was something in the nature of a triumphal progress, attended as it was by monks, priests, women, and children, all loud in their acclamations. At Salemi, in the name of 'Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy,' Garibaldi assumed the dictatorship in Sicily.

The first battle lasted for three hours, and although the precious flag worked for Garibaldi by the ladies of Montevideo was lost to him for a time, the invaders were in the main successful. After the victory a certain priest, Pantaleone by name, came forward and relieved the General publicly, with what authority we are not informed, from the Pope's Bull of excommunication. This *coup* was necessary to allay the fears of the superstitious Sicilians, who, influenced considerably by outward visible signs, marched to battle beneath the shadow of a wooden cross borne aloft by the priest.

The invaders now fell back on Palermo. Certain of the inhabitants had promised Garibaldi that he had only to appear at the gates to become possessed of the capital. On the 27th of May, after four hours' hard fighting, he accomplished his purpose, and at once the streets were gay with red-coloured decorations to compliment the 'Thousand.' But in the midst of the rejoicings, the Neapolitan bombs began to burst over the city, which wrought great havoc along the main thoroughfares. Nevertheless, in spite of this *contretemps*, Garibaldi won a distinct advance.



When Cavour heard of this success, he sent his agent Farini, with overtures respecting the annexation of Sicily to the constitutional kingdom of Victor Emmanuel; but Garibaldi did not wish any annexation to take place until he had finished the work of invasion, so he sent Farini back to Turin and made his plans for proceeding eastwards. Garibaldi was ever a great anxiety to Cavour. He knew what combustible material lay stored in the projects of the invader. He regarded the General as a dashing, defiant, and intemperate soldier, and complained in his private correspondence of the serious political outlook due to the Sicilian expedition. 'The course which General Garibaldi is following is fraught with danger,' he wrote; 'his ideas of governing and the consequences ensuing from them reflect discredit upon us in the eyes of Europe. If the disturbances in Sicily are repeated at Naples, the cause of Italy will run the risk of being misrepresented before public opinion, and condemned by a verdict that the greater Powers might hasten to put into execution.' Still, he grudged him neither help nor encouragement. Jealousy was not an ingredient of his nature. During the operations he sent the General word: 'The King and his Government place entire confidence in you.' To a friend in London he wrote: 'I note with pleasure the lively sympathies which the enterprise of Garibaldi meets with in England, and I am in no way envious of his success. On the contrary, I have given the strictest orders to hinder Mazzini from going to Sicily, and spoiling the work of the famous commander.' But he knew well enough that, in his future dealings with Garibaldi, he would be obliged to adopt a firmer attitude.

Garibaldi now took up his quarters in the Bourbon

Palace at Palermo, and he surprised the Viceroy's servants by eating nothing but soup, vegetables, and a little meat once a day, washed down with a glass of plain water. He slept, too, on a hard bed, and frowned at the menials if they addressed him as 'His Excellency,' a title which he despised as, to use his own words, 'the symbol of imbecile human pride.' At Mass in the cathedral he knelt on the bare pavement instead of on a cushion that had been set for him. By means of this ostentatious self-denial he fed the fire of frantic enthusiasm which already consumed the Sicilians, and earned for himself the name of a second Cincinnatus.

On the 17th of July, while Garibaldi was endeavouring with indifferent success to 'organise' Palermo, a telegram arrived that the Neapolitans were concentrating their forces near Milazzo. That same evening he left the town with reinforcements and replenished ammunition waggons, to the shouts of 'Viva Vittorio Emanuele!' Milazzo consisted of a castle on a narrow promontory, running out about four miles into the sea, densely covered with shrubs and cactus, from behind which the Neapolitans could fire without yielding an inch. The situation gave to Garibaldi an opportunity for waging that particular form of guerilla warfare in which he had so often proved himself an adept, and also for the display of his conspicuous courage. 'Essentially a man of the masses, sharing their virtues as well as their faults, with the heart of a lion in the frame of an athlete, trained amidst the tempests of the ocean and on the battlefields of the Old and the New World, burning with the fire of liberty and patriotism,' Garibaldi was a leader well calculated to inspire the confidence of a mob. At one time it is said that he was

surrounded by four dragoons, who called upon him to surrender, but that, drawing his sword, he replied: 'I am Garibaldi; you must surrender to me.' Whether this story is true or not, it is at any rate an established fact that Garibaldi himself stormed and took the fortress from the hands of the Neapolitans. Again excitement rose to fever pitch. The Sicilians declared him to be a second Messiah, his enemies—in league with the devil.

Cavour, whose enthusiasm could not carry him to such extremities, after the battle of Milazzo, was among the first to send a message of congratulation to the victorious General through Admiral Persano. 'I am happy to hear of the victory of Milazzo,' it runs, 'which does honour to Italian arms, and will prove to Europe that the Italians are henceforth determined to sacrifice their lives to recover liberty and their country. I beg you to take my sincere and warmest congratulations to General Garibaldi. After this brilliant victory I do not see how he can be hindered from passing over to the Continent. The national standard, once hoisted in Sicily, should traverse the kingdom and float along the coasts of the Adriatic.' And yet in reality his mind was by no means easy. At almost the same time that the above letter was written he expressed some private sentiments to Madame de Circourt which betray his deep-seated anxiety: 'If I pull through this time I shall try to manage it so as not to be caught again. I am like a sailor who, in the midst of the sea which the storms have raised, swears and vows never again to expose himself to the perils of the deep.'

Since the respective parts played by the various actors in this drama are somewhat obscure, it would be well, before proceeding further in the narrative, clearly

to define their positions. Mazzini, by conviction and on principle, desired that Italy should be a republic, although, under certain conditions, he would accept Victor Emmanuel as its nominal head, and therefore he counselled an immediate advance upon Rome and Venice. Cavour, on the other hand, knew that a march upon Rome would ruin the Italian cause, as Napoleon was still influenced by clerical and Ultramontane advisers. Garibaldi was personally loyal to Victor Emmanuel, but he was unfortunately surrounded by politicians who urged the fatal policy of marching upon Rome. Thus we discern in these three leaders of the Italian national movement three different shades of opinion. First, that of the uncompromising revolutionary, embodied in Mazzini; second, that of the milder form of revolutionary, with 'Italy under Victor Emmanuel and a march on Rome' as the war-cry, embodied in Garibaldi; and, finally, that apparent in the actions of the great liberal statesman, who was determined if possible to bring about the nationalisation of Italy without endangering the cause by an embroilment with the European Powers.

The victory of Milazzo opened up the way to Messina. The Neapolitan Government, now despairing of being able to resist Garibaldi's advance, were anxious to come to some sort of terms. King Francis, who was really by nature a timid young man, was still obstinate, but his uncle, the Count of Syracuse, left for Turin to appeal to Victor Emmanuel. There a great banquet was given in his honour, and the King of Sardinia let the assembled guests know that, although he wished to stem the popular current, it was at present beyond his power to do so; but almost simultaneously he wrote a letter to Garibaldi asking him

to content himself with Sicily for the time being, and not cross the Straits. Garibaldi impudently replied that no king could change his mission. He was condescending enough to add: 'My mission is too noble to relinquish. I have sworn to Italy to accomplish it; my programme remains the same. I shall not sheathe my sword till Victor Emmanuel is King of Italy.'

Garibaldi was now at the head of no fewer than twenty-five thousand men, armed with the best rifles that England could provide. On the 18th of August, two steamers conveyed these troops across to the mainland, where, on landing, Garibaldi converted them from 'volunteers' into 'the Army of the South,' and then began the victorious march. The facility with which he accomplished his object served to reveal the weakness of the props that maintained the tottering edifice of absolute monarchy in Italy, and equally exhibited the strength of the advocates of liberty and reform. Garibaldi himself began on foot, at Reggio he mounted a horse, subsequently driving to Salerno, where, doubtless bored with the uneventful progress, he took to the railway. Of the march of his troops there is nothing to record. There was no resistance, and the famous volunteers must have smiled to themselves, if they had any sense of humour remaining, when they met their enemies on the road walking quietly homewards, having given up the contest as hopeless. Of such a character was the victorious march of Garibaldi upon Naples.

The General himself, it is stated, had occasionally to submit to the trying ordeal of embracing hysterical ladies and their unconscious babies, a performance which doubtless was a severer strain on his nerves than all his former battles rolled into one.



Let us turn from this deplorable spectacle of an army longing for military glory and only marching along a dusty road, and a General suffering indignities at the hands of over-enthusiastic females, to the more important aspect of the movement. The danger Cavour saw in Garibaldi's popularity was, that all power might be taken out of the hands of the monarchical party and thrown into those of Mazzini, with whom Garibaldi had formerly been hand-in-glove. He writes to Persano: 'The real object is to cause the national principle to triumph at Naples clear of the Mazzinians. Italy must be saved from foreigners, evil principles, and madmen. If the revolution is not accomplished before the arrival of Garibaldi our condition will be very serious, but that must not trouble us. You will, if you are able, take possession of the forts, you will gather together the Neapolitan and Sicilian navy, give every officer a commission, make them swear fealty to the King and to the *statuto*, and then we shall see! The King, the country, and the Ministry have full confidence in you. Follow the instructions I give you as closely as possible. If any unforeseen case should occur, do your best to further the great object we have in view, which is to build up Italy without letting the revolution overwhelm us.' He had his qualms, too, about the attitude of England. In August, he had written to D'Azeglio: 'I do not flatter myself that the English approve excessively of my plan. I think they would prefer to see Garibaldi at Naples, in spite of the fact that he would bring in his train anarchy and revolution. The English regard him as the enemy of France, and that is sufficient to make him valuable in their eyes.'

The result of the expedition had been a surprise for

Turin. It had been anticipated that the Neapolitans would rise to support Garibaldi, that civil war would ensue, and that then Cavour could step into the breach. Cavour had hoped that, before Garibaldi could reach Naples, a popular movement in that town would force Francis to fly, and Garibaldi, on his arrival, would already find the whole machinery of government in the hands of Victor Emmanuel's representatives. Thus, while having used to his own advantage revolutionary means, Cavour would have been able to stem the tide before it became uncontrollable. These calculations, however, had been upset, partly by the opposition of the entourage of Garibaldi, who were determined that power should fall into no other hands than those of the General himself, and partly by the tenacity of Francis and his Queen, who remained in their capital until the eleventh hour. Garibaldi would thus soon find himself in a position to dictate terms to the Sardinian Government. Nothing, Cavour knew, would check Garibaldi's course when once in Naples; nothing would prevent him from marching on Rome, and making it impossible for Napoleon to hold himself aloof. In this predicament, he appealed to Parliament, and Parliament voted immediately for annexation. Cavour saw there was only one expedient left. The Sardinian army must appear in Naples to take the lead in the revolution. He at once let Napoleon know of his intention, and despatched Farini to meet the Emperor at Chambéry. The Emperor listened in silence, with a brooding expression overcasting his countenance, and refused at first to commit himself, but on the next day delivered a more reassuring reply: 'If Piedmont thinks this absolutely necessary to save herself from an abyss of evil, be it so,

but it must be done at her own risk and peril. Let her bear in mind that, should she be attacked by Austria, France cannot support her,' which occult announcement was taken to express approval in Cavour's discerning mind. Then came the *grand coup*. To do nothing was no longer possible, so Cavour took the initiative himself, assumed the direction of the movement, accepting unity as far as realisable. Having once determined upon his course of action, he temporarily took over the management of the War Department, the Naval, and Foreign Affairs.

He now perceived that Garibaldi's entrance into Naples could not be anticipated there by the establishment of Victor Emmanuel's own authority, and he was accordingly resolved on a bolder line of policy. He would win every foot of ground that could be won without an actual conflict with Napoleon, for he had every reason to believe that Napoleon would not retaliate unless the whole of the Temporal Power was menaced. Accordingly, the Sardinian army set out for Naples, and Cavour addressed to all the European Powers the following manifesto: 'If we do not arrive on the Volturno, before Garibaldi arrives at La Cattolica, the monarchy is lost. Italy will remain a prey to revolution'; at the same time he informed Victor Emmanuel that he must either march on Naples, or else go and break his head against Austria and the Quadrilateral, with a view to freeing Venice and drawing Garibaldi away from Rome. While thus organising an invasion of the Marches, Cavour was obliged to face the old difficulty with the Pope. In the early part of the year 1860, Pius IX had been ill-advised enough to abandon for a time the attitude of passive resistance, which constituted the real strength of the

Papacy. Persuaded by his Ultramontane advisers, who told him that the whole of the Catholic world would rise at his word, and disregarding the prudent counsels of Cardinal Antonelli, Pius had raised, as we have seen, a foreign army for the protection of his remaining territory and the recovery of what Sardinia had taken. A motley crowd had assembled, including a strange Irish contingent, but little of any real military value. General Lamoricière, a Frenchman who had served with distinction in Algerian campaigns, but had since been placed on the retired list owing to his opposition to Napoleon, was given the command of these unpromising troops. Cavour now addressed the Pope, and expressed his 'conviction that the spectacle of the unanimity of the patriotic sentiments, at the present time bursting forth in the whole of Italy, will remind the sovereign Pontiff that he was a few years ago the sublime inspirer of this great national movement.' Cavour must have smiled as he penned these lines, for soon after the Cabinet of Turin addressed an ultimatum to the Vatican to disband the Papal army. This historical document was despatched by Cavour to Cardinal Antonelli. In it a complaint was made that the mercenary forces of the Pope were a constant menace to the peace of Italy. Twenty-four hours only were allowed for an answer. That the answer would be a peremptory refusal Cavour must have anticipated, but the time for negotiation with the Vatican was over. Nevertheless, he was obliged to justify his purpose before Europe, and he did so in a circular, dated the 12th of September, to the diplomatic agents of Sardinia. The European Powers could not but regard with disfavour the arguments contained in his circular, based as they were on the right of the people

to depose their hereditary sovereigns, and to choose for themselves by whom they should be governed. But one of two results was by this time inevitable in Italy—the triumph of the extreme revolutionary party, or the establishment of orderly government under a monarch whose interests would be identical with their own in arresting the spread of revolutionary doctrines.

To General La Marmora he addressed the following appeal: ‘I flatter myself that you will not refuse to lend your help to save the country from the dangers that may be menacing her. The invasion of the Marches, rendered necessary by the entry of Garibaldi into Naples, gives Austria a pretext for attacking us. France is aware of it, but she seems little inclined to oppose it with arms. We must rely only on ourselves. I admit that an aggressive movement on the part of Austria is not likely, for the internal condition of the Empire would make it perilous for her; nevertheless it is not impossible.’

Garibaldi entered Naples on the 7th of September, and at once issued a proclamation to the people, who had turned out in their thousands to meet the 9.30 train from Solferino. But although a gallant fighter, he was no politician, and like many others who lack a knowledge of the rudiments of statesmanship, refused to listen to advice. Cavour’s agents were busy in Naples trying to dissuade Garibaldi from marching to Rome. A meeting was arranged on board H.M.S. ‘Hannibal’ between Mr. Elliot, the English ambassador, and Garibaldi, whose tone, according to Admiral Mundy, was throughout that of an enthusiast, who had determined to risk all on the prosecution of his idea of Italian unity, and who evidently was not to be swayed by any dictates of prudence.



To Mr. Elliot, who was acting for Cavour, Garibaldi said: 'I will speak to you frankly, without hiding from you my intentions, which are just and clear. I purpose going as far as Rome. When we have become masters of that city, I will offer the crown of United Italy to Victor Emmanuel. It will be his business to set Venice free, and in that war I will be no more than his lieutenant. In the present condition of Italy the King cannot refuse to do this without losing his popularity and his high position. Permit me to say I am certain that, in advising that Venice be left to her fate, Lord Russell does not faithfully render the opinion of the English people.' To this announcement Elliot replied: 'England will not forgive provocation to a European war. Have you made a fair reckoning, General, of the contingencies likely to ensue from a collision between Italian arms and the French garrison at Rome? If this takes place, it will immediately result in the intervention of France; it is the interest of your country to avoid that.' Garibaldi at once rejoined: 'Well, then, is not Rome an Italian city? Napoleon has no sort of right to interfere with our possession of it. By the cession of Nice and Savoy, Cavour has dragged Sardinia through the mire and thrown her at the Emperor's feet. I have no fear of France, and I would never have consented to so profound a humiliation. Whatever the obstacles—even if I should be in danger of losing all that I had gained—nothing shall stop me. There is no other road for me than the one to Rome, nor do I believe the undertaking to be so very difficult. The unity of Italy must be accomplished.'

To a friend in Genoa he subsequently addressed a flaming letter, in which he declares he will never be

reconciled to those who sold an Italian province, and to Victor Emmanuel he appeals in language no less heated : ‘Sire, send away Cavour and Farini, give me command of one brigade of your troops, send me Pallavicino with full powers, and I will answer for everything.’

In the midst of the festivities at Naples arrived Mazzini, who wished Garibaldi to declare Naples a republic, and extinguish Cavour’s monarchical theory. Now Garibaldi had committed a very grave error when, instead of at once proclaiming his adhesion to the kingdom of Italy, he declared himself Dictator. True it is, doubtless, that he only intended it as a temporary expedient, but his friends tried to confer upon it a permanent character. Conspirators of the worst type, moreover, arrived at Naples from every quarter, hoping, presumably, that in a republic they would find some opening for their selfish ambitions. The town was in a frightful condition. Scenes, it is said, were enacted which can only be compared to the extravagances of the Paris Commune during the French Revolution. Badly as Naples had fared under previous governments, she never fared worse than now. But the enthusiasm for the Dictator somehow rose proportionately, and a ridiculous and extremely dangerous idea gained ground that volunteer levies could in future always hold their own against any disciplined troops, and, together with the spread of this fallacious doctrine, the cry now arose that Garibaldi’s success was the first step which should drive the French out of Rome, expel the Austrians from Venetia, set Hungary free, restore the independence of Poland, and inaugurate the triumph of democracy throughout Europe. All this was due to Garibaldi’s omitting to break at once with the repub-

licans. No wonder Cavour was distracted with anxiety. To Madame de Circourt he writes : ' For my own part I have no confidence in dictatorships, and, least of all, in civil dictatorships. I believe that with a Parliament one can do many things which would be impossible to absolute power. Thirteen years' experience has convinced me that an upright and energetic Ministry which has nothing to fear from revelations in the tribune, and which has no disposition to let itself be intimidated by party violence, has everything to gain by parliamentary contests. I have never felt weak except when the Chambers were not sitting. Besides, I cannot be a traitor to my bringing up, nor renounce the principles of my whole life. I am a son of liberty, and to her I owe all that I am. If it were necessary to throw a veil over her statue, it would be no business of mine to do it. If anyone were to succeed in persuading the Italians that they wanted a Dictator they would choose Garibaldi, not me, and they would be right. The parliamentary road is longer, though surer.' Then in a more lively strain he continues : ' The bulk of the nation is monarchical, the army is free from any Garibaldian taint, the capital is ultra-conservative. If with these elements we cannot pull through we should be a very poor lot.'

But the march of the Sardinian army, which Cavour had organised and hurried on, under the able leadership of Generals Fanti and Cialdini, was attended with signal success, in spite of the fact that Napoleon had threatened to break off diplomatic relations with Turin in case of the invasion of the Papal States. On the 11th of September, they entered Umbria, and occupied Albino, Pesaro, Spoleto, practically without opposition. On the 14th of September, General Lamoricière, in command of the

Papal troops, assumed the offensive and attacked the Sardinians at Castel Fidardo. Notwithstanding the Pope's prayers, benedictions, excommunications, and promises even of victory, the Papal troops met with an ignominious defeat, and the defeat became a rout to Ancona. The Irish brigade failed conspicuously to distinguish themselves. On the 29th of September, the citadel of Ancona surrendered, and Lamoricière and his mercenaries were shipped home, much to the benefit of the country in every respect. Thus, within three weeks from Garibaldi's entry into Naples, the Sardinian army had accomplished the task that Cavour had designed, and Victor Emmanuel had extended his dominion as far as the Abruzzi.

At this point, Prussia began to protest, a fact which drew from Cavour the following defence: 'I am sorry that the Cabinet of Berlin should think fit so severely to judge the King's conduct and that of his Government. I am conscious of acting in accordance with the interests of my King and my country. I could, with advantage, reply to all that M. de Schleinitz says, but, in any case on this occasion, I console myself with the belief that I am setting an example which probably, some little time hence, Prussia may be happy to follow.' To Madame de Circourt he does not forget to write his opinions: 'Italy is in a very critical position. On the one side diplomacy, on the other Garibaldi—that is not exactly comfortable. . . . I resign myself to seeing Italy regenerated, in spite of the Paris drawing-rooms.'

Although the French Emperor had withdrawn his representatives from Turin immediately after the invasion by Sardinia of Umbria and the Marches, and had sent fresh troops to reinforce those which already occupied Rome and the surrounding country, there

was no doubt that so long as the personal safety of the Pope and the immediate patrimony of St. Peter remained inviolate, he would take no active measures to arrest the national movement for the establishment of a United Italy.

Garibaldi, still at Naples, had now once for all to make up his mind whether he would throw in his lot with Mazzini and the so-called Party of Action, or the royalists. After some hesitation, and the effusion of many bombastic utterances, in the course of which he announced that he would march on Rome in spite of Victor Emmanuel's Government, he chose the latter course, and requested Mazzini to leave Italy. Mazzini refused to comply.

Meanwhile, King Francis, animated by temporary courage, at Gaeta was rallying his forces on the line of the Volturno for a last stand. This was a great stroke of luck for the Piedmontese army, which had now reached the Neapolitan frontier, for, had not Francis impeded Garibaldi's march, the General might have reached Rome before the Piedmontese, a contingency which would have entailed disastrous consequences.

Mazzini had said to Garibaldi some days previously: 'If you are not on your way towards Rome or Venice before three weeks are over, your initiative will be at an end.' It was a timely warning.

On the 30th of September, King Victor Emmanuel set out to take possession of his new provinces, and was everywhere greeted with the utmost enthusiasm as the saviour of his country. 'I will respect the head of the Church,' he said in his order of the day, 'to whom I am always ready to give, if in accordance with the will of allied and friendly Powers, all those guarantees of independence and security which his blind counsellors have



in vain promised him from the fanaticism of a malignant faction.' In the Papal States, the King found that the deposed dynasty had no adherents outside the ranks of the clergy. The temporal government of the Vatican was evidently odious to its subjects.

It is recorded that, characteristically enough, one of Victor Emmanuel's first acts on arriving at Ancona as King of Italy, was to visit a shrine of Loretto, where there is to be seen the house of the Virgin, transported thither, according to tradition, by angels' hands. His position forced him to wage war against the Holy See, but he never forgot, or allowed others to forget, that he was a true Catholic at heart. In later years, after Cavour's death, when he entered Rome in state, he was careful to send a private message to the Pope, expressing his personal attachment to the Church and his devotion to the Holy See.

On crossing the Neapolitan frontier, the King was met with a message from the Neapolitans, begging him to hasten his arrival, and allay all uneasiness.

One morning (the 10th of October) as the King set out at the head of his troops, surrounded by his generals, a body of horsemen was seen approaching, which, on a nearer view, proved to be the gallant General, attended by a company of his famous 'Red Shirts.' It is reported that the meeting was cordial on the part of the King, but reserved on the part of Garibaldi, who perceived among the King's entourage the very men who had been instrumental in preventing the invasion of the Papal States in the previous year. 'At ten paces distant,' an eye-witness records, 'the officers of the King and those of Garibaldi shouted, "Viva Vittorio Emanuele!"' Garibaldi made a step in advance, raised his cap, and added in a voice which trembled with

emotion: "King of Italy!" Victor Emmanuel returned the salute, stretched out his hand to Garibaldi, and with equal emotion replied, "I thank you." This, says his biographer, was the proudest and best moment of Garibaldi's life, and we are disposed to agree. The moral victory which he had achieved over his more ambitious self was far greater and more enduring in its results than any he had accomplished on his march. It will always be difficult to estimate the exact amount of admiration due to the exploits and achievements of Garibaldi during his memorable campaign in the South, but of this act of high moral courage there cannot be two opinions.

It is of some interest, at this point, to quote a few paragraphs from one who resided at Naples during the epoch of Garibaldi's dictatorship—Mr. A. V. Dicey: 'With the solitary exception of the skirmish at Milazzo, Garibaldi and his followers marched from Marsala to Naples without fighting a battle or encountering an enemy. I myself have seen the Swiss regiments of the King, when mustered in force at Salerno and occupying a strong position there, withdrawn before the advance guard of the Garibaldians came in sight, though they were ready and able to have driven back into the sea a force twelve times as great as that with which Garibaldi was then marching upon Naples. I was present when Garibaldi drove almost alone into Naples in an open carriage, and passed at a foot's pace amidst a dense surging crowd beneath the walls of the fortress of the Lago del Castello, while the gunners in the fort stood by the loaded cannon waiting for the order to fire, which never came.'

To say that his achievement has often been grossly exaggerated would be an obvious criticism. But

Garibaldi was, in the eyes of Europe, the embodiment of all that was most gallant and most chivalrous. There was something immensely dramatic about the man, something intensely romantic, in an age when romance and chivalry were almost dead. No wonder, then, that the world applauded; but posterity, not inheriting that ephemeral enthusiasm, can see clearly now that Italy owes more to Garibaldi for his restraint than for his action.

To Cavour the new state of affairs brought the greatest relief and satisfaction. When Garibaldi had definitely stayed his hand, Cavour wrote to Salvagnuoli: 'I am convinced that it will not be Italy's smallest title to glory that she has known how to constitute herself into a nation without sacrificing liberty to independence, and without passing through the dictatorial hands of a Cromwell, keeping aloof from monarchical absolutism without falling into revolutionary despotism. Now there is no other means of obtaining this end than by asking Parliament for the only moral force capable of overcoming factions and preserving the sympathies of liberal Europe for us. A return to Committees of Public Safety—or, what comes to the same, to one or more revolutionary dictatorships—would be to smother the legal liberty that we want as being the inseparable companion of national independence.'

A passage must here be inserted, taken as it is from the writings of one who at ordinary times was no friend to Cavour, paying a tribute to his behaviour during the Sicilian campaign: 'The cause Cavour served was sacred in the eyes of his countrymen. He had to deal with violent partisans who would not hesitate to act without him unless he consented to act with them.

Italian patriotism had become a fatality, whose impulses had to be followed even by those who least knew where they would lead. Cavour, as a man of sense, only reckoned on possibilities, but he was not above profiting by the freaks of a madman when unforeseen circumstances seemed to prove that there might be, after all, method in his madness.' The proof of Cavour's astuteness as a statesman of the Italian school lay in his taking advantage of the revolutionary character, assumed by the Garibaldian dictatorship, to represent the annexation of the Two Sicilies as essential to the establishment of a republic in Naples and the consequent triumph of the cosmopolitan democracy. It was a grand opportunity, and Cavour made the best of it.

In the month of October, he decided to convoke the Chambers. To the assembled delegates he defined the whole situation, and pointed out the necessity of calling on the Southern Provinces to declare their wishes as to annexation, and to close the revolutionary state of affairs by the creation of a kingdom of twenty-two million Italians. 'A profound breach exists between us and General Garibaldi,' he said in the course of his speech. 'We did not provoke it. What could Ministers do? Pass on without even knowing whether or no Parliament shared Garibaldi's ideas on the subject of his policy? If we had done that we should with reason have been blamed for not taking Parliament into consultation on so critical a matter. Resign? If the Crown had come to changing her councillors at the demand of a citizen, however illustrious and meritorious he might be, it would deal a death-blow to our constitutional system. We could not but call Parliament together, and we did so. It was for Parliament to

decide. If your vote is against us, the Ministerial crisis will take place, but in conformity with great constitutional principles. If it is in our favour, it will act on the generous soul of Garibaldi. We are convinced that he will have faith in the representatives of the nation rather than in bad citizens, whose miserable work is to put division between men that have long and persistently struggled for the national cause.' Consequent on this debate, a unanimous vote of confidence in the Government was passed, and also a vote, equally unanimous, of admiration for Garibaldi, which Cavour wisely refrained from opposing.

Victor Emmanuel entered Naples in company with Garibaldi, who in the interval had been present at the siege of Capua on the 7th of November. Supporters of the General will always maintain that the cheering was intended for him. Supporters of the King will likewise point to their sovereign as the object of applause. At this distance of time we must admit that the acclamations were more for the accomplished union of Italy, which had been brought about, not so much by Victor Emmanuel, nor by Garibaldi—although these two had borne their share—but by Cavour.

It is related that, after the usual thanksgivings and processions, Garibaldi once more implored the King to dismiss Cavour and allow him to proceed with his march, but that the King firmly replied: 'I will not dismiss my Ministers, and you shall not go to Rome.' Whether this story is true or false, Garibaldi's subsequent ungenerous behaviour towards Cavour seems to warrant some belief in it.

On the subject of the transactions that took place between the King and Garibaldi there is a letter written by Cavour to D'Azeglio, which is worthy of attention:



'You will have understood, without it being necessary for me to point them out, the difficulties which Garibaldi and his volunteers created at Naples. We want to avoid, at all costs, appearing ungrateful. We do not wish, moreover, to perpetuate confusion and disorder. The King and Farini have made the most magnificent offers to Garibaldi. Not only was he made a General of the army, which was equal to the title of *Maréchal*, but he was offered an appanage for his eldest son as aide-de-camp to the King, a dowry for his daughter, and finally a present of one of the royal castles and a yacht. After some hesitation he refused all these offers, but asked that he might be given the viceroyalty of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, with plenary powers over the army. The King replied quite shortly: "This is impossible," and Garibaldi left for Caprera. I transmit to you these details because it is necessary that it should be known in England that we have exhausted all the methods to avoid a rupture. . . . I trust that the day is not far distant when the deputies of twenty-three millions of Italians will reunite at Turin, in the provisional chamber which will be built for them with all haste. I remain ever convinced that we have everything to gain by not hastening on before the time an attack on Venetia, but I dare not flatter myself that Garibaldi will remain long in Caprera. As he only listens to the advice that reaches him from London, it would not be disadvantageous to us that his friends in England should put him on his guard against treacherous counsels.'

Nevertheless, Garibaldi redeemed his lack of generosity by once again performing an act which entailed self-sacrifice and self-restraint, and which proved to the world that he was by no means lacking in the very

essence of true nobility. Having borrowed twenty pounds to pay his debts, and having barely thirteen shillings in his pocket, he set off on his homeward journey to Caprera, leaving the field open to those who, even he must have realised, were more capable of concluding operations than himself. It was a noble act, for revenge was in his power. He preferred to sacrifice his own feelings to the interests of his native land, and efface himself. But, as his biographer points out, it would have been well for Italy had he never returned.

## CHAPTER XIV

### ROME AND THE RELIGIOUS QUESTION

THE first Parliament of the new Italian kingdom met in Turin in a large wooden hall, erected for the occasion.

The most important act of the new Chamber was to merge the kingdom of Sardinia, by vote of the Assembly, into the kingdom of Italy; and the vote was given by representatives of all Italy with the two all-important exceptions of Venice and Rome. Well might the King boast that Italy was no longer the Italy of municipal governments or that of the Middle Ages, but the Italy of the Italians.

The Papal Government formally protested against the proclamation of the new kingdom, but to no purpose, the Powers of Europe not being disposed to support him by force of arms. As a matter of fact, England recognised the new kingdom in March, and the Emperor Napoleon followed suit in June. The cause of his delay was obvious. He was embarrassed by having to uphold against his will the temporal supremacy of which he had again and again expressed disapproval.

On the proclamation of the new kingdom, Cavour resigned office. Victor Emmanuel, had he not been dissuaded by Ricasoli, would have taken the Prime

Minister at his word. The resignation was really only a matter of form, and it was consequently only a matter of form that Cavour should return at once to office.

Two grave problems now faced him, as, for the last time, he took up the reins of power. First and foremost, the question of Rome as capital had to come to a head. To go to Venice and Rome with an army of red-shirted volunteers and noisy manifestations he had long made up his mind was impossible. Some totally different method must be devised. The second problem, hardly less important, was the occupation of Venice by the Austrians. The lion of St. Mark, it was said, still remained bound to the throne of the Habsburgs, and the keys of St. Peter still hung on the walls of the Vatican. 'However strong,' Cavour asserted, 'may be our love for Venice—that great martyr—we must admit that war with Austria at this moment would be impossible—impossible because Europe will not suffer it. I know that there are men who think little of the opposition of Cabinets. I do not. I would remind them that to run counter to the wishes of the Powers has ever been fatal to princes and people. Great catastrophes have resulted from too great a contempt for the feelings of other nations. . . . When the truth can no longer be seriously contested, the fate of Venice will awaken immense sympathy, not only in generous France and in just-minded England, but in noble Germany. I believe the time is not far distant when the greater part of Germany will no longer consent to be an accomplice in heaping misfortunes on Venice. When this occurs, we shall be on the eve of deliverance. Will this deliverance take place through the agency of arms or negotiations? Providence can alone decide.'

Difficult as the Venetian problem was to solve, it required all the resources of Cavour's diplomatic genius to tackle the question of Rome. 'The star now directing us is this,' he said, 'that the Eternal City, upon which twenty centuries have cast glories of all kinds, should become the capital of the kingdom of Italy,' and, to bring about this result, Cavour would have to adduce arguments to prove that the Italian kingdom could not exist without Rome as the capital.

The attempt entailed a collision with France, owing to the prolonged occupation of the Castle of St. Angelo by a French garrison, and, a still more delicate matter to handle, it entailed a complete transformation of the political conditions of the Papacy. But, dangerous as the carrying out of such a policy might appear, Cavour possessed one supreme advantage, which told eminently in his favour. He entertained no animosity or prejudice of any sort as regards the Church itself. He had no sectarian passions to appease. Although he looked on the Temporal Power as a thing of the past, he was perfectly ready to offer the fullest compensation in the measure of liberty and independence.

To a friend he writes, at the momentous period when the subject was coming under discussion: 'There are, to my mind, two methods: the one above-board, the other secret. The first would be resolutely to submit the matter to public judgment: for instance, if I, or another member of the Cabinet, or the King himself, were officially to declare, either in public speech or before Parliament, the views of the Government in relation to religious affairs. The second would be to despatch a secret agent to Rome, whose presence would be unknown to our adversaries, and Antonelli among them. This agent to have the fullest confidence of the



Government, in a manner to impress the belief that he is the bearer, and may be the receiver, of serious proposals.'

Early in the year 1860, the King's principal chaplain, Stellardi, had been sent to Pius IX proposing a Vicariat stretching to Umbria and the Marches, as well as over the Legations, but the proposal was met with the usual uncompromising '*Non possumus.*' When, subsequently the Marches were being overrun by the Sardinian troops, Cavour had been tactful enough to issue an order for the unconditional release of prisoners, sending at the same time the following news to Dr. Pantaleone, a friend of his in Rome: 'I send a person to Rome deputed to yield up the captured garrison. The same person is commissioned to inquire whether the Holy Father begins to perceive the necessity of coming to an understanding with us, which the Roman Court will do well to do, and by which its spiritual independence will be far better assured than by foreign arms.'

This, then, was the first manifesto of the strong line which Cavour intended to adopt. He did not conceal his aims from the Emperor of the French—'a free Church in a free State.'

At the Vatican, during these negotiations, Father Passaglia was the intermediary, while Cardinal Santucci acted as the negotiator. After some confabulation, the following despatch was addressed to Cavour: 'Cardinal Santucci has thought fit to tell the Pope everything. He has spoken to him of the certain loss of the Temporal Power, and the friendly propositions that have been made. The Holy Father has shown himself resigned. Antonelli has been summoned; he began with a lively opposition, then became equally resigned, and requested the Pope to absolve him and Santucci from the oath,

that they might treat of the possible surrender of the temporal possessions. They are to see Passaglia, and the latter asks me on their behalf for someone to be indicated here or sent from Turin to negotiate. It is desired that the person selected be not a lawyer.' In response, Cavour wrote to Passaglia: 'I entertain the belief that, before next Easter, you will be able to send me the olive branch, a symbol of peace between the Church and State, between the Papacy and the Italians.'

Suddenly and unaccountably, Antonelli changed his mind, and even went so far as to tell Pantaleone to quit the Roman States within twenty-four hours. The reason assigned for this reversal was that he believed he saw signs of an intervention of the Catholic Powers. If Antonelli entertained this idea, Cavour was not insensible to the danger in that direction. He knew that Napoleon was not to be depended on in the coming struggle, and he consequently conceived the project of making use of Prussia. It is not the least remarkable testimony to Cavour's political foresight that, although the idea of a united German empire was still only a dream, he believed the dream would materialise, and the new empire be of service to his cause.

Cavour had failed by 'secret means,' it now only remained to him to employ the 'public means,' namely the assistance of Parliament. As early as the month of October, in the year 1860, he had said from his place in the House that a statesman, worthy of the name, ought to have certain fixed points by which to steer his course, and now, in March of the following year, he intended to impress upon the Italians, in the plainest language, what those points were.

The speech that Cavour made in the Chamber was

a memorable one. Coming from a man, who on his own confession was no orator, it exhibits all those features which, in a speech on a plain and definite policy, we value more highly than the garnish which usually conceals the meagreness of those inferior statesmen, who may be possessed of superior oratorical talents. Extracts from this speech have often been quoted, but it is necessary again to repeat them here as a concise and lucid exposition of his policy and views, not only with regard to the question of a capital for the new kingdom, but also with regard to the religious aspect of the case. The following sentences, then, extracted from his utterances, with regard to the question of a capital, will be of lively interest.

‘No city but Rome can be the capital of Italy, but here we come upon the perplexities of the problem. We must go to Rome, but on two conditions : that we are acting in concert with France, and that the great body of Catholics in Italy, and elsewhere, do not see in the reunion of Rome with Italy the source of the subjection of the Church. In other words we go to Rome, but not to restrict the independence of the Sovereign Pontiff—not to bring spiritual things under the yoke of civil authority.’ ‘The choice of a capital must be determined by high moral considerations, considerations on which the instinct of each nation must decide for itself. Rome unites all the historical, intellectual, and moral qualities, which are required to form the capital of a great country. Rome is the only city in Italy which has few or no municipal traditions. Her history from the days of the Caesars unto our own is that of a city, whose importance stretches far beyond her own territory, of a city destined to be the capital of a great country. Convinced, deeply convinced as I am of the

truth, I think it my bounden duty to proclaim it as solemnly as I can before you and before the country. I think it my duty also to appeal, under these circumstances, to the patriotism of all Italian citizens, and of the representatives of all our most illustrious cities, when I beg them to cease all discussion on this question, so that Europe may become aware, that the necessity of having Rome for our capital is recognised and proclaimed by the whole nation.'

The transference of the capital from Turin to Rome was a bitter blow to him on private grounds. He loved Turin. 'Ah! If only Italy could have two capitals,' he exclaimed, 'one for Sundays, the other for the days of the week!' The reasons, therefore, for the transference in his eyes were rather political than sentimental. He confessed that he preferred the plain straight streets of his native town to all the monuments of Rome. 'I admit, frankly, that for me it is a bitter grief to be obliged to tell my native city, that she must renounce at once, and for ever, all hope of retaining within her walls the seat of government. Yes, gentlemen, in as far as I am personally concerned I shall go to Rome with sorrow. Having but little taste for art, I am persuaded that, amidst the splendid monuments of ancient and modern Rome, I shall regret the formal and unadorned streets of my native city. But there is one thing, gentlemen, I assert confidently—knowing, because I have seen them in the hour of trial, that the people have been always ready for the greatest sacrifices on behalf of the sacred cause of Italy—having witnessed the resolution, I will not say the joy, with which they faced the danger of a hostile occupation—acquainted, I repeat, with all their feelings, I assert in their name, as Deputy of Turin, without fear of contradiction, that

my city is ready to submit herself to this last great sacrifice, for the sake of Italy.'

Touching the relations with France: 'It would be madness to think of going to Rome in spite of France. We owe France a great debt of gratitude, but there is a graver motive for being in harmony with her. When, in 1859, we called France to our aid, the Emperor did not conceal from us the engagements by which he was bound to the Court of Rome. We accepted his assistance without protesting against the particular obligations he had imposed on himself; and now that we have won so much from this alliance, we cannot protest against the engagements to which, up to a certain point, we have consented.' With regard to the imperative necessity of making Rome the capital he says: 'I reckon it a certainty, if we cannot employ the powerful argument that, without Rome for a capital, Italy can never be firmly united, nor the peace of Europe securely established, then we shall never be able to induce either the Catholic world, or that nation which believes it to be its duty and place to act as representative of the Catholic world, to consent to the union of Rome with Italy. . . . I know that when all other arguments failed we might employ the final argument of cannon balls, but we are all, I trust, convinced that this is an argument not to be adopted in this question. I repeat, then, that a declaration of the absolute necessity for Italy of possessing Rome as her capital is not only a prudent and opportune measure, but an indispensable condition towards the success of the steps the Government may take for the solution of the Roman question.'

With regard to the religious problem, he said: 'If the overthrow of the Temporal Power were to prove



fatal to the independence of the Church, then I should state without hesitation, that the union of Rome with Italy would be fatal not only to Catholicism, but to Italy itself.' Cavour, throughout his career, insisted that it would always be a source of difficulty and controversy in Italy that the civil and religious authority should be united in one hand, that the result of these two authorities being united in the hands of the Pope was detrimental to the whole country, and that civilisation had, in consequence, ceased to advance. The most odious of despotisms had been established, and this result, he maintained, had happened because a sacerdotal caste had assumed spiritual power. Everywhere this fatal confusion of authority had led to the same result, and now by one stroke he intended to put an end to the anomaly.

To the following conclusion he then draws on. 'It is clear that, if this separation were distinctly and irrevocably accomplished, if the independence of the Church were thus established, the independence of the Pope would be much more securely based than it is to-day. His authority would be more efficacious, being no longer bound by concordats and all those bonds and treaties, which have been and must remain indispensable so long as the Pope is a temporal sovereign. The authority of the Pope, far from diminishing, will be greatly extended in the spiritual sphere which is his own.' In reading the above extract let us remember what an anomaly was this Temporal Power, sustained by foreign arms, incapable of supporting itself or even regenerating, and acting as a hindrance to the well-being not only of the Italian people, but of its own constitution.

And now for the remedy: 'The only question is

how can we secure this separation, this liberty which we promise to the Church? It can be guaranteed, I believe, in the most absolute fashion. The principles of liberty should be formally inscribed in our statutes, and form an integral part of the fundamental constitution of our new Italian Kingdom. But the surest guarantee would be in the character, in the very conditions of the Italian people. This people of ours is an eminently Catholic one; it has often struggled for the reformation of the Temporal Power, never for the destruction of the Church. Such have been the views of our boldest thinkers at every epoch in our history—Arnaldo of Brescia, Dante, Savonarola, Sarpi, and others have, one and all, desired the reform of the Temporal Power; not one of them the overthrow of Catholicism. This reform is ardently desired by Italy, but when it is once accomplished, I do not hesitate to say that no nation will be more warmly attached than ours to the independency of the Papacy and the absolute liberty of the Church. . . . The great object, then, is to persuade the Holy Father that the Church can be independent without the Temporal Power. But it seems to me that, when we present ourselves before the Sovereign Pontiff, and can say to him: “Holy Father, the Temporal Power is no longer a guarantee for your independence. Renounce it, and we will give you that liberty, which for three centuries you have sought in vain to obtain from all the great Catholic Powers—that liberty a few fragments of which you have wrung from them by concordats on the condition of parting with great privileges, and even with the use of spiritual authority—that very liberty which you have never obtained from these Powers, who boast of being your allies, we, your devoted sons, come to offer you in all its

fulness"—we are ready to proclaim in Italy the great principle of a free Church in a free country.'

Lastly, the strong, irrevocable decision is laid boldly before the assembled representatives: 'Whether or not an understanding with the Pope precedes our entrance into the Eternal City, Italy will no sooner have declared the fall of the Temporal Power, than she will separate Church and State, and establish the liberty of the Church upon the broadest foundations.' There is an accent in all this eloquence that reveals the speaker's determination to carry through to its logical conclusion the scheme that had formed the work of his political career.

From the above disjointed extracts, the reader will have gathered the precise line of thought that Cavour followed, and the precise manner in which he decided to fulfil his determinations. It seems to us one of the most inscrutable rulings of Providence that the only man, who had framed the only feasible scheme, should have been struck down by the hand of death before he could fully accomplish the result, which could only have been satisfactorily accomplished by that man.

One day, not long after the debate, a colleague, Signor Artom, ventured to express some doubt as to the course about to be pursued. To him Cavour replied: 'I have more faith than you in the effects of liberty. Do you not see that the time has come to settle the question of the Temporal Power, which has ever been the stumbling-block in the way of Italian nationality, and that the only way of settling it is to reassure the Catholic world as to what Italy will do with the Papacy? Injustice is done to Catholicism when it is urged that it is incompatible with liberty. On the contrary, my conviction is that, as soon as the Church

shall have tasted liberty, she will feel herself renewed in youth by that wholesome and fortifying regimen. When Europe shall have been convinced that we are not striving against Catholicism, she will find it natural and fitting that the Italian rather than any other flag should float over Rome. The enterprise is not easy, but it is worth being attempted.'

Cavour knew well how to use and combine all those elements that make for success in a venture of this sort : ' My task is even more laborious and painful than it used to be. To build up Italy, to blend the divers elements of which she is composed, and harmonise the North with the South, presents as many difficulties as does a war with Austria, and the struggle with Rome.'

He now found himself in a very labyrinth of diplomatic negotiations. In the first place, there was the ever living danger to be feared from Austrian occupation. At present the Austrians were quiescent, having utterly failed to obtain material assistance from Russia or Prussia. Cavour perceived that he must avoid any act of aggression towards them. ' It is evident,' he writes in March of the year 1861 to Count Vimercati, ' that Austria seeks a provocation. We will not do her the particular service.' So much for his attitude to Austria. With England Cavour felt safe, as long as he could keep the peace. With Prussia and Russia he found it more awkward to deal, but even in this quarter he was not without hope of better things. When the Prince Regent of Prussia was about to assume the crown, Cavour despatched La Marmora with a special mission to Berlin. Through this medium he sought to assure Prussia that the Venetian question was of no import with regard to the German frontier defences, and that it was only the artfulness of the Austrian Government

that caused it to appear so. King William received La Marmora courteously. Baron von Schleinitz, Minister of Foreign Affairs, gave the official reply: 'No doubt there is between Piedmont and Prussia a striking analogy, but we cannot approve of everything that you have done. I admit that in the critical situation in which you are placed you could scarcely do otherwise. We, for our part, have thwarted you as little as possible. As to Venice, and her unfortunate condition, rest assured that we have no intention of throwing oil on the fire, should Austria, sooner or later, show herself disposed to relinquish it; but in that case we must come to an understanding how best to secure the interests of Germany on the Adriatic. . . . I understand you wish that Prussia should acknowledge the Kingdom of Italy; do not put a knife to our throats, and we will do all in our power to keep on good terms with the Government of Turin. We leave it to Count Cavour's keen-sighted wisdom to afford us the opportunity for doing more.' This so far was satisfactory enough. Cavour read between the lines that Prussia was now less hostile, and that Austria was still more isolated. But he had yet to come face to face with the hardest problem of all, in a word—Rome. He could obviously do nothing *vi et armis*, in the presence of an outraged Catholic Europe, and France encamped within the very fortress of the Eternal City. The truth was that Italy had not the power to expel the French from Rome, and, even if she had, she could not afford to make France an enemy, so long as the Austrian army was encamped in the Quadrilateral. Moreover, France had in her wake the Catholic world, a force that Italy could, with even less impunity, risk offending. Cavour had admitted in the great debate referred to



above, that it was only the peculiar geographical and historical position of Rome, which could justify the Italians in vindicating their claim to their own capital. If, he observed, the Holy See had happened to have fixed its abode at Taranto, or some other outlying portion of Italian soil, no amount of abstract argument could have sufficed to justify an Italian annexation of the Papal States. It was because, and only because, Rome was essential to the existence of a United Italy that the Italians could ask Europe to acquiesce in the overthrow of the temporal sovereignty of the Papacy. According to Cavour, Rome was to become the capital with the acquiescence, if not the approval, of the Holy See.

But how to obtain this result, without offending France, and with France, the Catholic world?

Cavour's plan was to obtain from Napoleon a recognition of the Kingdom of Italy, and by a new application of the principle of non-intervention, the recall of the French garrison at Rome. Prince Jerome Napoleon was chosen as negotiator. On applying to him Cavour received the following answer: 'The Emperor, who has occupied Rome for twelve years, will not consent that the withdrawal of his troops shall be interpreted as the giving of the lie to his policy, and as the beating a retreat before this unity of Italy, effected independently of his wishes, but he desires to withdraw his soldiers from Rome to be free of a false position. It is of the greatest importance to the Italian Government that this act should take place. It behoves it, therefore, to overlook all secondary and temporary difficulties in the matter. The policy of non-intervention applied to Rome and the patrimony of St. Peter might serve as the basis of a common accord. The

Pope being considered as an independent sovereign, France could withdraw her garrison from Rome without affording Austria the opportunity of taking her place. The Italian Government, on its part, would enter into an engagement with France, not only to abstain from hostilities with the Pontifical Government, but also to prevent an armed attack either from Garibaldi's volunteers or other Italians. . . . Without recognising the Pope's right to have recourse to foreign intervention, the Emperor will probably require that the Italian Government should grant the Pontifical Government the right to organise a Catholic army of foreigners, on the condition of that army being a defensive force, and deprived of the power of becoming a means of offence against Italy. To you the immense advantage of this understanding is, that it will give you an immediate opportunity of renewing your diplomatic relations with France, considering that Austria may recommence hostilities at any instant, and you will see Rome liberated of a foreign garrison.'

To this communication Cavour replied: 'I confess that in the first instance I was almost alarmed at the difficulties and dangers presented by the execution of the plan to which the Emperor might consent, that we may come to a provisional solution of the Roman question. The promises we should have to make and the probable condition of Rome, after the departure of the French troops, place us in a most equivocal position before the country, Parliament, the Romans, and especially before Garibaldi; but when only two courses are open to us, we must choose the least dangerous, whatever the precipices lying in our way. I have not been long in convincing myself that we ought to accept the proposals made to us; alliance with France

being the basis of our policy, there is no sacrifice I would not be disposed to make, that the alliance should not be questioned.'

Although Cavour and Napoleon were often at variance, not only as to the means they employed, but also as to the ends they had in view, there always seemed to be some sympathy existent between the two men, some point of attraction to which their minds converged. Both had what seemed insuperable difficulties to overcome before they could act together in complete accord, but there was undoubtedly a single goal at which they both, in their several ways, endeavoured to aim.

Cavour still had before him a colossal work, although most of it was three-quarters accomplished. To fix his policy in Venice and Rome, to quit the Southern Provinces, to grapple with the troubles in Naples, where every element of anarchy had broken out under false pretexts, to assimilate the legislation and administration of the various provinces, to reorganise the army of the new kingdom, to unite six or seven budgets into one, already showing a deficit of five hundred million francs, was the work of no ordinary statesman.

The writer can hardly do better by way of concluding this chapter than to enter into a short discussion upon the merits of the religious question. In a letter, written by Cavour in the month of January in the year 1861, he expresses the following opinions: 'I have spoken without reticence and keeping nothing back. The Temporal Power is dead. No one can revive it. The Pope needs other guarantees than foreign bayonets. Liberty alone can give him these, and that liberty we are ready to grant him. Sincere

Catholics must recognise that they will be the gainers by the change. . . . In Italy we wish for nothing better than to throw all concordats into the fire . . . in one word to put in practice the separation of Church and State. This plan will raise immense difficulties for us, but we accept them beforehand, convinced, as we are, that once the antagonism, which has existed for centuries between the Temporal Power and the national spirit, is at an end, the Pope and the Cardinals will gradually come under the influence of the liberal principles which prevail in Italy.' This letter requires some comment and explanation, but it serves as a fitting text upon which to base our arguments.

The problem of Church and State in Italy is one which has produced so much contention in the past, and is likely to continue to do so in the future, that it is proposed to devote a few concluding paragraphs to a more careful study of a question which occupies so large a page in the history of Cavour's political career. The main circumstances of the dispute between the Vatican and the House of Savoy have already been detailed, and it is now the purpose of the writer to explain the merits of that dispute, which perhaps constitutes one of the most interesting political phases of modern European history.

Until such a time arrives when a community of feeling shall pervade the Christian Church, devout adherents of the Vatican will doubtless continue to execrate the statesman whose main object was to bring about the severance between Church and State in Italy. A defence, therefore, of his religious policy must find a prominent place in the history of his life.

Now, in studying the political career of Cavour, we are confronted with an apparent contradiction in his

religious professions and in his religious policy. There is no doubt that he lived and died a sincere and faithful member of the Roman Catholic Church, and yet his avowed object was apparently to undermine the foundations of the Papal power. Although a eulogist of the religion, of which he insisted he was a member, he could be an unrelenting censor of its institutions and laws, a stern denouncer of the Jesuits, who passed as the chief exponents of Christian doctrine. It was just because he revered his religion that he abhorred the counterfeit, which the Vatican after centuries of abuse of power had created.

These apparent inconsistencies can therefore be easily explained. Cavour desired, it is true, to divorce the Church from the State, but for this object he worked because he valued the safety and welfare of the Church as much as he valued the safety and welfare of the State. The circumstances of the Church in Italy, during his lifetime, do not in any way constitute an analogy to the present circumstances of the English Church; this cannot be insisted upon too much, and if we start from this hypothesis, Cavour's policy will be the better comprehended, and easier to sympathise with. In Italy, before the year 1861, the Church was undeniably an odious despotism, represented by a sacerdotal caste that had assumed, contrary to its original profession, a temporal authority, and which brushed rudely aside all moral considerations to retain its temporal hold. In such a predicament, the Church was facing even a greater danger than that which confronted the State, and broad-minded men are agreed that Cavour was instrumental in saving the Church from this danger.

Cavour never contrived anything against the Pope



beyond that which he considered consistent with his character as a statesman, and absolutely necessary for the spiritual and temporal welfare of his countrymen. It was for the very reason that he was a devoted member of the great Christian community that he did not wish to see the Church debased by the greed for temporal power.

In entering upon a discussion of the Vatican policy during the nineteenth century in Italy, it is well at first to understand thoroughly the complaints which even the most devoted Roman Catholics have levelled against their spiritual governors. One of the most important works dealing with this subject is that of Rosmini, entitled '*Le Cinque Piaghe della Chiesa.*' It is asserted that no man has ever done so much for the interests of the Papacy as this Roman Catholic priest, and therefore his unbiassed judgment is of high value in this discussion. It was in the year 1832, that he wrote the above-mentioned treatise. In his pages he demonstrates that the Roman Catholic Church is suffering from five wounds—the ignorance of the priests; the transformation of the bishops into feudal lords, holding a despotic sway over the lower clergy; the separation of the priesthood from the people; the nomination of bishops abandoned to lay power; the control of ecclesiastical property by the State, the inevitable result of its feudal tenure. To remedy these evils Rosmini proposed that the use of a dead language in divine service, which renders the people utterly deaf to the sacred words addressed to them through the medium of Holy Scripture, should be abandoned; that the standard of priestly education should be raised in accordance with the requirements of the age; that the bishops should disentangle themselves from political

parties and feudal pretensions, and strive to make the episcopate an object of attraction for pious and enlightened men, not for worldly intriguers. In short he held that a sacred profession should not be used as a screen for the protection of felony.

Although Cavour was by no means the first to discover that the state of the Church in Italy was calculated not only to hinder all progress, but also even to degrade the Italian people, he was among the first to insist that a vigorous policy was necessary. He saw that, if the Church and State were to be reformed, freedom must be substituted for repression. He was brought up, it must be remembered, amid ever-present evidences of the deplorable condition to which the Papal Government had reduced the peasantry in Piedmont. One of the most crying evils, which in time Cavour helped to redress, was that the rural clergy, a devoted band, the most laborious, deserving, and zealous members of Christ's Church here upon earth, were left to practical starvation, while the corpulent bishops throve in affluence on the extortions which they practised upon an ignorant and submissive people. It requires very unusual intellectual courage to believe that the Divine authority gave sanction to such a system.

That these imputations are not exaggerated, an example of the manner in which Papal government was conducted, in the sacred name of religion, will serve to prove. Before the year 1851, no marriage was permitted by the Pope between parties of whom only one was properly baptised. A marriage between unbaptised couples was valid, but if one of them chose to be baptised, the husband or the wife, thus received into the Roman Catholic faith, was entitled to break

the marriage vow and contract another alliance. Baptism thus became a premium on adultery. This was not the worst aspect of the case. The impediments of the canon law were increased for the fell purpose of multiplying dispensations from the marriage vow, and thus swelling, by a grossly immoral method, the revenue of the Church. The circumstance of this marriage law, which outrages our better feelings, is not so much that which forbids a Christian to marry a pagan, as the fact that the prohibition assumed a mercenary character. It was by such methods as these that the original internal purity of the Roman Catholic Church government, as dispensed by the Vatican, became sullied and impaired. The introduction of elements borrowed from pagan symbolism and Judaic legends or from constant new heresies, caused the Papacy to forget its original sacred trust, and to expand into an outward organisation which assumed, in addition to its religious prerogatives, legislative and political functions, and, when once it had become an essentially worldly dominion, instead of confining itself to those spheres which were the natural scope of its authority in moral and intellectual progress, it declined in the estimation of mankind.

It was not, as some writers have alleged, so much the progress of thought and scientific discovery that caused a large section of the Christian community to rebel against the authority of the Vatican; it was rather that the spiritual sword, which the successive Popes had received into their hands, was converted by them into a temporal weapon to wage temporal wars for earthly gain. The excuse which has been often offered for Papal rapacity is that the claims on the Papal revenue for foreign and home missions are

enormous. Doubtless this is the case, but this excuse does not condone the methods which for many centuries have been employed by the Court of the Vatican. These methods have served to contaminate the sacred purpose of religious missions, and if mankind has forgotten the sacred object of the apostolic succession, it is because the occupants of St. Peter's throne have refused to carry out, in its original purity, the object of their sacred trust. Cavour, when he once saw that the Papal Government refused to be mended, advocated and pursued the only alternative course.

Whether or no he actually desired to abolish entirely the existence of the Papacy, at any rate he used, under great provocation it must be admitted, language which might conceivably be construed with such a meaning. But, as a matter of fact, his principle of a free Church in a free State only meant that, while the Pope should be deprived of his political pretensions, he would be conceded the exercise of his legitimate power. This, in fact, summarises the present situation in Rome. Some have advocated the annihilation of Papal authority as the only solution to the problem, but such an expedient would hardly appeal to the majority of right-thinking men. The writer refuses to believe the assertion that, as long as the Papacy is identified with Christianity, all attempts to reconcile the Church with the highest Christian civilisation, to which the Italian people aspire, must necessarily fail. The abolition of the Vatican would be too great a blow to inflict upon the Church in Italy, too cruel a wound. As the world progresses, human beings discover that every problem is capable of being solved by compromise. In this case, the situation can undoubtedly be made tolerable and workable by both sides submitting

to the checks of tacit compromise and practical good sense. By all means let the Pope arrogate to himself a theoretical supremacy, but let not that theory be made too often the measure of practice, or disaster will ensue. The Pope retains prerogatives at present which would be fatal to his position if strained, but there does not seem any necessity to strain them. If either the Pope or the King is rash enough to break the tacit bargain of mutual moderation, which enables them to work harmoniously together, it will be the worse for Italy. If the Supreme Pontiff recovers Temporal Power enough to be politically dangerous he will doubtless be shattered on the same rocks on which Pius IX was wrecked. But so long as he consents to restrict his authority within the sphere to which it was originally allotted in its infancy, so long will it continue a great moral force based upon the Divine teaching, and the relations of Vatican and Quirinal will admit of adjustment. Let the Pope confine himself to his religious avocations, and from the Vatican rule his spiritual kingdom, while the Italian Government from the Quirinal presides over the temporal interests of the nation, and then the reconciliation of the Papacy and Italy will become an accomplished fact. This was undoubtedly the view that Cavour entertained, and, although it will be said that such a settlement could only be predicted by a Utopian idealist, let it be remembered that the political union of the scattered provinces of the Peninsula, now an accomplished fact, was once looked upon as a nebulous day-dream.

When Pius IX abandoned the Italian cause, Cavour had to find another basis for national existence, and he found it in the head of the House of Savoy, who was himself, to the end of his days, a devoted spiritual



subject of the Pope. The first step towards reform, Cavour perceived, was to emancipate the State from Church despotism, which for so many ages had clogged its machinery and prevented all progress, and to substitute for this not atheism, but a free Church, whose members, while they acknowledged the spiritual authority of the Vatican as the interpretation of the Divine Will, refused to recognise the system of repression and extortion which, in the hands of unscrupulous men, had been mistaken as the weapons of the Divine Wrath.

Cavour himself was a religious man, but he proved that he could practise the ways of a devout Roman Catholic without being a Papist. He considered Christianity, in its relation to social existence, as a religion of love and progress. He refused to believe Pius IX, who declared that the Supreme Pontiff could not stretch out the hand of friendship towards the civilisation of the present, or bind himself to conditions with it. He believed that Christianity and progress could run on parallel lines.

## CHAPTER XV

### THE GARIBALDI DEBATE

WHEN Garibaldi retired to Caprera, it was only to encounter a series of family troubles, which were not calculated to soothe a restless spirit. Garibaldi was rarely, if ever, happy in his private life. A great domestic disaster had been inflicted upon him when, in the year 1859, he took to himself a second wife, in the person of a regular Amazon, whom he had first met in his camp at Varese. He had discovered her dishonour on the very threshold of the church at Como, where they had just been married, and had, then and there, refused to see her again. Such a catastrophe as this cast a cloud over his domestic happiness, and doubtless helped to set him brooding over his injuries when he retired, after the Sicilian campaign, to his island home. We are told that, in his retreat, he dreamt by night of Rome and Venice, and by day he revolved in his mind bellicose thoughts. To a Milanese deputation, which waited upon him at Caprera, he said: 'For the holy redemption of this land I rely on the rough hands of men of my stamp rather than on the lying promises of false politicians; notwithstanding the sad effects of a vassal policy unworthy of the country, and notwithstanding all that the crowd of lackeys upholding this monstrous and anti-national

policy may say, Italy must stand, she must live'; which utterance signified in other words: 'I believe that the legions of France and Austria can be knocked over, as the Neapolitans have been, by my volunteers, rather than by the diplomacy of Count Cavour.' The old wound, then, still festered.

But Garibaldi, while he railed at Cavour, seemed to forget that his expedition had found a faithful supporter in the Piedmontese Prime Minister, who had protected him from foreign intervention, and that it was in no small degree due to his efforts that he was able to enter Naples alone, and to be received with open arms by the Neapolitan troops.

To some English friends Garibaldi remarked, following up his former arguments: 'Diplomacy will be perfectly polite to us, if we have seven hundred thousand men under arms and ready to fight; this will be the best seconding of the parliamentary declaration that Rome should be our capital.' 'Nothing,' observes Garibaldi's biographer, 'can prove to us more clearly than this how quixotic were his schemes, and how prudent, on the other hand, was Cavour's policy in this year.'

Before the next elections took place all the disaffected and disappointed elements in Italy looked upon Garibaldi as their natural leader, himself disaffected and disappointed. Accordingly, it was proposed to nominate him a candidate in many districts, with the object of displaying a powerful manifestation against the policy of Cavour, and particularly against the French allies, to which these misguided individuals attributed the delay in the settlement of the Roman question.

In April, Garibaldi arrived at the Piedmontese

capital to gratify his spleen, but for some days was too ill from a rheumatic attack to take his seat in the Assembly. When he did so, on the 18th of the month, in his red shirt and American 'poncho,' the applause of his own followers was tremendous, although the Turinese had little enthusiasm now for the conqueror of Naples. He was escorted from his hotel by his volunteers, who had come in crowds to Turin. As he entered the building, clad in the worn red flannel shirt, the galleries shouted with acclamation, but the Chamber remained cold and impassive. The sitting commenced with questions put by Baron Ricasoli as to the Southern Army and the military reorganisation of the country. The Minister for War, General Fanti, replied that he had done all he could for the volunteers without introducing into the regular army any dangerous spirit of rivalry.

Then Garibaldi rose to address the House. An eye-witness records that he had scarcely pronounced a few words before his memory failed. His phrases became incoherent and meaningless, while he looked in vain, with his eyes aided by an enormous glass, on the notes which he held in his hand for the thread of his ideas. Two of his followers, standing near him, sought to point out the forgotten passages, while the Garibaldian deputies groaned under the deplorable effect produced by their chief, when, of a sudden, abandoning all parliamentary forms, he pushed aside impatiently the notes, which lay heaped upon the table, and went straight to the point, addressing himself with threatening voice and gesture to the Ministerial bench: 'I have not given any occasion for dualism,' he cried. 'It is true that plans of reconciliation have been proposed to me, but these have only been in words. Italy knows

me to be a man of deeds, and deeds have always been in opposition to words. . . . Whenever dualism could have damaged the cause of my country I have bowed, and always shall bow. . . . But I leave it to the conscience of the Italian representatives here present to state whether I can give my hand to one who has made me a stranger in Italy! Having to speak of the Southern Army, I should, above all, relate its glorious deeds; the wonders it achieved have been darkened only when the cold and inimical hand of the Ministry has made its evil influence felt. When through love of peace, and horror of a fratricidal war, provoked by that same Ministry——' At these words, before the sentence was complete, loud protestations burst from all sides. The scene was intensely dramatic. At first Cavour restrained himself with an effort, and then called on the President of the Chamber in this wise: 'Such insults as these are not permitted; we cannot suffer them. See that proper respect is paid to the Government and representatives of the nation; we demand a call to order.'

Ratazzi, somewhat perplexed as to the course of procedure, asked Garibaldi to be less offensive, but Cavour again interrupted: 'He has said that we provoked a fratricidal war; this is far more than an expression of opinion.'

'Yes, a fratricidal war,' repeated Garibaldi with increased vehemence, and on this reiteration of the insult the House was thrown into such an indescribable state of confusion that Ratazzi broke up the sitting, which had proved barren of everything but abuse.

When it was resumed, it fell to the lot of Baron Ricasoli to administer a rebuke. In clear and imperious tones he, who had been, like many others, sorely



wounded by Garibaldi's bitter attack, delivered himself of a speech which will long be remembered in Italy as a masterpiece of eloquence and courage: 'A calumny has been circulated abroad,' he said, affecting to disbelieve the report of Garibaldi's speech to the Genoese deputation at Caprera, 'concerning one of the members of the Assembly. Expressions, hostile to the majority in Parliament, have been attributed to General Garibaldi. They cannot have been uttered by him. I know him, and I shook hands with him when he was about to take the command of the Central Army; we were then animated by the same sentiments; we were both equally devoted to the King. We both swore that we would do our duty. I have done mine. . . . Who is it, then, that could proudly claim for himself the exclusive privilege of devotion and patriotism, and exalt himself above his fellows? One head only has the right to be higher than any others among us, that of the King. Before him we must all bend, and any other attitude would be that of a rebel! Victor Emmanuel has made our nation. Italy's liberator being the King, and all Italians having marched to liberty under the command of a chief so magnanimous, one citizen is not above another. He who has had the good fortune to do his duty more generously in a wider sphere of action or in a manner more profitable to his country, and who has perfectly fulfilled it, a great duty still lies before him, and it is to thank God for allowing him the inestimable privilege, which is granted to so few, of being able to say: "I have served my country well, I have absolutely done my duty."' The acclamations that greeted this magnificent peroration left no doubt as to the side to which the true sympathies of the Italian people leaned.

Cavour said at the close of the speech: 'To-day

I have understood and felt the nature of true eloquence.' Even Garibaldi's friends were confounded, and one of the number, a hero of the campaign, Nino Bixio, endeavoured, to the best of his ability, to mollify his General, and ameliorate the situation. 'Count Cavour,' he said, 'has undoubtedly a generous heart. The earlier part of this day's session should be forgotten. It is a misfortune that has happened; let us banish it from our minds.'

Cavour, somewhat pacified, and swallowing his indignation, resumed: 'It is not that I flatter myself with the hope of seeing the friendly feeling spring up again, which the honourable member Bixio has just entreated us to entertain. I know there is one deed that has put a gulf between General Garibaldi and myself. I thought to accomplish a painful duty—the most painful duty I have ever known—in urging upon the King and Parliament the approval of the cession of Nice and Savoy to France. Through the pain it caused me I can realise that which General Garibaldi must now feel on the subject, and if he is unable to forgive me for that deed I cannot hold it to be a reproach.'

Garibaldi, also now in a calmer frame of mind, resumed the thread of his argument. 'Although my sentiments towards Count Cavour are those of an adversary, I have never doubted that he also is the friend of Italy. My wish would be that the honourable Count should make use of his powerful influence to cause the law which I propose for the national armament to be adopted—namely, to despatch the forces remaining of the Southern Army to a point wherein they might serve Italy by combating a reaction daily growing more threatening. This is my desire. Thus we shall be reconciled.'

But Cavour, although he was ready to bring the unedifying personal dispute to a close, saw that the political conflict might engender civil war. He would make concessions, but he would not accept a species of active organisation of volunteers, which would wear the appearance of active warfare. 'We will not have an active volunteer corps in the positive acceptance of the word. We decline to do what would be a real provocation, because we do not feel ourselves bound to follow a provocative policy.'

For three days, he strove to prevent 'an equivocal state of things from sliding, under pretext of conciliation, into a not carefully weighed vote.'

'You know the policy of the Ministry,' he said. 'We have proclaimed it before the country, as well as to the whole of Europe. More than once we have repeated in various ways that in our opinion the Italian question will remain unsettled as long as the important questions of Rome and Venice have not been satisfactorily arranged; but at the same time we have declared that the Roman question should be settled peaceably, without hostility or discord with France. We do not look upon the French troops at Rome as enemies. In the same way with regard to Venice, we have stated, moderately and firmly, that the present condition of Venetia is incompatible with a durable peace. We have also avowed that, in the present state of Europe, we should not have the right to kindle a general war. In other terms, we have declared that with regard to Rome our policy relies entirely on an alliance with France, and that in the case of Venice we must take European interests into consideration, and the counsels of friendly Governments and Powers which at critical times have lent us willing and efficient help. Such is

our policy. No doubt there is another. Declaration may be made that Italy is in a state of war, tempered by a kind of tacit truce : a truce at Rome and a truce at Venice ; and that, as a natural result of this condition of things, it is not only desirable but also indispensable that we should take measures necessary for an immediate war. There are the two alternatives in juxtaposition. We frankly tell you that the first policy is the only one suited to the nation. The other is practicable too. It is a very dangerous one, fraught with difficulties, obstacles, and snares, but it may be adopted. That which, however, would be fatal, and which would lead to inevitable ruin, would be to adopt one policy one day and another the next, and to neglect to follow before the eyes of the country, and still more before the eyes of Europe, a definite, frank, and honest line. England would more easily overlook a piece of folly than she would forgive us for misleading her.'

The motion, which was carried unanimously, was couched in the following terms : ' The Chamber, having listened to the Ministerial declarations ; having ascertained that the dignity, decorum, and independence of the Pontiff and the full liberty of the Church are secured ; having agreed with France as to the application of the principle of non-intervention ; and having desired that Rome, being chosen as the capital by universal suffrage, should be united to Italy, passes to the order of the day.' The sitting thus wound up quietly enough. The voices which had been raised to such a pitch of discordance sank again to harmony, and the curtain fell upon one of the most dramatic scenes in Italian history.

The leading newspapers in Europe, while bestowing on the General tributes of unbounded admiration for

his military services, were unanimous in the expression of regret that he who represented the aims of Italy should have indulged in such an attack upon one who represented the national mind. The 'Times,' in particular, demonstrated this opinion by drawing an ingenious comparison between Garibaldi and Timoleon : 'There is no more touching and venerable portrait in ancient history than that of the liberator of Syracuse and of all Sicily—Timoleon. . . . When his genius and fortune had made him master of everything, Timoleon retired into private life, content to live a private citizen in the city which he had saved. . . . We wish that Garibaldi would have found time during his winter residence at Caprera to read the narrative, and reflect seriously on the singular historical parallel which it discloses. . . . With equal valour and equal good fortune, but on a far larger theatre, and with means still less adequate, Garibaldi has accomplished greater things than Timoleon. Like Timoleon, he has conquered Sicily, but he has also extended the terror of his arms far over Italy, has led his companions to victory under the shadow of the Alps, and before the walls of that ancient Capua which enervated the army of Hannibal. As disinterested as brave, Garibaldi disdained all rewards for his matchless services, satisfied with the applause of his conscience and of the civilised world. But here, we fear, the historical parallel ceases. In our modern Timoleon, we miss somewhat of the modesty and good sense which characterised the spotless hero of Plutarch and Diodorus. The saviour of his country seems destined to be her disturber, and the founder of Italian liberties is almost inclined to set fire to the edifice he has raised.'

A few days after the debate, Victor Emmanuel, who



was most desirous of bringing about a reconciliation between the two men who had, each according to his own lights, championed the cause of Italy, arranged a meeting in the palace. Cavour, on his part, had long since despaired of being forgiven by the man who had publicly declared he could never be friends with him who had made him a foreigner in his own country. As early as the year 1860, he wrote to a friend, saying : 'I have given up all hope of a reconciliation with Garibaldi.' Nevertheless, Cavour was ready to do the King's bidding, and announced himself willing to have an interview with the General.

The meeting took place in one of the private apartments of the palace. Any apparent cordiality was on Cavour's side alone. A few courteous words were exchanged. Cavour ignored the recent scene in the Chamber.

Of this interview a description in his own hand exists. 'My interview with Garibaldi was courteous, though not warm. We both kept within the limits of reserve. I acquainted him, however, with the line of conduct which the Government intends to follow as regards Austria as well as France, assuring him that on those points no compromise is possible. He declared his readiness to accept the programme, and his willingness to engage himself not to act contrary to the views of the Government. He only asked me to do something for the Army of the South. I gave him no promise, but I told him I would seek a means to provide, as well as might be, for the future of his officers. We parted, if not good friends, at least without irritation.' It must be conceded to Garibaldi that he had the good taste to address to Cavour a conciliatory letter, which seemed as it were to bridge over the gulf that had so recently

yawned between them. 'Trusting in your superior capacity,' he writes, 'and strength of will to work the country's good, I shall await the voice of happy omen that shall summon me once more to the field of action.'

The Chamber of Deputies agreed by a large majority to take into consideration the project of Garibaldi in reference to arming the nation.

Garibaldi then took his departure once more for Caprera, leaving behind him in the breasts of his admirers one regret—that he had 'let the sun go down upon his anger.' It would be lacking in generosity were we not to endorse the opinion which Mr. Gladstone expressed of him: 'His name is indeed illustrious; it remains inseparably connected with the not less illustrious name of the great Cavour, and these two names are again associated with the name of Victor Emmanuel. These three together form for Italians a tricolour as brilliant, as ever fresh, and I hope as enduring for many and many generations, as the national flag that now waves over United Italy.'

It is said that Cavour, for the remainder of his life, always spoke kindly of his vanquished adversary, and always referred to his achievements with a sincere appreciation of his high qualities. Moreover, amongst the last letters that Cavour wrote was found one in his own hand to Garibaldi, informing him that his recommendation about an ex-officer of the Southern Army had been attended to. But the differences that had arisen between the two men were really incapable of accommodation. 'Out of the ordeal,' writes Mazade, 'that for the moment seemed to be so full of danger, Cavour's policy emerged more than ever whole, and sanctioned by the vote of Parliament and by the defeat and eclipse of his terrible adversary.'

## CHAPTER XVI

## DEATH OF CAVOUR

NOT long before the memorable debate, already described, Cavour's friends began to entertain grave fears for his health. There were indications that now, although in the plenitude of his power and fame, the long, laborious day was drawing to its close, and the evening shadows were beginning to meet across his path.

The anxiety of his friends was shared by Cavour himself, who began to find the tedious official hours, the sustained and concentrated labour, trying to his frame, and the responsibility a heavy tax on his mental powers. 'I must make haste,' he said to a friend at this time, 'to finish my work as soon as possible. I feel that this miserable body of mine is giving way beneath the mind and will, which still urge it on. I go on and on—but I get weary and lame, and some fine day you will see me break down upon the road. Patience! May I only be allowed to finish my great work, and then I care but little what happens; indeed I shall be glad to die.'

Soon, alarming symptoms began to show themselves. On more than one occasion he was seized with a form of apoplectic fit which could only be overcome by the somewhat doubtful remedy, then in vogue among physicians, of bleeding the patient copiously.

He suffered, too, from that most baneful of all nervous disorders, insomnia. Night after night, he lay awake haunted by the thoughts of his political labours, and unable to chase from his mind the proceedings of his workaday life. Under these circumstances he found it impossible to 'put off his cares when he put off his clothes.'

The first public signification that all was not well with him was his refusal to carry on the Ministry of Finance. 'I cannot do it,' he confessed, 'I am over-worked already.'

Now, too, for the first time he exhibited an inordinate excitement, impatience, and irritability, quite foreign to his temperament, when under contradiction in the House. And yet, even during this mental suffering, he always stuck firmly to his post, and never seemed wanting in a suitable reply when called upon in debate. But on returning home in the evening, when the day's work was done, he seemed gloomy and depressed. 'I am exhausted,' he complained, 'but I must go on working, for the country needs me; perhaps this summer I may be able to take some rest in Switzerland.' On the night that he uttered these words, he was seized with a violent indisposition, and those who watched by him saw, to their consternation, that the end was not far off.

The last time that Cavour appeared in public was on Wednesday, the 29th of May, in the year 1861. It was on a hot, sultry afternoon, and the debate turned upon the supposed wrongs of Garibaldi, a topic which never failed to produce excitement in the calmest members of the Assembly. Although considerably irritated by the speeches, Cavour's very last act of public life was to urge the House to adopt an attitude of conciliatory

compromise, and to declare that all who had fought for Italy had deserved well of their native land. It was a fitting speech to close a career which had been spent in the service of his countrymen.

The following day was the festival of Corpus Christi, and in consequence there was to be no sitting of the Chambers. In spite of his weakness Cavour went off to visit his estates at Leri. There he walked about those fields, in which he had so often sought, during the days of storm and stress, that calm of which his troubled spirit and suffering body stood so sore in need. He was rash enough to remain in the open air when the heavy dews were falling, and, after complaining of feeling chilled, he returned to Turin. The next morning he had himself bled, believing, like most Italians, in the efficacy of this peculiar remedy. It is supposed that he was already developing symptoms of congestion of the brain, brought on by the overwhelming amount of his daily labours. Whatever may have been the exact nature of the disease, it was obvious from the distressing symptoms that nature had finished her course.

Count Nigra, who subsequently witnessed Cavour's last moments, has placed on record an interesting account of an interview he was allowed to have with him on the day after his return to Turin: 'On Friday, the 31st of May, 1861, the third day of his illness, Count Cavour summoned me to his bedside about three in the morning, and gave me, with great clearness, instructions for drawing up a vote, of which I need not here state the purport. Our conversation had lasted half an hour, when I thought I perceived a little difficulty in his speech. I told him that he must not tire himself more, that I quite understood him, and that I



would lay the minute before him on the following day. He answered : " Yes, I feel very weary ; I need a long rest, but I have yet two things to do, Venice and Rome. It will be you others who will do the remainder." I could not refrain from smiling, and I answered : " Count, if the comparison, so far as we are concerned, did not savour of vainglory, we might complain of you as Alexander did of his father, by reproaching you for having left us nothing more to do." He smiled in his turn, and put his hand out to me. As I pressed it, I felt that he had fever. I went out just as the Marchesa Alfieri was entering. She watched for six days and six nights beside his noble delirium.' On that same day he assembled about him his colleagues of the Ministry, and transacted business as usual.

On Saturday, the 1st of June, his health seemed slightly to improve, but the interviews he insisted on according only excited him, and a relapse followed. From that time, the physician's remedies ceased to take effect, and Cavour lingered on between alternate periods of delirium and sanity. With his niece, the Marchesa Alfieri, mentioned in the above letter, always attentive at his bedside, and with his constant friends Castelli and Farini, he spoke of all that was yet to be done, of the loan of five hundred millions which was impending, of the recognition of the Kingdom of Italy by France, of a letter expected from Count Vimercati now in Paris, and of the navy it had been his ambition to create. ' Northern Italy is established,' he said in the course of one of these last conversations ; ' there are no longer Lombards nor Piedmontese, Tuscans nor Romans. We are all Italians, but there are still Neapolitans. Oh, there is much corruption in their country !

Poor people ! It is not their fault, they have been so ill-governed ! We must impress the country morally, but it is not by abusing the Neapolitans that they will be brought to reason. Above all, there must be no state of siege ; none of the measures of absolutist governments. Anyone can govern with a state of siege. I will govern them with liberty, and I will show what ten years of liberty can do for these fine countries. Twenty years hence they will be the richest provinces in Italy. No, have no state of siege ; that is my advice to you.'

Among the visitors, who were allowed into his presence during those last hours, was his sovereign, Victor Emmanuel. The relations existing between the two men had undergone that mellowing process which time and mutual troubles can alone effect ; and now, when the one stood on the brink of the grave, while the other was preparing to continue the journey alone, all differences were obliterated in the agony of parting. Of the last interview between the King and the dying Minister, unfortunately for posterity, no very detailed record has been published. How intensely dramatic, how intensely pathetic the scene must have been, considering the past careers of the two men and their relations to each other, we can well conjecture.

It is supposed, however, that the following account is as near as possible a correct version of what took place on that occasion. On the last day, Victor Emmanuel entered, almost unnoticed, the room where Cavour lay, surrounded by a few friends, but the dying man's eye caught sight of the King, before those around the bed had done so. At the moment of recognition Cavour exclaimed : ' Oh, your Majesty, I have many

things to communicate to you, many papers to lay before you, but I am too ill! It will be impossible for me to come and see you, but I will send you Farini to-morrow; he will give you all particulars. Has your Majesty received no letter from Paris? The Emperor is friendly to us now.' Besides these hasty questions a few words passed between the two which must ever remain a matter for conjecture. It was reported currently in Turin, after Cavour's death, that he sought and obtained from the King a promise not to carry out the matrimonial designs which had been the subject of so much dispute between them. As Victor Emmanuel turned away at last to go, with tears streaming down his face, he was overheard to say to Cavour: 'I shall come to see you again to-morrow;' and Cavour answered, 'No, your Majesty, to-morrow will not see me here.' It was said, too, that Victor Emmanuel, laying aside all personal considerations, gave vent to a passionate outburst of grief little in accordance with his habitual self-control.

The King of Italy was not the only sovereign who was affected with sorrow at this anxious moment. Louis Napoleon telegraphed hourly to be informed of the condition of the illustrious patient, and, when he learnt the final news, was by no means the least overcome by the death of one for whom, through thick and thin, he had entertained so high an opinion, and with whom he had made so firm a friendship.

Early in the week, the news had leaked out that Cavour was dying. The street leading to his home was crowded with sympathisers, and the porter in the lodge was so overwhelmed that he was unable to answer their anxious inquiries. The people of Turin tearfully

followed the priest carrying the Viaticum to the very door of the Palazzo.

When Cavour felt himself nearing the end, he asked for Fra Giacomo, the priest who long years before had promised, whatever might befall, to perform for him the last services of the Church. Before the priest's arrival, he called for Farini and said: 'My niece has summoned Fra Giacomo. I must prepare for the great passage into eternity; I have confessed and been absolved. I desire that it be known—that the good people of Turin should know—that I died the death of a good Christian. I am without anxiety. I know that I have injured no man.'

To Fra Giacomo he showed no fear of death. 'Let us say a prayer for you, my son,' exclaimed the pious priest. 'Yes, Father,' replied the dying man, 'but let us pray, too, for Italy,' and while Fra Giacomo was reciting the prayer for the dying, Cavour is supposed to have said, pressing the priest's hand: 'Frate, frate, libera chiesa in libero stato.' If it is only a tradition, it is one of those traditions that sink so deep into the heart of a nation that it wears the guise of convincing truth.

On the evening of the 6th of June, Cavour rapidly sank. The names of Rome, Venice, and Naples were constantly on his lips. With the first morning light there seemed a faint recovery of consciousness, and the family and servants were summoned to his bedside once again. For a few moments he roused himself, apparently recognised them all, and then sank into a deep sleep. The next morning, being the 7th of June of the year 1861, the streets of Turin were thronged with a dense crowd, and in the faces of all there was marked the sense of an irreparable loss, for the news had gone

forth to the world that the soul of a great patriot had taken flight.

Thus Cavour had died like a hero in the very hour of victory. He had 'led the people forth from their captivity to a height from whence the promised land lay stretched out before their gaze; but he, like the prophet of old, fell at the very entrance, bequeathing to his successors the glory of completing his work.'

When the announcement spread over the Continent, at once speeches were heard in every senate praising the memory of the great Italian statesman. In the English House of Commons especially, Ministers bore eloquent testimony to his achievements and his fame. Only one note of discord was struck by a member who still deplored the end of the Temporal Power, and he was at once reduced to ignominious silence. Of all the funeral orations that were pronounced in public, perhaps that of Lord Palmerston emits the truest ring: 'I feel that I should be wanting to your sentiments,' he told the House, which listened in sympathy, 'if I refrained from concurring with those who have expressed the deep regret which is felt for the loss of this distinguished man—a loss not only to his country, which will deplore him, but to the whole of Europe; and whose memory will live embalmed in the grateful recollection of his countrymen, and in the admiration of mankind so long as history records his deeds. When I speak of what Count Cavour has done, it ought to be borne in mind that the most brilliant acts of his administration and those which have most attracted the notice of the world—namely, the political extension of unity throughout Italy—are perhaps not those for which his countrymen will most revere his memory. It should be remembered that he laid the foundation of



improvements in the constitution, legal, social, and indeed in all the internal affairs of Italy, which will long survive him, and confer inestimable benefits on those who live, and on those who are to come hereafter. It may be truly said of Count Cavour that he has left a name to point a moral and adorn a tale. The moral which is to be drawn from the life of Count Cavour is this: that a man of transcendent talents, of indomitable energy, and of inextinguishable patriotism may, by the impulses, which his own single mind can give to his countrymen aiding a righteous cause—for I shall so call it, in spite of what may be said to the contrary—and seizing favourable opportunities, notwithstanding difficulties that appear at first sight insurmountable, confer on his country the greatest and most inestimable benefits. This is the moral to be drawn from the history of Count Cavour. The tale with which his memory will be associated is one of the most extraordinary—I may say romantic—that is recorded in the annals of the world. We have seen under his influence and guidance a people, who were supposed to have been torpid in the enjoyment of luxury, to have been enervated by the pursuits of pleasure, and to have had no knowledge or feeling on politics except what may have been derived from the traditions of their history, and the jealousy of rival States—we have seen that people, under his guidance and at his call, rising from the slumber of ages with the power of a giant refreshed, breaking that spell by which they had been so long bound, and displaying on great occasions the courage of heroes, the sagacity of statesmen, the wisdom of philosophers, and obtaining for themselves that unity of political existence, which for centuries had been

denied them. I say that these are great events in history, and that the man whose name will go down to posterity connected with such a series of events, whatever may have been the period of his death, however premature it may have been for the hopes of his countrymen, cannot be said to have died too soon for his glory and his fame.'

## CHAPTER XVII

## CONCLUSION

HAVING reached the close of his history, it will not be out of place to indulge in a cursory retrospect of Cavour's political career, and to examine its subsequent effect upon the course of Italian politics. For ten eventful years he had played one of the leading parts on the stage of European politics. Few statesmen have ever, in so short a span, achieved such lasting and material results.

The incidents of that career have already been treated in the foregoing pages, it is hoped, in sufficiently ample detail. It is a career that repays the labour of investigation by a political student—a career that claims the reverence and gratitude of posterity. One of his biographers maintains that the story of his life is worthy to be studied universally where politics is still a business. The same author adds that it is one of the most complete and instructive lessons in the art of governing. The story of his career is not, like that of many statesmen, merely a conglomeration of random achievements leading to no result, but a continuous and coherent purpose, with a grand aim and object always kept in view. It is said that genius can never vindicate itself by any other method but that of concrete achievement. If we accept this as the standard by

which we are to judge men, Cavour should hold a high place in our estimation.

In politics, Cavour may be classified as a liberal-minded statesman, but not in the sense in which the word 'liberal' is often misapplied. While he must undoubtedly remain as the personification of liberal ideas, he feared the views favoured by those of radical and revolutionary complexion even more than those of the bigoted conservative reactionists who took their stand by the *status quo ante*. Above all, it must be remembered, he regarded the monarchy as a great welding force—an influence which unites and, while it guides, embodies and represents the will of a free and enlightened people. He based his policy on a comprehensive knowledge of the forces which patriotism could command, and on the just appreciation of the necessity of the time rather than upon party considerations and personal ambitions.

His mind was early quit of revolutionary prejudice, if ever such a charge could have been placed at all to his account. To his genius must be attributed the supreme discovery of the means by which the spirit of monarchical government in Italy could be united with the spirit of liberalism. Early in life, he adopted a firm attitude in the interests of a liberal monarchy and a liberal Church—an attitude that he maintained manfully to the end. It was the attitude of a man who stands by government as opposed to revolutionary turbulence and anarchy. Government for the people—not by the people—was the gist of his doctrine of liberty and progress. He never embarked upon those chimerical speculations which vitiated the cause of Mazzini and Garibaldi. The end, he knew, could only be attained by the paths of loyalty and order, by

creating a strong government to rule a free people. In connexion with this subject and in explanation of it, the quotation of a striking passage from Seeley's 'Life of Napoleon' may not be inapposite: 'Not less great in the history of a people is the moment when it acquires this sense of membership in the State than the moment when it asserts its liberty—not less great and wholly distinct. Then it ceases to regard government with sullen dread as an enemy, or with resignation as an incomprehensible superior power, and begins to conceive it as a representative of itself, as the champion of its interests. . . . We may, perhaps, say that the effect of the Revolution was to make France not free but organic. Parallel cases have occurred in our own age. Italy and Germany in like manner became organic by the abolition of petty, artificial, or foreign governments, and by the establishment of a harmony between the State and the nation. In both cases the movement appeared to be at the moment rather unfavourable to the progress of liberty. In both cases the strongest form of government attainable was adopted.'

In his youth, Cavour preached against mob revolutions. 'What is there left now,' he cried bitterly, 'to take arms against these waves of the masses? Nothing that is solid; nothing that has strength. Is it a good? Is it an evil? I hardly know; but it is to my thinking the inevitable future of humanity. Let us prepare ourselves for it, or at least prepare our descendants, whom it concerns more than us.'

Now it is a generally accepted principle that there is no possibility of passing judgment upon the character and career of a man until the principles which he taught and the circumstances which he controlled have been worked out to their logical conclusions. But who



shall say at what precise point in history such and such a policy has reached finality? Who shall be the arbiter in our criticisms? Although the ultimate result may be beyond the reach of prudent conjecture, let us rather judge the subject upon its obvious merits, and speculate upon its future chances of success or failure, than stand mute because the end of the world may not be within a measurable distance of time.

The aims of Cavour are now clear and definite. None of them that were hid have not been, during his lifetime or since his death, revealed. We do not require to break the seals of secret official documents to aid us in our estimation of his life-work. The main thread of the story is distinct enough. There may be side issues yet to be explored; there may be small, unconnected incidents to be related, but nothing that can bruise or shatter the main fabric of ideas upon which we build the obvious meaning of his political career. The ashes of conflicting passion and personal spite may not yet have had time to lose their fiery glow, but the fierce opposing factions which in his life-time, and even after his death, so often distorted and misrepresented his every word and deed, are no longer able to blind us to the truth.

The great object, then, of Cavour's life was to create the independence of Italy by means of uniting its people. It was in this direction that the main current of his energy led him. He discerned the end while the Italians were only commencing to observe the means he used. At first, not comprehending, they followed him with hesitation, but as he neared the bourne, they surrendered to him their complete confidence in his leadership, and then, when the hand of death struck him within sight of the goal, with one acclaim they

carried on the work in the spirit which he had inspired and in the manner which he had devised. Without Cavour, there can be no doubt, Italian regeneration could never have been accomplished. Others have been devoted to the cause of national liberation. Garibaldi and Mazzini up to a certain point deserve the gratitude of the Italian people, but Cavour knew how to bring it into the sphere of possibilities; he made it pure of any factious spirit, he led it away from barren Utopias, kept it clear of reckless conspiracies, steered straight between revolution and reaction, and gave it an organised force, a flag, a government, and foreign allies. The movement which he championed was not original, but it was governed and guided by the genius of Cavour. There were many, it is true, who were willing to aid him with their co-operation, who were willing, when once he had pointed out the way, to accompany him on the long and arduous journey; but without his guidance, it is safe to hazard, those self-same colleagues would have missed the road.

Cavour was a man eminently qualified to lead in any walk of life. Even had his career revealed no definite accomplishment, no material or abiding result, he would have gone down to posterity as one who could make his influence felt, one who was born to command because the superiority of his intellect and ability entitled him to that prerogative.

Earlier in this work, it was pointed out that the circumstances of his native land were pre-eminently fitted to fashion the destiny of such a genius. His lot was cast in an era of convulsions. It seems to be the sublime ruling of Providence that, at the very moment when a guiding spirit is most needed, a guiding spirit is summoned into existence. Possibly cause and

effect are being here confused, but it is a noticeable feature in the history of the world that out of political dust and ashes will always arise a new and creative genius. The ruins of a State thus serve to propagate this new spirit, in the same way that mire and mould will fertilise the fairest flower.

Witness the state of Piedmont before the eventful year of European revolution. The system of her government has been described as one of silence, of restraint, of darkness, enveloping, strangling, and paralysing. Few despotisms have been more crushing than that which weighed upon the Sardinian States. Beneath this system the people, whose destiny Cavour himself was to unfold, lost all hope, and all those elements of national life that are most calculated to inspire and elevate.

It was Cavour who first tapped the latent springs of patriotism. Others before him, it is true, had in a tentative manner endeavoured to make the path straight, the rough places smooth; but Cavour gave to the Italians a clear-cut scheme, and gave them also the energy and interest to carry the scheme to its conclusion.

The first lesson that he taught the Italians was that until personal liberty was attained, the liberty of the State was a vain delusion, and with this object, while extending and strengthening the action of government, he avoided infringing the liberty of the subject. 'His notion was that men should have elbow-room, the right of judging for themselves, of regulating the conduct of their own lives, of managing their own affairs, and should be responsible for their own opinions and their own actions.' These were the guiding principles of his domestic policy, and it was by

these principles that he gained the confidence, first of the Piedmontese, and later of the Italian people.

It is said that he was probably the first statesman of the Continental nations who fully and practically appreciated the value of self-government, the appreciation of which was the result of the comprehensiveness and independence of his mind, as well as of his extensive observation. He admired the individuality, the personal independence, and the self-reliance of the English people. In this sense he was a true liberal.

Looking back upon his political career, the two facts that strike the student most forcibly are, firstly, the number of obstacles that he had to encounter at every turn, and secondly the miraculous manner in which he surmounted them. Starting under the grave suspicions of his sovereign and the majority of his countrymen, he eventually convinced Parliament and the nation that he was an indispensable necessity. Entering the Council Chambers of Europe, he found the influence of the Greater Powers ranged against him, but by his tact and good judgment he brought them to believe that he was a unit to be reckoned with in their deliberations. Finding Piedmont without an ally in the world, he produced such a combination that it was possible to oppose in arms a mighty nation, and to cast off the yoke which that nation imposed upon his countrymen. Recognising that the revolutionary party was a weapon that might be snatched from his hands and used against him, he crippled the power of this force and rendered it innocuous. Encountering throughout his whole career the dangerous and uncompromising hostility of the Papacy, at the risk of domestic estrangements, at the risk of offending the King, and at the risk of giving a powerful handle

to his enemies, he maintained a firm attitude and eventually won the day.

No one can deny to him the enormous credit that attaches to enterprises so vast, victories so hardly won. But empty words of adulation are superfluous, monotonous, and sometimes unconvincing. The answer will always be that we should rather judge a statesman by results.

The obvious and substantial result of Cavour's statesmanship is, of course, the union of Italy. The question to be discussed by the fierce light of historical criticism is whether that union has been for the moral, intellectual, and commercial benefit of the Italians, or whether the system advocated by the Ultramontanes is more fitted to take its place. Whether it is better that Italy should be divided up once again among princelings, and subjugated by prelates, or whether she should remain a united nation, breathing the atmosphere of freedom upon the principles of 'a free Church in a free State.'

Cavour himself hoped and believed that the time was not far distant when the Catholic world would recognise that the Church would best fulfil its sacred trust in complete separation from Temporal Power, that the Church would become the staunch friend of the Italian monarchy, and that both powers, remaining separate, should each be supreme in its own province. This consummation, I conceive, is that which all earnest-minded, enlightened Christians think most to be desired, all those who value the independence of the Church in Italy as much as they value the independence of the State.

In Cavour's religious policy there was no prejudice. He loved and revered his religion just as well as the



Jesuit did, who perhaps made more open demonstration of his piety, but he saw in the short-sighted policy of the Vatican an earnest that the Pope at all costs would advocate that reactionist course which had in the past so degraded and debased a race with great traditions.

His foreign policy was marked by the same energy and courage, tempered with caution, that was so noticeable a characteristic in his domestic policy. Nothing is more remarkable than the manner in which, starting from the position of an insignificant citizen of an insignificant country, he rose to a commanding position in the councils of Europe. Lord John Russell was constrained to admit that the manner in which Cavour began to interest the Powers of Europe, by proposing to act in concert with England and France in the Crimean War, and afterwards at the Congress of Paris by stating what he considered to be the grievances and wrongs of his countrymen, showed that he had from the first an intuition as to the means by which the independence of Italy could be achieved.

It has been said with truth, that by his successful management of the two Western Powers, France and England, Cavour executed one of the most striking political transformations in the history of contemporary Europe. Some have alleged that his foreign relations were guided by the same principles which the astute Italian diplomatists of the Middle Ages both preached and practised; but if, as perhaps must be admitted, especially with reference to his denial of the proposal to cede Nice and Savoy to France, Cavour at times took his stand upon that neutral ground which separates political vice from political virtue, there were, in his case, extenuating circumstances to be pleaded.

To have steered a straight course through the vast maze of diplomatic intrigue and conspiracy which characterised contemporary European history would have required one invested with almost more than human perfection ; but, in the main, it can be said that Cavour maintained continually in sight a noble object, a high ambition, and that in the achievement of these ends he rarely stooped to those methods which are employed by the mean ones of this earth.

Cavour died before the completion of his work, but Italian patriots were not called upon to await long its logical conclusion. His work was closely bound up with the principles of nationalities and those tendencies towards unity, which represent the great recoil from the decisions of the Congress of Vienna, principles which, since his day, continued to influence, not only the Italian people, but the scattered provinces of Central Europe. Cavour had taught them to the Piedmontese, and then to the whole Peninsula, and when once they were thoroughly comprehended, not even his death could arrest their logical development.

The achievements of his life should, in order to complete a story not otherwise intelligible, be studied in conjunction with the ultimate results of his policy, although any account thereof is really a trespass beyond the scope of this work. It is difficult to determine whether the actual conclusions which have, since his death, been arrived at by his successors, have been carried out by the methods which he had hoped to employ with his own hand, but it is safe to maintain that these conclusions formed the ultimate goal of his ambitions. Cavour left many difficult problems to be solved ; some of these have been successfully surmounted, others still require time to work out

their solution. In the year 1864, the question of a capital of the new kingdom was still undecided. The inheritors of Cavour's policy were much chagrined when at the time it was suggested that the French should withdraw the garrison from Rome on the condition that the seat of government should be found in Florence. Riots broke out on the strength of this proposal, and blood was shed in the streets of Turin, but in spite of opposition, in the year 1865 Florence became for a time the capital. Not long after this arrangement, in the course of the following year, a secret treaty was signed between Prussia and Piedmont, in which both parties agreed to give reciprocal aid in an offensive and defensive war against Austria. This had been one of the projects which Cavour had contemplated a few months before his death. War ensued, as was inevitable, into the details of which it is not the purpose of the writer to enter; such details would be indeed outside the scope of the present purpose. The net gain to Italy was the cession of Venetia and the restoration of the famous iron crown of Lombardy, with which successive kings of the House of Savoy are invested. Thus, one of the great questions, which had been to Cavour a stumbling-block, was eventually settled.

By the end of the year 1866, the last of the French garrison had left Rome, in accordance with the convention of 1864. There followed an abortive expedition, headed by Garibaldi, to stir up civil war, and a consequent return of the French troops. But with the imperial *débâcle* at Sedan the Italians considered themselves absolved from their obligations to the French, and Victor Emmanuel wrote a humble petition to the Pope, imploring him to renounce the Temporal Power.

The Pontiff still remained obdurate, and the Italian army consequently moved upon Rome. This manœuvre was the end of the Temporal Power, and Victor Emmanuel, on the 5th of December 1870, was able at last to achieve Cavour's darling project of making Rome the capital of a United Italy, not merely theoretically, but practically. In the following year, Victor Emmanuel took up his residence at the Quirinal, and simultaneously, the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate transferred their abodes from Florence to the Eternal City. It now remained only to complete the commercial, social, and domestic reforms that Cavour had initiated with so much toil and energy, but upon this subject it is not necessary to embark, for here we stand upon the very threshold of contemporary history.

It is difficult as yet to speculate upon the future chances of a nation which is, as it were, still 'in the gristle and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood.' Since the establishment of the Court and Parliament in Rome, many of the old difficulties have continued to embarrass the Government, and to clog the machinery of State. The nation is full young, and like the individual is obliged to pass through the inevitable distempers of infancy, before it can become immune therefrom. As it grows in strength it naturally widens its sphere of responsibility, and has to face problems of increasing complexity. At times popular discontent, dangerous state of the finances, burdensome taxation have all contributed to injure the confidence of the nation in the policy of Cavour, but through the darkest hours, the cheering sensation of optimism, which Cavour had himself created, has served to keep alive the hope that the Italian kingdom will eventually establish itself firmly upon a solid basis of individual happiness and of

national prosperity. We hear of occasional outbreaks of popular disapproval of the new *régime*, but these spasmodic convulsions resemble more the agony of a death struggle. Of late years the population has increased; the recent balance sheets reveal a steadily augmenting improvement; the opposition of the Vatican, unfortunately ever existent, becomes less pronounced under the wise rule of a broader-minded cardinalate; all the latest inventions have been introduced to serve the needs of the army, which is rising yearly to a better state of efficiency. The Italian navy is competing seriously with those of the Western Powers. In industrial development, agriculture has made rapid strides; the improvement in the sanitary conditions, a sure sign of increasing prosperity, is patent to the most fastidious tourist; the ignorance of the lower orders is receiving the earnest attention of the education authorities. To what extent these distinctive features in the advancement of the country, both physical and moral, are due to the creative genius of Cavour must be left to posterity to judge. The Italian people of the present age hold in reverence the name of the great statesman who, if he had not the time to complete the task he set himself, and to achieve his ultimate objects, at least called into existence the political forces by which these results could alone be achieved to the well-being of the State. If there are yet many problems to be solved and many hindrances to be encountered, the spirit of nationality and the strong force of unity will combine to influence a people inspired with the fairest hopes in their determination to maintain those principles of strength and freedom, without which its institutions and its wealth must inevitably decline.

Few statesmen have been so free from considerations



of self-interest or personal vanity. Place and power were for him the means to an end, which in itself was the enduring good of others. He worked for his countrymen, and he achieved success mainly because in his own person he reflected the great body of public opinion. Whatever were his faults, no accusation of vain ambition can be laid to his charge. He loved his country, and if for his love he sacrificed his health, his wealth, and even sometimes his honour, at least it can be said, without fear of contradiction, that he wrought his people lasting good. The same words which have been applied to Pitt may be applied to Cavour: 'He had the lights of his time; he was no friend of despotism, nor a champion of intolerance. This vast and able mind loved power as a means, not as an end. He was not one of those men who aim at recasting society from top to bottom with loose conceptions and humanitarian theories of profound and frigid genius. Devoid of prejudice, he was animated only by the love of his country.' This was the one great motive force in his existence, and it was for this reason that posterity acknowledges him to be the most conspicuous statesman that ever directed the destinies of a nation in the path of constitutional liberty.

The writer cannot conclude these pages in a more appropriate manner than by quoting the judgment of Cavour's devoted and life-long friend, Madame de Circourt, given as it was to the world as long ago as 1862: 'The most decisive successes which Monsieur de Cavour gained are the work of his genius surviving his life on earth. It is by this sole standard that we can realise the dimensions of that grand historic figure. The work of commonplace men does not last so long as they do; a clever combination gives them a momentary

triumph, while unfavourable circumstances leave them in ruins. Count Cavour continues to guide the destinies of the country which he recalled almost miraculously into political existence. The impulse to political movement, given and maintained so vigorously and so appositely, still retains all its force. The nation draws inspiration from his thought, and whenever its resolution falters, has recourse, as to an oracle, to that lofty and steadfast mind which made itself obeyed by all kinds of selfishness because disinterested, by all prejudice because it was enlightened, by all violence because it was just.'

# INDEX

ALESSANDRIA, 214  
 Alexander II., 180-183  
 Alfieri, Countess, 116, 117, 359  
 Ancona, 232  
 Anita, 167, 168, 169, 171  
 Antonelli, Cardinal, 127, 323, 325  
 Arrivabene, Count, 243, 246  
 Artom, Signor, 277, 331  
 Austria, 10, 11; war with Sardinia, 62-64, 71, 74; treaty, 86, 113; Congress of Paris, 149, 157-159, 179, 186, 195, 199, 206; quarrel with Piedmont, 209-227; war, 231-244; and Garibaldi, 295, 332, 335

BADEN, 197

Balbo, Count Cesare, 51; 'Risorgimento,' 52, 53; and Victor Emmanuel, 62, 107

Bard, 16

Barolo, Marchioness, 25

Belgium, 98, 111, 186, 199

Benedetti, 276

Benso, 2, 4

Berlin, 295

Bixio, 350

Boileau, Sir John, 40

Bologna, 178, 232

Boncompagni, 52, 108, 239, 259

Borghese, Camillo, 3, 4

Borghese, Pauline, 3, 4

Botta, Vincenzo, 39, 71

Brofferio, 140

Brogia, General, 180

Brokerden, 16-17

Buenos Ayres, 168

Buol, 147, 150, 157, 226

CAMBRIDGE, Princess MARY of, 146

Caprera, 171, 319, 320, 344, 355

Casale, 95

Castel Fidardo, 312

Castelli, 52, 225

Cavour, Camillo di, birth, 2; early years, 4-7; at military academy, 11-13; at Genoa, 15; Bard, 16; at Leri, 20-25; at Geneva, 25; travels, 27-29; returns to Piedmont, 33; president of Agrarian Society, 35; Whist Club, 36; infant asylums, 37; and Cobden, 40; visits England, 41; description of, 42-46; and Charles Albert, 50, 51; starts 'Il Risorgimento,' 52, 53; and Gioberti, 54; and Genoese agitation, 55-57; elected, 60; advocates war with Austria, 62; death of nephew, 64; volunteers, 66, 68; excluded from Parliament, 70; upholds war, 71; Novara, 75, 76; compared with Victor Emmanuel, 83; elected for Turin, 85, 87; and Victor Emmanuel, 88; religious question, 89-92; Santa Rosa incident, 92-94; Minister of Agriculture, 95, 96; the 'connubio,' 99, 100; retires, 101; and Napoleon, 102-104;

- his recall, 106, 107, 114; attempted assassination, 115; the Crimean War, 117, 118; religious question, 119-138; travels, 146, 147; Congress of Paris, 148-160; and Lord Clarendon, 164; and Garibaldi, 165, 172, 173; the Mont Cenis Tunnel, 175, 176, 177; Orsini, 186-191; Plombières, 193-198; marriage of Princess Clotilde, 203-208; quarrel with Austria, 209-228; war with Austria, 228-243; Villafranca, 244-250; resigns, 251; vindication of, 252-254; daily life, 255, 256; in retirement, 261; returns, 273, 275; cession of Nice and Savoy, 276-286; visits new provinces, 287, 288; Garibaldi's expedition, 289-291, 294, 297, 299, 301, 302, 304-308, 311, 312, 316-318; resigns, 321; question of Rome, 322-344; the Garibaldi debate, 345-355; illness and death, 356-365; review of policy, 366-380
- Cavour, Marquis Michele di, 2, 3, 17, 38
- Ceroni, 1
- Cesaresco, Countess, 27
- Charles Albert, 11, 35, 36; ancestry, 47, 48; character, 49; policy, 50; and Gioberti, 54; and the liberals, 56, 58; grants constitution, 59, 60; war with Austria, 61-64; at Milan, 66-70; Novara, 71; abdicates, 72; departs, 73, 74, 123, 169, 214
- Charvaz, 107
- Chevalier, M., 51
- Chieri, 3
- Cialdini, 311
- Circourt, Adolphe de, 93
- Circourt, Madame de, 176, 177, 218, 271, 301, 311
- Clarendon, Lord, 151, 156, 157, 164
- Clermont-Tonnerre, Duchesse de, 26
- Clotilde, Princess, 192, 195, 198, 203-207
- Cobden, 40
- Conneau, Dr., 151, 193
- Cowley, Lord, 151, 199, 209, 219, 220
- Crimea, 139-145
- Custoza, 66
- DABORMIDA, 108
- Danubian Principalities, 150, 152
- Davenport, Mr., 40
- D'Azeglio, Massimo, 52; Prime Minister, 84, 85; and Siccardi Laws, 89, 104, 126, 136; at Paris, 148, 159, 203, 210, 217, 239, 274, 277, 296, 304, 318
- D'Azeglio, Roberto, 50, 57
- De la Rive, 11, 26, 41, 45, 53, 106, 234
- Derby, Lord, 209, 216, 227
- Dicey, 4, 49
- Durando, 57
- ELLIOT, Mr., 308, 309
- Ely, Marchioness of, 151
- England, 98, 101, 111, 127, 139, 149, 164, 181, 188, 209, 226, 227, 248
- FARINI, 239, 259, 262, 263, 305
- Faucher, Léon, 33
- Fleury, General, 243
- Florence, 72, 232
- France, 98, 111, 139, 181, 184, 186, 192, 199, 200, 205, 227, 247, 304, 328, 351
- Francis II., of Naples, 289, 302, 305, 313
- Francis Joseph of Austria, 157, 160, 198
- Frezet, Abbé, 6
- GAETA, 125, 312
- Gallenga, 49
- Garibaldi, 102; meets Cavour, 165; early years, 167-169; returns to Italy, 169; marches on Rome, 170; in America, 171; returns, 172; meets Cavour,

- 173-174, 211, 212, 229; and the war with Austria, 239, 240, 263, 266; and the cession of Nice, 287; and the Sicilian expedition, 288-320, 335; controversy with Cavour, 345-354; retires to Caprera, 355, 357
- Geneva, 5, 194
- Genoa, 8, 14, 48; agitation for reform, 54, 55; outbreak, 77; Garibaldi at, 171, 188, 213, 233
- Germany, 199, 229, 242, 322
- Giacomo, Fra, 362
- Gioberti, Vincenzo, 54, 69; fall, 70, 125
- Gladstone, 216, 217, 227, 229, 251, 297, 355
- Goito, 64
- Gonzales, Don, 166, 167
- Gortchakoff, 180, 295
- Govone, Col., 227
- Guerrazzi, 283
- Guizot, 28, 215
- HAUSSONVILLE, M. DE, 26
- Holland, Lady, 151
- Holland, 127
- Hubner, Baron, 201
- Hudson, Sir James, 101, 139, 144, 201, 227, 273
- ITALY, 1; growth of national movement, 8-11, 20; revolutionary movement, 58; and Napoleon, 104; priesthood in, 128; and the Crimean War, 141, 142, 145; Congress of Paris, 152, 159, 169, 178, 179; and Napoleon, 193, 202, 209, 215, 217, 230; Italy united, 322-344; the future of Italy, 368-380
- JESUITS, 55, 56, 127
- KELLERSBERG, Baron, 227
- Kossuth, 195, 197
- LA MARMORA, 85, 95, 104, 142; in Crimea, 143, 144; 193, 194, 210, 235, 239, 255, 308, 332, 333
- Lamartine, 195, 215
- Lamoricière, 307, 311
- Latour d'Auvergne, Prince de, 190, 273
- Leri, 20, 107, 108, 139
- Lisio, Count, 116
- Loftus, 297
- Lombardy, 63, 64, 195, 198, 217, 240; cession to Piedmont, 248, 249, 376
- London, 101, 102, 146, 213, 217, 226
- Loretto, 314
- Lucca, 10
- MAGENTA, 236, 237
- Maggiore, Lake, 26, 170
- Malmesbury, Lord, 101, 219
- Manin, 174
- Marsala, 292
- Martin, Theodore, 219
- Massari, 144
- Maximilian, Archduke, 160
- Mazzini, 18, 19, 65, 67, 68, 72; and Genoese outbreak, 77, 83, 86, 113; and Garibaldi, 166, 212, 229, 230, 266, 299, 302, 304; in Naples, 310, 313
- Messina, 302
- Metternich, 261
- Milan, 8, 27, 61, 62, 64, 66, 67, 170, 237
- Milazzo, 300, 301
- Mincio, 240, 243
- Minghetti, 144
- Miraflore, Countess, 275
- Modena, 10, 52, 64, 184, 198, 209, 227, 232, 282
- Moncalieri, 86, 87
- Montana, 71
- Mont Cenis, 175, 176, 177
- Montebello, 236
- Montevideo, 168
- Morny, M. de, 185
- NAPLES, 8, 127, 184, 227, 290, 295, 297; Garibaldi at, 308, 310
- Napoleon, Prince Jerome, 192, 195, 198, 203, 207, 274
- Napoleon, Louis, *coup d'état*, 99;



- meets Cavour, 102-104, 125;  
Congress of Paris, 151, 152; and  
Garibaldi, 170; and Orsini, 185-  
187, 193; Plombières, 194-198;  
speech, 201, 202; and Princess  
Clotilde, 203-207; and Austria,  
210, 225; war in Italy, 233-242;  
Villafranca, 243-251, 252, 256-  
258; cession of Nice and Savoy,  
266-286, 294; and Garibaldi,  
297, 312; and Rome, 321, 324  
Nice, 195, 212, 256; cession of,  
259-286, 350  
Nigra, Conte di, 85, 192, 198, 218,  
243, 246, 358  
Novara, 71
- Oporto, 73  
Orloff, Count, 150, 151  
Orsini, 185-191, 193
- PALEOCAPA, 108  
Palermo, 58, 72, 298, 300  
Palestro, 236  
Pallieri, Count, 239  
Palmerston, 101, 154, 156, 159,  
181, 182, 261, 267, 363  
Pansoya, 70  
Pantaleone, 298, 324, 325  
Papal States, 154, 184, 198  
Paris, 102, 208, 218, 226  
Paris, Congress of, 146-164, 229  
Parma, 10, 61, 64, 152, 184, 198,  
209, 232, 282  
Persano, Admiral, 291, 301, 304  
Peschiera, 65  
Piacenza, 64  
Piedmont, 3, 19, 20, 64, 67, 75, 77,  
84, 86, 87, 98, 113, 115, 116, 128,  
129, 139, 141, 142; and Congress  
of Paris, 147-161; and Gari-  
baldi, 172, 175, 177, 179, 188,  
192, 208, 220, 224, 225, 227,  
231; war with Austria, 231-258;  
cession of Nice and Savoy, 276-  
286; and united Italy, 322-344  
Pius IX grants constitution, 60,  
61; blesses coalition, 64; deserts  
Italian cause, 65, 67, 93; and  
Piedmont, 120-138; and Gari-  
baldi, 170-178, 179, 231, 270,  
290, 306, 307; and the Roman  
question, 321-344, 377  
Plaisance, 221  
Plombières, 193-198, 203, 278  
Poerio, 251  
Poland, 200, 310  
Prudhon, 215  
Prussia, 227, 312, 325
- QUADRILATERAL, 236, 259, 333  
Quirinal, 124, 376
- RADETZKI, 64, 65, 66, 71, 72, 74, 75  
Ratazzi, 97, 99; President of  
Chamber, 100, 102, 108; religious  
question, 132, 133, 135, 144, 267,  
268, 270, 348  
Reggio, 64  
Ricasoli, 203, 347  
'Risorgimento, Il,' 52, 53, 94  
Rocca, General della, 187  
Romagna, 154, 282, 290  
Rome, 72, 107; the republic, 125,  
126; religious question, 129-  
138; Congress of Paris, 153-165;  
Garibaldi in Rome, 170, 198;  
and the religious question, 321-  
344, 376  
Rosmini, 339  
Rothschild, M. de, 29  
Russell, Lord John, 261, 278, 296,  
297, 374  
Russell, Lord Odo, 200  
Russia, 116, 149, 158, 180, 183,  
199, 200, 210, 227
- SALEMI, 298  
Sales, Marquise de, 5  
Salvagnuoli, Vincenzo, 198  
San Martino, 108  
Santa Lucia, 64  
Santa Rosa, 57, 92, 93, 95  
Santucci, 334  
Sardinia, 104, 112, 127, 154, 179,  
189, 192, 195, 199, 206, 296, 297,  
309  
Savoy, 107, 110, 116, 195, 198,  
256; cession of, 259-286

Schleinitz, 312, 333  
 Sellon, Comte de, 5  
 Sellon, Comtesse de, 18  
 Siccardi, 89-93, 95, 129  
 Sicily, 54, 184, 298, 299, 303, 304  
 Solferino, 240, 241  
 St. Angelo, 323  
 St. Petersburg, 215  
 Stellardi, 324  
 Switzerland, 111, 186, 198

TCHERNAYA, 145  
 Thiers, M., 102  
 Thouvenel, M., 272  
 Thurn, General von, 65  
 Ticino, 63, 71, 208  
 Troplong, M., 185  
 Turin, 10; meeting of liberals, 55;  
     revolution, 58; constitution, 59,  
     60, 67, 72; entry of Victor  
     Emmanuel, 78, 113; Garibaldi  
     in, 169, 189, 193, 203, 209, 213,  
     224, 228, 305; first Parliament,  
     321, 327  
 Tuscany, 10, 147, 184, 227, 282,  
     291

USEDOM, Count von, 139

VALERIO, 56  
 Venetia, 195, 217  
 Venice, 8, 51, 72, 171, 174, 198,  
     322  
 Verona, 64  
 Victor Emmanuel II opposes  
     Charles Albert's abdication, 56;

crosses Ticino, 63; at Santa  
 Lucia, 64; at Novara, 72, 75;  
 enters Turin, 78; character, 79-  
 82; proclamation, 86; and  
 Cavour, 107, 116; embassy to  
 Pope, 133; the religious ques-  
 tion, 135-137; the Crimea, 143;  
 in London, 140, 161; and Na-  
 poleon, 184; Orsini incident,  
 187, 193, 195, 201; daughter's  
 marriage, 204-206, 211, 212;  
 Austrian war, 220-242; Villa-  
 franca, 243, 244; quarrels with  
 Cavour, 245, 246, 248, 251, 254;  
 the cession of Nice and Savoy,  
 261-286; Garibaldi's campaign,  
 289, 290, 292, 298, 300, 302, 304-  
 306, 309, 310-315; at Naples,  
 318, 319, 321; and Roman  
 question, 324-344, 354; and  
 Cavour's death, 360, 361, 376

Victoria, Queen, 199  
 Vienna, 65, 138, 208, 209, 297  
 Vienna, Congress of, 9  
 Villafranca, 244, 245, 249-254, 279  
 Villamarina, Conte di, 183, 218  
 Vimercati, 332

WALEWSKI, 152, 158, 183, 197, 217,  
 218, 219, 220, 221, 254, 272  
 William, Prince of Prussia, 198,  
     332

ZURICH, 276, 283



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